The Outlook

Vol. 74 August 1, 1903 No. 14

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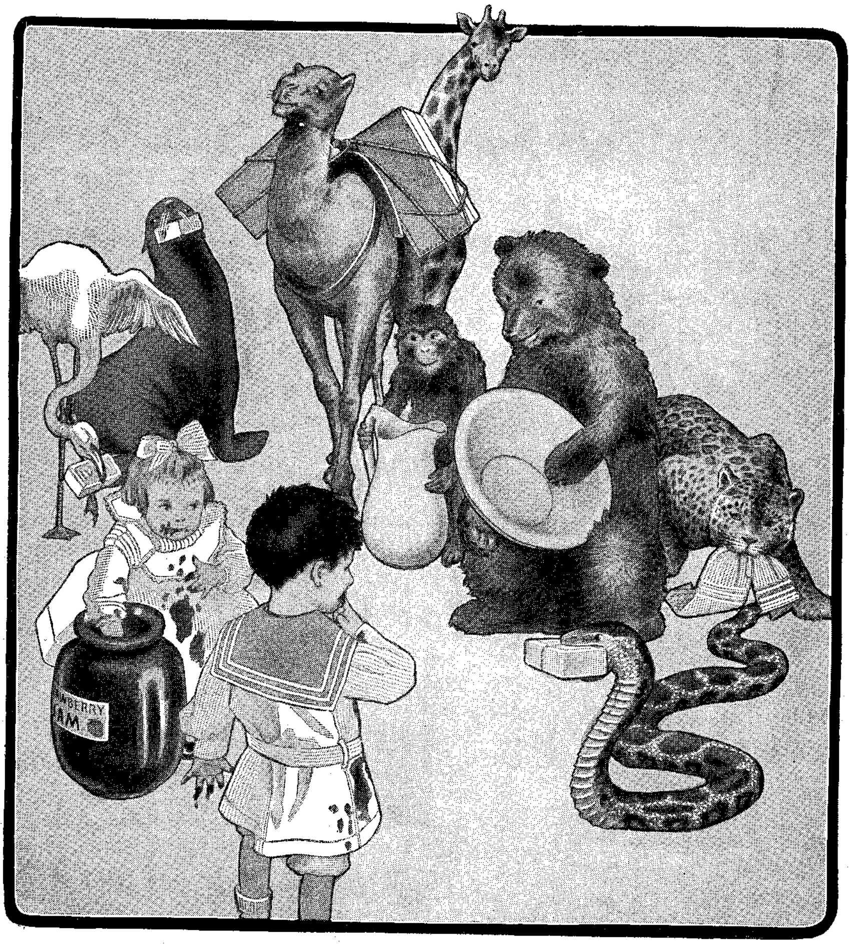

DREAMLAND.

Wonderful scenes of pleasure bright,
  Visions of fairy joys,
Wonderful dreams of rare delight
  Come to small girls and boys.
Wonderful animals nod and blink
  All of the dreamland through
And care for the children. What do you think—
  Do little folks' dreams come true?

THERE are many white soaps, each represented to be just as good as the Ivory; they are not, but like all imitations, they lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for Ivory Soap and insist upon getting it.

IT FLOATS.

The Outlook

Published Weekly

Vol. 74 August 1, 1903 No. 14

The Labor Issue at Washington

The facts in the labor issue raised at Washington are, briefly put, as follows: The employees of the Government printing office in Washington are members of a trades union. Mr. William A. Miller, assistant foreman, was expelled from the union. Notice of his expulsion was given to the Public Printer, and he was thereupon removed from his position. He complained to the Civil Service Commission, alleging that his removal had been made in violation of the civil service rules. The Civil Service Commission sustained his complaint, and requested that he be reassigned to duty. His complaint was at the same time investigated by Mr. Cortelyou, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and the result of both investigations was laid before the President. The President thereupon directed Mr. Miller's reinstatement, accompanying this order with two letters, dated respectively July 13 and July 14. The first of these letters stated the principle on which this reinstatement was ordered in the following terms:

> On the face of the papers presented Miller would appear to have been removed in violation of law. There is no objection to the employees of the Government Printing Office constituting themselves into a union if they so desire; but no rules or resolutions of that union can be permitted to override the laws of the United States, which it is my sworn duty to enforce.

The second letter was a brief argument in support of this principle, as follows:

> In connection with my letter of yesterday I call attention to the judgment and award by the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission in their report to me of March 18 last: "It is adjudged and awarded that no person shall be refused employment or in any way discriminated against on account of membership or non-membership in any labor organization, and that there shall be no discrimination against or interference with any employee who is not a member of any labor organization by members of such organization." I heartily approve of this award and judgment by the commission appointed by me, which itself included a member of a labor union. This commission was dealing with labor organizations working for private employers. It is, of course, mere elementary decency to require that all the Government departments shall be handled in accordance with the principles thus clearly and fearlessly enunciated.

At the present writing Mr. Miller has been informed of his reinstatement, has returned to Washington from his Western home, and it is reported is about to resume his work. The Bookbinders' Union has presented to the Civil Service Commission the charges on which Mr. Miller was originally expelled from the union. We do not learn that these charges have yet been presented to Mr. Miller, or that he has had any trial or been heard in his own defense before the Civil Service Commission, although his defense has been given to the public in a reported interview. The union has finally and sensibly abandoned any intention of "walking out," believing that on account of new charges Mr. Miller will ultimately be dropped from the service.

The Rights of Labor and the Rights of the People

We do not think it necessary here to repeat the newspaper reports either of the charges or of the defense. Whether Mr. Miller is a good assistant foreman or not is a question which does not greatly concern the public; but the issues involved do greatly concern the public. They appear to us to be two: First, have the people of the United States a right to employ in their work any man who gives them satisfaction, or are they to be permitted to employ only men who are approved and indorsed by the appropriate labor organization? Second, if a question arises as to the competence of an employee of the people of the United States, are those charges to be submitted to and tried by a tribunal of the United States, or are they to be submitted to and tried by a labor union? We are not sorry to have this question raised, and we trust and believe that the President will meet it squarely and carry it through to a final decision. In our judgment the people of the United States have a right to employ any one who renders to them satisfactory service without asking permission of a trades union to do so, and every one in the employ of the United States has a right to have charges of incompetence or mal-administration presented to and tried by the United States, not by a labor union. If the International Brotherhood of Bookbinders, which is the name of the labor union involved, attempts a strike against the people of the United States, we think it will find that it has undertaken a war which can have but one result. If its leaders are wise they will remind the members of that union what resulted from the strike of railroad employees against the people in Australia, and what resulted from the strike of railroad employees against the people in Holland. The people of the United States are not ready to resign their sovereignty into the hands of any private organization, whether of capitalists or of laborers. We hope that no means may be found to avoid or compromise the issue presented in this case. The right of a man to work, whether he belongs to a labor union or not, is one of the primary rights of labor, and something will be accomplished for that right in all private industries by the establishment of that right in industries carried on by the Federal Government.

❀

Southern Sentiment Concerning Peonage

On Saturday of last week the jury in the peonage case against R. N. Franklin in the United States Court at Montgomery, Alabama, brought in a verdict of guilty. Judge Jones improved the occasion to add another to the vigorous expressions of opinion upon the criminal practices which have cast such a blot upon Alabama. A correspondent in that State writes us as follows:

> There can be no question that the public sentiment of Alabama is with Judge Jones. The pulpit and the press will earnestly support the Court in its timely and fearless efforts to suppress these criminal practices, which happily are not very widespread. In fact, nearly all the people of the better classes are united in this instance.

This judgment is confirmed by the press of Alabama, which vigorously sustains Judge Jones. We note among these supporters "The Birmingham Age Herald," "The Birmingham News," "The Birmingham Ledger," "The Mobile Register," "The Huntsville Tribune," and "The Montgomery Advertiser." One quotation from the latter paper may serve as a type of all:

> The good name of our race, our people, and our section was involved, and he (Judge Jones) would have been recreant to his duty if he had spoken with bated breath or soft words. The people of the State, with here and there an exception, approve and defend the act.

Other Southern papers appear to take the same ground. Thus for example the Nashville "News":

> Judge T. G. Jones, in his scathing remarks to the jury which failed to agree in the peonage case, upheld the honor of his State, which such juries would drag in the dust. All Alabamians should feel grateful to him for his emphatic expression from the bench of the best sentiment of their State regarding these brutal and cowardly offenses.

Doubtless there are exceptions; thus the New Orleans "Times-Democrat" makes Judge Jones's conduct of this case an occasion for an attack on President Roosevelt and on Judge Jones as his appointee, but the political animus is so evident that the attack can hardly deceive any who do not wish to be deceived. The right and duty of a Judge to rebuke a jury for refusing to accept the law as given to them by the bench is too well settled to be questioned at this late day. Juries cannot be impeached, and when, as in this case, some jurymen have announced beforehand that they will not render a verdict against one of the parties to the suit, no matter what the evidence, and thus proceed to carry out that resolve in spite of both fact and law, it is the duty of the Judge to call them to account as Judge Jones did.

❀

The Case of Turner Ended

In the Turner case not only is the action of the Judge sustained by the press and people of Alabama, and generally of the South, but by the action of the defendant himself, J. Fletcher Turner. It may be assumed that his counsel understand the public sentiment of the State and the evidence in the case, and under their advice, despite the half victory of a mistrial, Mr. Turner has come into court and pleaded guilty. In this plea his lawyer insisted for him that he did not realize that he was violating the law, and that he was not personally guilty of practising cruelty upon the negroes whom he temporarily purchased and held to service. The Judge in accepting the plea restated the facts in the case as evidence that "this was moral as well as legal peonage," and added that he had already informed Mr. Turner's counsel that he would try to have the second trial proceed before another Judge who had not heard the evidence in the case, nor expressed any opinion respecting it. With this explanation the Court imposed a fine of one thousand dollars, leaving the counsel and the District Attorney to arrange for time and method of payment. The result confirms the judgment which The Outlook has already expressed, that the Southern people may be trusted to enforce the laws for the protection of the negroes. We may take this occasion to add that simultaneously with these reports we receive the full report of the Grand Jury by which Turner was indicted. It finds ninety-nine indictments for peonage, but only eighteen persons are involved, and their investigations indicate that the practice has been confined to two counties. The Grand Jury recommend that authority be taken from Justices of the Peace to impose hard labor. This recommendation if carried into effect would probably abolish peonage altogether, since it would take from such minor officials the power which has been used to coerce negroes into submission to practical slavery.

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The New Flood Tide of Immigration

The surest sign—but, unfortunately, not the surest promise—of prosperity among wage earners, is the volume of immigration, and this now exceeds the dimensions reached in 1882—when the last great wave of prosperity was at its flood. The quickness with which working people in this country inform their foreign relatives whether work here is plentiful or scarce, is clearly portrayed in the immigration records of the fat and lean years of the past quarter of a century. It runs as follows:

Fiscal year.	Immigrants.
1878	138,000
1882	788,000
1886	334,000
1892	623,000
1895	279,000
1903	857,000

Nothing like the present flood of immigrants has ever been known except in 1882, and even that year's flood was radically different from the present. The six countries which have contributed most largely to our population sent the following number of immigrants in the two specified years:

	1882	1903
Greater Britain	276,000	69,000
Scandinavia	105,000	78,000
Germany	251,000	40,000
Italy	32,000	230,000
Austria	29,000	206,000
Russia	21,000	136,000

The aggregate immigration from Great Britain, Scandinavia, and Germany has fallen from 632,000 to 187,000, while the aggregate immigration from Italy, Austria, and Russia has risen from 82,000 to 572,000. Mr. Beecher's happy optimism regarding the rapid assimilation of "immigrant hay" by the American ox is no longer so easily justified. Twenty years ago our immigrants were chiefly of the same races that had peopled England, and quickly formed a homogeneous element in our national growth. The bulk of the immigration to-day is from races historically remote, and to-day widely separated from us by the different social, industrial, and political environments. The process of assimilation necessary to national unity is thereby rendered far more difficult, and the difficulty is still further increased by the illiteracy of the majority of the immigrants, and their tendency clannishly to settle in communities of their own in our great cities. The extent to which the present immigrants are adding themselves *en masse* to our urban wage-earning population, instead of becoming their own employers on Western farms, seems to Immigration Commissioner Sargent to promise serious complications when a period of industrial depression again sets in. The Commissioner urges the enactment of the measure held up in the Senate last winter, restricting immigration by the educational test. The Outlook earnestly seconds this recommendation. The time has fully come for making good citizenship, not cheap goods, the aim of our legislation, and sacrificing the apparent economic prosperity to the real moral welfare of the country whenever the two conflict.

"Emergency" Currency Not for Speculation

At the end of June Mr. Cannon, Speaker of the next House of Representatives, bluntly declared his opposition to any legislation from the next Congress to provide a "rubber" currency based on bank assets. There was no demand for such a currency, he is reported to have said, except from Eastern money centers, and "if the Eastern bankers would reduce their call loans and bring the speculative interests of Wall Street down to a conservative basis, there would be no occasion for the creation of more money by legislation." "The Western banks," he added, "have large reserves in the East, and these reserves are being used to manipulate the markets." This interview created a profound sensation in Wall Street. The Speaker of the House, by controlling the Committee on Rules, which decides what measures shall be considered, can virtually block any proposition for new legislation to which he is strongly opposed, and Mr. Cannon's remark about Western bank reserves being used in Wall Street to manipulate the markets read like an indorsement of former Comptroller Dawes's suggestion in his report for 1900 that the national banking laws should be amended so that the money of the country should be less concentrated in the speculative centers. The national banking law, it will be recalled, authorizes the banks in all small cities to deposit from one-half to three-fifths of their reserves in New York, Chicago, and St. Louis, where three-quarters of it may again be loaned out, and under this provision, as Mr. O. H. Schreiner, of Brooklyn, has pointed out in a recent pamphlet, the "country" bank reserves deposited in speculative centers exceed two hundred millions, and nearly equal the total sum loaned on demand by New York national banks on Stock Exchange collateral. Mr. Cannon's interview therefore almost destroyed Wall Street's hope of currency expansion from the next Congress. Within a fortnight, however, this hope was, in a measure, revived by a statement of Senator Lodge that President Roosevelt would recommend to the extra session of Congress in November currency legislation "along the lines" suggested by his previous "messages and speeches." This statement was treated in some quarters as if it expressed President Roosevelt's indorsement of the asset currency scheme of currency inflation whenever times are good. References to President Roosevelt's messages and speeches, however, do not warrant the conclusion that he indorses this plan. In his speech at Quincy last April he expressly declared that "permanent increases" in our currency "would be dangerous, permanent contraction ruinous." The reform which he favored was one which would permit the currency to expand when money was tight—and not when bank assets had a high valuation—and permit it to contract when money is easy—and not when bank assets are depreciated or destroyed. He did not commit himself to any definite plan, but he seemed to indorse the German system of permitting emergency issues of currency subject to a high tax to compel retirement when the emergency is past, rather than to indorse any plan by which in times of prosperity the banks might add indefinitely a credit currency—which itself would need support if a panic came.

The Decline in Trust Stocks

Last week's decline in the stock market affected preeminently the trust securities. The decline in this field is now much more serious than that in railroad stocks, for the latter, as a rule, have merely lost half the gain they had made while the market was advancing, but the trust stocks are now as a rule lower than at the date of their issue. At the time of the opening of the new Stock Exchange building "Dun's Review" published a table showing the fluctuations in sixty important railway stocks for nearly a generation. In 1897 the highest average price reached for these stocks was $60 a share. Last year at one time the average rose to $116 a share, showing a doubling of prices during the five-year period. The declines of the past year, according to last week's issue of the same review, have brought the average price of these shares down to $86—a loss of thirty dollars from the highest point reached, but a gain about as great from ordinary prices as late as 1898. In the trust stocks, however, as has been stated, the present prices are not only far lower than when the trust fever was at its height, but are considerably lower than when the trusts were organized. We have compared the prices recorded last week for eighteen of the most important of the industrial stocks with those at which they were first put upon the market—as given in Professor Meade's volume on "Trust Finance." The average price at which the stocks of these eighteen trusts were first sold was $60 a share. Last week the average price of these same stocks was $47 a share, showing a loss of just one-quarter in average value. At the price at which the first investors or speculators bought them, the stocks of these eighteen trusts were worth eleven hundred million dollars. At the price at which these stocks were sold last week they were worth a little less than eight hundred millions—a net loss of over three hundred millions. When the fall in these stocks first began Mr. Morgan attributed it to the mass of "undigested securities." A fortnight ago Mr. James J. Hill substituted the phrase "indigestible securities." This week some investors are disposed to classify them as "indigestible insecurities."

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Wall Street Gambling The events of the week enforce the folly of gambling no less than its crime. There is always a liability to fluctuations in value which are natural and due to natural causes. There will always be men to deal with actual values buying and selling, and using their knowledge to buy, if they have the money, when goods are cheap, and to sell if they have the opportuuity when goods are high. These men are engaged in legitimate business. But there are also shrewd operators in Wall Street, and others who are not in the street, but who work through its machinery, whose chief employment is to create imaginary values and sell the fictitious thing to the unwary, and others whose chief employment it is to create a public impression that articles of real value are valueless and to buy them when there is a panic. There are gamblers—and worse—whose morals are little better than those of the dealers in gold bricks or counterfeit money. These are the criminals. The fools are the men and women who dabble in stocks; who imagine that they can engage in speculation with unprincipled sharpers and not lose; whose conscience is so ill developed that they are willing to join in a game in which nothing is made by one man except by another man's loss, and whose self-conceit is so developed that they imagine that without knowledge they can play the game successfully with professional gamblers who devote their lives to it.

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Opposition to Erie Canal Enlargement The Chamber of Commerce of Rochester, New York, called a convention in that city on July 21 to organize the opposition to the enlargement of the Erie Canal by the State. It will be remembered that in the last session of the New York Legislature a bill was passed providing that at the next election the voters of the State should decide whether the sum of $101,000,000 should be borrowed and devoted to making out of the present Erie Canal a waterway large enough to be used by thousand-ton barges. The bill was vigorously opposed while it was before the Legislature; and now that the proposition is to be submitted to the voters a strong and increasingly energetic campaign is being waged against it. The opposition has been in part determined by locality. The city of Rochester would not be so directly benefited by the change as Buffalo, for instance, and therefore it was natural that the organization of opposition to the enlargement should take place there. The opposition, however, has been formed on other grounds beside those of local interest. This was clearly stated by the chairman of the convention, Mr. John I. Platt, editor of the Poughkeepsie "Eagle." As he correctly stated it: "This question, whether the return will be greater than the expenditure, is the kernel of the whole question." He then gave some interesting figures. The sum which it is proposed should be borrowed is eight and a half millions of dollars more than the value of all the public school buildings in the State. That sum with the interest for eighteen years added would exceed the value of all public school buildings, the buildings and grounds of all the colleges and universities, and the scientific apparatus in them, and yet leave enough probably to pay for all the private schools. If the debt should be allowed to run for fifty years, as some suggest, it would not only be equivalent in value to the entire educational plant of the State, but would in addition equal the total endowment of the colleges and universities in the State and then leave a balance of over fifty millions of dollars. It is well to have the facts stated thus, for it gives the voters a chance to understand the really enormous character of the proposed undertaking. We repeat these figures without vouching for their accuracy. In themselves they constitute of course no argument against the undertaking; but they form an impressive argument for most careful consideration and the freest possible discussion by the voters of the State. The other arguments presented before the Convention did not strengthen the case against the canal. The pro-canal convention to be held this week in Utica will present to the country the reply of the canal advocates.

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Frederick W. Holls George Frederick William Holls, who died last Thursday in Yonkers at the age of forty-six, was most widely known for his services on behalf of international peace at the Hague Peace Conference, where he was secretary of the American delegation, and later became the American representative on the Sub-Committee on Arbitration. It is generally understood that he was the author of the American mediation proposals. His book on "The Peace Conference at The Hague," is a clear and valuable account of the proceedings. His ability received high recognition when he was offered by President Roosevelt the post of umpire in the claims against Venezuela last May, a post he was obliged to decline. Mr. Holls, previous to his services for international arbitration, had been eminent in his State, New York, as a member of the Constitutional Convention, in which he was chairman of the Committee on Education. To him was due some important amendments. As a member of the New York State Commission on Educational Unification he had great influence in the discussion of one of the most momentous educational questions with which any American State has had to deal. Mr. Holls was especially proficient in giving to others, through public lectures, the impressions he had received in his public career, especially in his experiences at the Hague Conference. He was a graduate of Columbia College and Law School, and had received the degree of D.C.L. from the University of Leipsic. He was a man of great seriousness, of marked ability, and of high civic ideals.

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China and the United States Our readers must take with large allowance the reports in the daily press concerning the negotiations of the United States with Russia and China over the question of the open door in Manchuria. A Washington correspondent who must send off his story in an hour works under conditions not familiar to Prince Ching. Thus last week, owing perhaps to inevitable delays in the conduct of diplomatic intercourse, especially with Oriental countries, the proposed commercial treaty between China and the United States was again the subject of much newspaper discussion, occasioned by the unauthenticated rumor that Prince Ching, President of the Chinese Foreign Office, had now refused to open towns in Manchuria to international trade. The rumor is uncertain. What is certain is that China has made pledges to the United States to open two or more Manchurian ports to the world's trade, and that Russia has promised to withdraw from Manchuria under certain conditions, has also promised to respect the open door, and has assured the United States that new ports would be opened. Hence, the American Government expects to obtain in Manchuria, whether from China or from Russia, an "open door" treatment. This feeling of assurance may not be altogether justified by the facts, but no matter what fresh obstacle Orientalism may devise—and in this Russia is as Oriental as is China—the American Government, under the lead of President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay, will continue firm in the conviction that the principle of the open door in China should be enjoyed by every nation, will continue by every means in its power to exert strenuous influence in this direction, and will insist on the definite settling of the matter *now*. Past success gives promise of future success; for it is not too much to say that since the Boxer atrocities, whatever prosperity attends commercial, diplomatic, educational, and religious conditions in China to-day is due more to the policy of the present American administration than to the combined influence of the other Powers.

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The Venezuelan Insurrection

Last week in Venezuela the important town of Ciudad Bolivar, on the Orinoco River, was captured by the Government troops from the revolutionists. From the accounts of the capture, the fight would seem to have been a fierce one. Nearly a hundred dead rebels were found inside the Zamora or citadel of the town, and more than two hundred revolutionists were killed in the vicinity of the jail, where the opposing forces had concentrated afterwards. The possession of every block was disputed by inches, as all the houses had been barricaded and the revolutionists were shooting from the azoteas or flat roofs. Hence, in order to gain possession of the houses, the method of the Government troops was to bore holes through the walls as soon as a house was captured, and thus not to expose the troops to the street fire. The total loss of lives is reported at 1,500. With the capture of Ciudad Bolivar, we hope, for the sake of sorely-needed peace, that the present insurrection has come to an end, even though the Castro government may not be the most ideal one for Venezuela.

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Leo XIII.'s Funeral

Last week the imposing funeral ceremonies honoring Leo XIII. began at the Vatican by the lying-in-state there of the body of the dead Pontiff, and the filing before it of the cardinals and other dignitaries of the church. This was followed by a three days' lying-in-state at St. Peter's, where the Pope's body was viewed by thousands upon thousands of the faithful. And not by these only. Many anti-clerical Radicals, Socialists, and Free Thinkers were present; though abhorring what they call "Vaticanism," they wished to show respect to the memory of the great man who had been a social no less than a religious force. The procession from the Vatican to the cathedral was impressively picturesque. It was held at night and was composed of grooms with their lighted torches, the Noble Guard, the cardinals in their violet robes of mourning, the other prelates and priests, the diplomatic body accredited to the Vatican, and the civil and military officers of the Pope. The body was borne by the same *sediari*, who in the Pontiff's lifetime carried him in his *sedia gestatoria*, or chair of state, and was robed in vestments used by Leo XIII. on the occasion of his last public function (when he confirmed the appointments of Archbishop Farley, of New York, and Quigley, of Chicago), namely, the papal tunic, the white cope and red chasuble, the gilded stole, the pontifical pallium, and the golden mitre. The procession entered the cathedral chanting the "Libera me, Domine" and the body was placed on a bier high above the heads of the people and behind an iron grating. It was a great disappointment to the devout not to be allowed to kiss the feet of the dead Pope, as had hitherto been the custom. There was also another departure from ancient rule. On the day following the demise, when the cardinals met to declare their ruler officially dead, Cardinal Oreglia, Dean of the Sacred College, pronounced the traditional words "Papa vere mortuus est" without the historic tapping three times with a mallet on the dead Pontiff's head. The official announcement was followed by the traditional ceremony of the removal of the Fisherman's Ring (though rumor says another was found in its place). After the death of a Pope the Fisherman's Ring is broken in the presence of the cardinals, and, when a new Pope is elected, is reset and presented to him. Tradition says that the stone in the ring belonged to St. Peter himself. While the Pope's body was being carried into the cathedral, the ceremony of depositing the urn containing his heart was taking place in the Church of Sts. Vincent and Anastasius, a depositary for the hearts of all the Popes. But neither at this church nor at St. Peter's was the most significant mourning observed. That was to be seen along the poorer streets of Rome, where many a small shop was closed with this inscription on the shutters: "Chiuso per il lutto mondiale" (Closed on account of the world's mourning).

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The Coming Conclave There are sixty-four cardinals. One of these will be chosen Pope, succeeding the late Leo XIII.: the successful candidate must receive a two-thirds vote. The Conclave is to be held in the Vatican, where each cardinal will occupy a cell, for which he draws lots. No communication with the outside world may be had. The Conclave will be under the presidency of the Piedmontese Cardinal Oreglia, Dean of the Sacred College (or Consistory of all the Cardinals), who will count the ballots cast and announce the result. His was the chief figure at Leo XIII.'s funeral; during the days elapsing between the Pope's death and the Conclave, it is this Camerlengo or Chamberlain who is the temporary head of the Church. As such his authority is undeniably great, and some observers now think that his use of it during these days has predisposed the cardinals towards him as a candidate, particularly as his great age (he is the sole survivor of the last Conclave) is in his favor with ambitious younger men who wish to see the way cleared for their own pretensions by a presumably short reign. This reasoning had much to do with electing the venerable Pecci, twenty-five years ago, yet he outlived all but one of his fellow cardinals! There has been, however, no more irreconcilable opponent of Leo XIII.'s liberal policy than Cardinal Oreglia; his election might thus signalize a reactionary Vatican attitude. Of all candidates the figure of the Sicilian Cardinal Rampolla, long Secretary of State to Leo XIII., again looms largest in the public eye. Though his strength lies first of all in his forceful personality, it also lies in the obligation to him which many cardinals must feel, as, without his approval, they might never have reached their present station. The campaign for him is now being conducted by the French, Spanish, and Portuguese representatives and is opposed by those from Germany, Austria, and Italy. The candidate of the monastic orders is the Genoese Cardinal Gotti, a magnificent specimen of the "self-made man," for he has risen from peasant ranks. Nevertheless, long the head of the Carmelites, he must necessarily be first, last, and always a monk. Hence his candidacy inspires a certain distrust, for the election to the Papacy of a monk might unnecessarily complicate the relations of the Papacy with France, Spain, and the United States, in view of the present difficulties with the monastic orders in the first two countries and in the Philippines. During the past week evidences have accumulated to show that the choice of the Triple Alliance is Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli. His creditable record, both as man and as diplomat, indicates to the three Powers how much they might gain by the ascendancy of one who understands them so well. Finally, three candidates stand out more than ever as eminently and nationally Italian in their divorce from "the prisoner of the Vatican" attitude—Cardinals Sarto, Capocelatro, and Agliardi, men of democratic sympathies, liberal tendencies, and marked capacity for administrative work. All Protestants hope that such qualities will distinguish the next Pope—whether he be one of these prominent *papabili* or some obscure compromise candidate.

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The Irish Land Bill Last week was a notable one in Irish history. The Land Bill passed its third reading in the House of Commons by the impressive vote of 317 to 20. Mr. Redmond, leader of the Irish Nationalists, paid a merited tribute to the ability and patience with which the bill had been conducted by Mr. Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, but for whose sympathetic and conciliatory spirit the bill could not have been brought to a successful issue. The speaker added that evicted tenants had now obtained all they wanted, and it was satisfactory to remember that this had been accomplished with the consent of the principal representatives of the landlords; under the bill practically every evicted tenant in Ireland might be restored—a fact of enormous importance to the future of the island. Mr. Redmond concluded with a declaration that this settlement of the land question "should remove the last barrier to the concession of those wider national rights without which Irishmen would never be contented." Referring to this warning, Premier Balfour said that he rejoiced in the good will shown on all sides during the discussion no less than in the bill's final passage; that he had long advocated a purchase-scheme, realizing (as every one must have realized) that the Irish land system was probably the worst in the world, "contriving to combine the defects of almost every other conceivable system." Mr. Balfour declared that the bill in its practical workings should be entirely successful, for he was convinced that Irish tenants could be trusted to fulfill the obligations which they had undertaken to the British Treasury; he added:

> I trust that henceforth Irishmen will no longer be tempted to mix up two quite different controversies, the controversy whether you should or should not give home rule to Ireland, and the controversy whether you should or should not maintain a land system which was costly, unjust, complicated, financially burdensome, and equally injurious to tenants and landlords.

The second important Irish event last week was the visit to Dublin of the King and Queen. In his speeches Edward VII. declared that there was no part of his dominions in which he took greater interest than in Ireland. His Majesty added that he rejoiced to hear of the awakened spirit of hope and enterprise among the Irish people which was full of promise for the future. It would be a source of profound happiness to him if his reign were coincident with a new era of social peace and industrial progress for Ireland. This sentiment will find an echo on both sides of the Atlantic.

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Persia, Great Britain, and Russia. A treaty has been concluded between Great Britain and Persia by which the former power has been placed on an equal footing with Russia in regard to Persian importation of foreign goods. When Lord Lansdowne announced some weeks ago a British "Monroe Doctrine" to be applied henceforth to the Persian gulf, he intimated that British trade privileges in Persia were about to be enlarged, and it is now officially announced that a new treaty has been ratified at Teheran. By its terms British merchandise is given the same reduction as imports from Russia, a concession which removes any uncertainty as to the operation of the most favored nation clause, which is also renewed to each country by the treaty. Lord Lansdowne stated, however, that notwithstanding such a clause means had been found to discriminate against British goods. That the discrimination was made at the instance of Russian agents may be presumed from the special provision for equality with Russian goods. The new treaty also secures reform in the Persian customs administration, which had hitherto allowed the farming out of customs duties, a practice now replaced by a government system of offices and warehouses. The Persian export duty of five per cent. upon all except a few articles is also abolished. It remains to be seen whether the advantages secured by the new Anglo-Persian treaty will be nullified by Russian influence. Ever since the Czar's Government obtained a strong financial foothold in Persia by reason of a loan, a persistent attempt has been made to secure a predominant position for Russian commerce in that country. The attempt was for a short time successful, as was evident from the recent tariff agreement between the Russian and Persian Governments. The new British treaty would seem somewhat to checkmate Russian success at least for the moment.

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Canadian Prosperity The exhibit of Canadian prosperity for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1903, is altogether unprecedented in the history of the Dominion. The aggregate foreign trade is over $450,000,000, an increase of more than $35,000,000 over 1902, and nearly double the total foreign trade of 1896. Still more significant is the American share in this great trade expansion. Of Canadian imports, $125,000,000 worth were American manufactured goods and natural products, an increase of about $13,000,000 over the imports of the previous year. The remarkable feature is that this has taken place in spite of Canada's preferential tariff in favor of the mother country. Fuller returns will doubtless show that the Dominion's imports of British goods for 1903 will be more than those of the previous year, but no such volume of trade as that with the United States is expected. The exports to this country have also increased to about $55,000,000, as against nearly $49,000,000 for 1902. The large balance of $70,000,000 in our favor suggests more pointedly than ever before the possibilities of trade with Canada if a measure of reciprocity should be granted to her, and it also illustrates the only effective way to meet Mr. Chamberlain's preferential tariff scheme, if this country should feel interested enough to counteract it and were determined to do so. For the Colonial head and front of that scheme is the Canadian preference, even though it is only partially effective, and if an American concession of liberal reciprocity were given and acccepted the whole trade outlook between Great Britain and her colonies would be changed. Another noteworthy evidence of progress is the immigration returns, which for the fiscal year amounted to 125,000, an increase of 45,000 over the previous year. Of these over 40,000 came from the United States, 40,000 from Great Britain, and the remainder from Continental Europe, chiefly Norway and Sweden, Germany, Rumania, and the Austrian province of Galicia. The increase of American immigration is best illustrated by the fact that in 1896 only thirty-six came into the Canadian Northwest. In 1900 the influx had increased to nearly 5,800, in 1901 to about 18,000, and in 1903 to more than 40,000.

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The British Colonial Universities Conference An Allied Colonial Universities Conference has just been held in London for the promotion of technical study and research work in the universities of Great Britain and the colonies. Over thirty universities and colleges were represented. The special purpose of the conference was to suggest means whereby British and colonial students could obtain within the empire the special advantages in post-graduate study for which they have been compelled hitherto to go to Germany, the United States, and France. A committee, composed of Lord Kelvin, Mr. Bryce, and Lord Strathcona, was appointed to arrange details of organization. The conference concluded with a great gathering, at which Premier Balfour delivered an address. Among the means recommended for co-ordinating university work were interchange of professors, the movement of students from one university to another, the careful comparison of educational results, higher pay for the best attainable professors, and the establishment of some form of original research as a condition for receiving the highest academical degrees, while the immediate impulse of the movement was supplied by the recent gift of $1,500,000 from Wernher Beit & Company, the South African mining firm, for the establishment of a technical university in London. The scheme has been emphasized as part of the larger movement of imperial consolidation now so engrossing in British affairs. During the discussions a conflict of opinion was apparent concerning a proposed centralization of post-graduate studies in Great Britain. Against this some of the colonial delegates strongly protested, their contention being that the attraction of students and of influence should go to those institutions, whether in Great Britain or the colonies, which developed the best teaching and the most original research work. McGill University, for example, had recently attracted students from English and Scotch universities. It was recognized without dissent that the leading English and many of the colonial universities were considerably behind the American and German universities in specialized instruction in practical science and engineering, and that little was to be hoped for from the scheme debated unless this particular deficiency was speedily supplied and a sufficiently high standard henceforth maintained.

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Educational Progress of the Year

The most striking educational event of the past year was undoubtedly the meeting at Boston, last month, of the National Educational Association. This Association has come to have, in all normal years, conventions of tremendous magnitude and of great educational significance. But the Boston meeting so far surpassed all its predecessors as to stand in a class by itself. President Eliot was its presiding officer. The attendance was well over thirty thousand. The social and artistic features of the gathering were of exceptional interest. The programme of regular exercises, too, was unusually strong and varied. The convention was not so much epoch-making in special acts, as representative of a full tide of educational activity.

Something analogous to this may be said of the year which this convention has rounded out. It has seen a rapid extension of the system of consolidation of country schools; continued effort to get the kindergartens out of their esoteric isolation, and to integrate them with the system of public education; the growth of instruction in home occupations, work-of-hand, the fine arts, and history in the elementary schools; continued effort to economize time in the grammar schools and to make their courses of instruction lead to something; continued prosperity of the high schools, with differentiation of their courses of study and the erection of great buildings for their use; the further extension of (modified) election of studies in both high schools and colleges, and the further merging of the later baccalaureate degrees in the old degree of bachelor of arts.

The fight against personal and partisan politics in school affairs has gone on, with varying fortunes. Some of the worst revelations yet made concerning the subordination of city teachers to the political machine have come out within the past few months in Philadelphia. The attempt at a better adjustment of relations between secondary and higher institutions goes hopefully forward. The College Entrance Examination Board is working out improvement in one direction. The "certificate system" of admission to college is unmistakably gaining in the East, while holding its own in the West. The center of gravity in these relations is shifting. It was long on the side of the colleges; now the public high school is more and more dominating the situation. The normal schools are slowly working up toward college grade, by advancing their admission requirements, and the question of the relation of these schools to the universities is entering on a new stage of discussion. The Carnegie Institution has fairly begun its activity as special promoter of research in many fields. The University of California—a State institution—has established a research-professorship in physiology. Plans for the administration of the Cecil Rhodes scholarships have taken fairly definite form, and the pilgrimage of the scholars from America to Oxford will soon begin. The new movement for the promotion of education in the South is making a good beginning, under the General Educational Board and the Southern Educational Board. The discussion of co-education has not been so hysterical as was some of that of the preceding year. An important step has been taken by the University of Chicago in providing for a partial segregation of its women students in the instruction of the first two college years.

There have been during the year two notable manifestations of interest in the religious aspect of education, one English and the other American. In England, where the new education act calls for the support of schools of the Church of England by a public rate, a Passive Resistance League has been formed by nonconformists who refuse to pay this rate. A recent writer declares that over two hundred branches of this League are already in existence, scattered all over the country. It is apparent from newspaper reports that the principle of passive resistance has already been carried into effect in many places. In America, the significant occurrence was the formation of the Religious Educational Association, for the improvement of religious and moral education through the Sunday-school and other agencies. The initial impulse was given to this organization by a convention held at Chicago in February. It represents the rising desire in this country to make the religious training of American children at least respectable from an educational point of view. It is not likely that any promoter of the new movement would think for a moment of introducing into our public education such an unfortunate situation as that which England faces under its new education act. It should be added that, aside from its unhappy handling of the "religious difficulty," the English act has in it much that is progressive and valuable.

There have been some indications of increasing interest in vocational education. While building up a system of liberal culture for all, our people have learned to look with suspicion on training for special occupations. This state of things is now changing. The interest in trade schools, schools of commerce, of architecture, and of other technical pursuits has been clearly rising. During the past year, the discussion of professional education and its relation to the general training of the college course has been at its height. This discussion culminated at the Boston meeting of the National Association in the first session of the Department of Higher Education. Presidents Eliot, Butler, Harper, Wheeler, and others participated in this conference, which brought forth a clear enunciation of the four chief plans now proposed for the adjustment of the baccalaureate course to the needs of the professional schools. In his pointed summing up of the argument, President Eliot reminded his hearers that the four-year college course, as commonly understood, is gone already. He would have experimentation by different institutions along different lines to determine what may best take its place.

What may be called the personal history of our education during the past year presents much that is of national interest. Our losses by death have been heavy. Two, at least, of those who have been taken, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer and Dr. J. L. M. Curry, were of the highest order of ability and usefulness in their different spheres. Others who should receive special mention are President William M. Beardshear, Dean Edward R. Shaw, and Dr. Emerson E. White. Among the new college presidents of the year are Woodrow Wilson at Princeton, Edmund Janes James at Northwestern, Frank Strong at the University of Kansas, and Henry Churchill King at Oberlin. John Huston Finley has been elected president of the City College of New York. L. H. Jones, formerly superintendent of schools at Cleveland, has become president of the State normal school system of Michigan. In the Philippine Islands, James F. Smith has succeeded Bernard Moses as Commissioner of Education, and the first superintendent of schools, Fred W. Atkinson, has been succeeded by E. B. Bryan.

In the informal discussions at the Boston meeting of the National Association, one question much mooted was that relating to the personnel of the teaching profession: Is it, on the whole, rising or deteriorating? The Boston meeting was encouraging in its indications of professional advancement. Two very different movements are now under way, both of which seek to render the teaching profession attractive to men and women of good abilities. The National Federation of Teachers, with its headquarters at Chicago, is seeking primarily to improve the economic condition of teachers. The higher training schools, such as the Teachers' College of Columbia University and the School of Education of Chicago University, are seeking to attract students of high attainments by offering them instruction of full university grade. Harvard University has during the past year called for two and one-half million dollars with which to expand its Department of Education into a professional school of the highest type. The success of this undertaking would be a distinct gain to our national education.

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Promotions in the Army

The promotion of General Wood to be Major-General has provoked some natural criticism. We believe that this last promotion has been in the regular order. But the fact remains that he who was five years ago an assistant-surgeon is now a Major-General. Into the question of the propriety of this particular promotion The Outlook does not enter. We do not think that public opinion, represented by the press, has for its function the determination of the fitness of particular individuals for particular posts in the army. But since this appointment has been sharply criticised, as due to personal favoritism, it is proper to recall to our readers George Kennan's article in The Outlook for April 15, 1899, on "The Sanitary Regeneration of Santiago." This article, by a disinterested and critical student of affairs, affords abundant reason for thinking that in General Wood's past career there has been both distinguished merit and clear evidence of the possession of remarkable administrative abilities, and these are the abilities that are just now pre-eminently needed in our army for the work which it has to do; his ability to command large bodies of men in action has never been tested. We repeat, however, that we are not here engaged to defend the rapid promotion of General Wood. We neither commend nor criticise it; we pass no judgment on it. But the general question on what principles promotions in the army should be made is a quite legitimate subject for public discussion. And the rapid promotion of General Wood affords, naturally, a text for the consideration of that question.

There are four principles on which such promotions can be based: favoritism—personal or political; seniority in service; record for past merit; opportunity for future service.

It is natural and to some extent legitimate that the appointing officer in a great organization, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, the Pope in the Church, the president of a corporation, should appoint to office a man whom he knows and likes. Personal acquaintance and personal confidence must enter into appointments and promotions to some extent. But on the whole the less it enters in the better. For open this door and personal favoritism is sure to enter in, and political favoritism is sure to follow. Pure as the appointing officer may know his motives to be, sure as he may be of himself, confident as he may be of his own judgment, in general it may be safely said he would better refuse to consider his own recommendations and determine all questions of appointment and promotion regardless of his own personal predilections.

Seniority in service is a very simple method of determining promotions. It has the advantage of being mechanical and self-executing. Wherever death or resignation creates a vacancy the man next below in rank, or next in age of the same rank, occupies the vacant place, and so creates another vacancy to be filled in turn. But the disadvantage of this method is that it is too mechanical and too self-executing. Seniority in service indicates nothing except that the senior has had good health or has taken good care of it, or, in the case of the army, that he has had safe posts. It would be an excellent method to select safe subjects for life insurance; it is no method to select efficient and capable officers for service in the higher ranks, whether for military, civil, or ecclesiastical service. It is not adopted in business nor in the Church; it should not be adopted in the army. Favoritism gives us unworthy men; seniority gives us incompetent men. Favoritism gave us in the Civil War General Butler; seniority in service gave us Scott and Hallock. Neither method would ever have found for us a Sheridan, a Sherman, or a Grant. Seniority in service may justly be depended on in the gradual elevation of men in the lower offices, where courage, order, and fidelity in routine are the chief requisites. But it can never be depended on to select men to conduct a Santiago campaign, to bring order out of confusion in the Philippines or Porto Rico, to protect our border from Indian warfare, to maintain the best discipline and order in large bodies of men, or even the best conditions in our sea-coast fortifications.

For these purposes promotion should be made as a reward for past service, or because the appointing power finds in the past record of the appointee reason to believe that he will be specially fitted to render the future service demanded. Promotion as a reward for merit incites every man to do his best in his present post; promotion as an opportunity to do needed service in a new position puts the appointing officer on his mettle to make the best possible selection for that purpose. It was the application of these two principles that marked the career of Napoleon the Great, and gave him a body of military supporters which no army before had ever seen. It was the application of the same principle that in less than three years' time promoted Grant from a colonel to the practical commander-in-chief of the forces in the field.

To state these principles illustratively: In a camp where there are four regiments it becomes necessary to select a colonel from the captains. Favoritism will give it to the man whom the President happens to know, or who is most eagerly and successfully pressed upon his notice by some influential friend who does know him. Seniority in service will give it to the oldest captain. Reward of merit and adaptation to future work will give it to the captain whose record shows the best drilled and most orderly company, the one with the best *esprit de corps*, and the one with the greatest enthusiasm for its captain and for the service. Applied in a counting house, favoritism will give the position of superintendency of a department to the son or nephew of some member of the firm, seniority in service to the oldest clerk, reward of merit and fitness for service to the man whose record shows the greatest adaptability to the new work which will be demanded of him.

To apply these principles to a great organization like the army is not a simple matter. But if we are correctly informed as to the method adopted by the present Administration to carry them out, it is admirably adapted to its purpose. A careful record is kept of the work of all officers—their opportunities, their successes, their failures. A system of cross references is arranged by which the Secretary of War can at any time turn not only to the record of any officer, but can also make a comparison of the service in the same department rendered by different officers; can, for example, have put before him the records of all notable engineering efforts, administrative records, scouting adventures, and so can judge, in so far as such records afford a basis for such judgment, who in the army is best fitted for any new piece of kindred work which needs to be done. If all promotions and appointments in our army are made in accordance with this system, if favoritism, whether personal or political, is banished, and seniority in office is regarded only as a secondary consideration, we ought in time to have an army in its officers second to none in the world, as it is now second to none in its rank and file.

Who Will Be the Next Pope?

By Maud Howe

As many of our readers know, the author of this article is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. During many years' residence in Rome she has had unusual opportunities to learn about Roman affairs, both ecclesiastical and civil. Her knowledge of the dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church and of the political aspects of life at the Vatican is founded upon many conversations with diplomats, authors of note, and ecclesiastics, Italian, English, and American. We may add that the following account of the candidates for the Papacy and the division of the cardinals in what may be called church politics, has been approved as correct by excellent authority in this country.—The Editors.

LEO XIII. took a grim interest in all the gossip and the prophecies concerning his successor. The people about him were ever on the alert for some hint indicating his own private opinion on the subject. A story is told of the Abbé Perosi, whose oratorios "Lazarus" and the "Resurrection of Christ" have made such an impression on the musical world of Europe. Perosi was offered the post of director of the choir of the Sistine Chapel. At that time he felt that he could serve his art better by remaining in Venice, where he directed the choir of St. Mark's, and frankly told the Pope this. Instead of being annoyed by so young a man's refusal of the highest musical post in the gift of the Church, Leo XIII. said good-humoredly, "Go back to Venice and St. Mark's, but you will return to Rome with your cardinal one day." This is construed as indicating the Pope's belief in Cardinal Sarto's succeeding him.

When Leo XIII. was elected, it was believed by the conclave that he would not live more than three, or, at the outside, five years. He was known to be a liberal, and was elected in the belief that his policy would be a conciliatory one, but like his predecessor, Pius IX., he yielded to the pressure of the Intransigent party. That party is still the strongest in Rome, if not in the Catholic Church, which it must be remembered are no longer one and the same thing. There is a ferment of new ideas among the laity and among the clerics of the Church. Just how strong this progressive element is, the conclave which will choose Leo's successor will show. There are three stormy currents of feeling among earnest Catholics, three distinct parties in the Church, which may be denominated the Party of Action, the Party of Inaction, and the Italian Party.

The men of action represent one extreme, the men of inaction the other, while the Italian party stands midway between the two. What is commonly referred to as "the power behind the throne," or the "Black Pope," unites all the conservative forces of the Church—the Jesuits, the Dominicans, the Carmelites, in a word the party of the Monks, men who hold that tradition must be respected above all else, that the power of the Church rests on the permanence of its institutions. Such men are fond of quoting Macauley's prophecy concerning the Catholic Church—"And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

To these Intransigents, all change, all progress, all science means disintegration, ruin, chaos. They stand solidly together, shoulder to shoulder, a compact phalanx. To concede, even to discuss reform, is an acknowledgment of weakness. If such a man is assailed by doubts, let him fight them out in his own mind, let him hide them and isolate them from all other men, as one who is plague-stricken should hold himself apart from his fellows. Faith, first and last, faith is what he must strive for; doubt is of the devil, the cunningest of the wiles with which he has tempted all saints and believers from the beginning. St. Ignatius, St. Dominic, St. Thomas Aquinas may be termed the patron saints of the Intransigents. The candidate who will represent this party, which we have called the Party of Inaction, will doubtless be Cardinal Gotti, a Genoese Carmelite monk. At all the functions at the Vatican, whether social or religious, Cardinal Gotti is a striking figure. When his brother cardinals are gorgeous in scarlet silk and splendid laces, he is always dressed in the brown cloth habit of his order, over which he wears a cloak of white cloth. He has the face of an ascetic; pale, spiritual, serene.

Girolamo Maria Gotti was born in Genoa on the 28th of March, 1834. At the age of sixteen he joined the order of the bare-footed Carmelites, and eventually became the head of the order. In 1892 Gotti, then Archbishop of Petra, was sent on a mission to Rio Janeiro. On his return he was made a cardinal, it is said sorely against his will. At the request of Leo XIII. he laid aside his scruples and accepted the honor. In his life and habits he is still the simple Carmelite, living in a modest apartment in the street of the Forum of Trajan, and sleeping upon the hard and narrow bed of a monk. He is said not to desire the Papacy, though he has ardent supporters, who claim that Leo XIII. has more than once jestingly addressed him as "My successor." His friends point to the flames in his coat of arms as looking to the fulfillment of the prophecy of St. Malachi, Archbishop of Armagh (in Ireland), which characterizes the next pope as "Ignis Ardens." The same ancient and extremely Delphic oracle foretold the reign of Pius IX. with the words "Crux de Crusis," and Leo XIII. as "Lumen in Coelo." Believers in the oracle explain that if ever pope had many crosses to bear it was surely Pius, and that the arms of Leo included a star. The prophecy foretells the characters of thirty-three more popes; by a strange coincidence there still remain thirty-three vacant medallions in the frieze containing the portraits of all the former popes at the church of St. Paul's outside the walls of Rome. The representative of the Party of Inaction, whether he be Cardinal Gotti, Cardinal Rampolla, or another, will be solidly supported by Spain, as well as by the men of his own stripe of whatever nationality. Next to Italy, Spain is the strongest power in the politics of the Church. He will also have the support of France, this chiefly for political reasons. It has been and remains the policy of France to keep open the wound which drains the life blood of Italy, to fan the quarrel between the Government and the Vatican—the division of interests which is roughly expressed in the terms Black and White. The poorer Italy remains, the safer the southern frontier of France. It would not at all suit the needs of France to have the unification of Italy become a fact instead of an ideal, to have a first-class power at her gates. Behind the superficial commercial friction and jealousy between the two countries lies the Triple Alliance, France's real grievance against Italy.

The Party of Action includes the men who, from Savonarola to Archbishop Ireland, have maintained that the Church must advance with the rest of the world; that the discoveries of science and the modern methods of history are not to be ignored, but should be incorporated with the Church. To them the danger lies in ignoring new truths rather than in proclaiming them. They maintain that the rôle of the Church as the great civilizer of the world did not stop at the thirteenth century, and it should be in the present and in the future not only the conserver but the discoverer of knowledge, the protector of science, the friend of the arts. They look with terror at the new world of civilized men—thinkers, teachers, historians, artists, scientists—who, while still preserving the spirit, have thrown away the forms of Christianity, and frankly or tacitly declare that it has done its work in the world and is as dead to them as the mythologies of Greece or Scandinavia. "How long," they ask, "will the essence of Christianity remain what it is to-day—the lifting force of the world? For how many generations will Christ's spirit animate when his name is denied?" The Party of Action maintains that while creed and dogma must be held intact, forms and customs must be modified to meet the exigencies of the moment. The Party of Action stands, ax in hand, ready to cut away the dead wood from the tree of life.

The candidate of the Party of Action will probably be Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, who was born at Genazzano, in the province of Rome, November 26, 1834. At an early age he came to Rome, where he entered the Capranica College. He was graduated with many honors, being a laureate in theology and canon law. He next studied at the Pontifical Seminary, from which he emerged to enter the diplomatic service of the Vatican. His first post was that of auditor to Monsignor Meglia at Mexico, and later at Munich. He was sent as apostolic delegate to Ecuador and to Peru. Returning from these distant missions he was next appointed Nuncio to Brussels, and later to Vienna, where he remained until 1887, when he was created cardinal. He then established himself at Rome, where he has filled various important offices, finally being appointed Secretary of Briefs. His presence at the capital was soon felt, for not only was he active in Church affairs, but took a leading part in the social life of the Black circle, where he is a great favorite. He was, and still is, to be met with at the diplomatic receptions, and at the weddings and the baptisms of his friends' children. He is much beloved as a kindly, agreeable man. Social by nature, his experience in foreign courts has increased his native talent for society. His popularity brought its penalty, and strong efforts were made to get him out of Rome. He was offered the important seat of Archbishop of Bologna, gained time by temporizing, and finally, by the death of the Archbishop of Frascati, was able to frustrate his enemies and obtain the vacant bishopric of Frascati, in the near neighborhood of Rome. He was much regarded by Leo XIII., who often consulted with him. He is a charming, popular man, and has many ardent friends, first among whom is his brother, Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, whose greatest ambition in life is said to be that Serafino shall succeed to the Papacy.

If Rome were in point of fact merely the capital of the Church the coming conclave might fight out the battle on the broad lines of radicalism and conservatism. But Italy will come in, as she always has, as a powerful factor in all Church politics. The Italian party consists mainly of men of a patriotic mold, whose first desire is to establish a *modus vivendi* between the Church and the Government, to heal the wound which the Intransigents, with France and Spain at their back, are always tearing open. The Italian party maintains that Italy is the best ally for the Church in Europe. France is too indifferent religiously, Spain too intolerant, too isolated, Austria too feeble. Of all the Catholic powers, Italy should be, as she always has been, the Church's nearest friend. The astronomer priest, Father Denza, and Monsignor Carini, librarian of the Vatican, two powerful friends of conciliation, have both died during the last nine years; in them Italy and the Church lost devoted and earnest sons. The so-called Black or clerical families have suffered terribly since they were forbidden by the Pope to vote or to hold office under the government. Some of the oldest and noblest families in the country look with dismay on their crumbling fortunes and their disfranchised sons. The head of one of the most loyal of these Black houses told the writer that for twenty-five years he had abstained from voting, but that when his son asked his consent to vote he could not conscientiously forbid him to do so. The Italian Government, which he had been told would be overthrown in a few years, seemed to be growing stronger and stronger, in spite of foreign enemies and more bitter foes at home. He was too old to change his colors, but the new generation, the men born and bred under the new order, must be free to choose between Pope and King. "Why should we choose?" say these men. "What logical argument can be advanced that should prevent our being at once good Catholics and good patriots?" The logical argument has yet to be advanced. That the breach is healing, as all wounds will heal in healthy flesh when nature is given a chance, is evident to the lover of Italy.

The candidate of the Italian party will doubtless be Cardinal Sarto, Patriarch of Venice. Sarto was born in Treviso on the 2d of June, 1835. He studied at the College of Castelfranco and at the Seminary of Padua. His first curé was in the parish of Tombolo, from which in 1867 he was transferred to Salzano. The Bishop of Treviso noticing his talent appointed him canon of the cathedral of Treviso. He next became Bishop of Mantua. In 1893 he was elected to the office he now holds. He is one of the most popular of the cardinals, and is much beloved by the Venetians. He is a prudent, correct, well-balanced man. While never directly opposing the policy of Leo XIII., he is noted for his abstinence from all aggressive action, and his influence is always exerted to keep the peace between the opposing factions. When King Umberto went to Venice to meet the Emperor of Germany Cardinal Sarto announced his intention of making a state visit to the King. A hint was sent him from the Vatican that his course might not be a wise one, and that he had best be absent from Venice at the time of the King's visit. The decision was left, however, with Sarto, who carried out his original plan, made his state visit to the King, and, it is said, mentioned the fact that the Vatican had advised against it. Personally, he is perhaps the most sympathetic of the *papabile* cardinals. He is a handsome man, carrying his sixty-eight years lightly. Strong, modest, disliking the intrigues and the ceremonies of the papal court, he rarely comes to Rome, and is content to remain in his beloved Venice, the friend of the people and of the clerics alike. For Italy his election would be fortunate; he has many well wishers in the Roman world, where, his friends hold, he is too little seen.

Cardinal Rampolla is spoken of by many outsiders as having the best chance for election, but to those who know most he is held to have less chance than the three candidates already referred to. The Pope's Secretary of State is known to be a Republican; he is too young to be acceptable to most churchmen, who look with distrust upon a man who is as likely to have as long a reign as Leo XIII. or Pius IX. Underlying the popular idea that the cardinals always choose the oldest of their number, in order that his reign may be short and they themselves may have another chance of election, there is a deep prejudice against a long papal reign, in the present conditions of Europe. A change of policy is difficult during the lifetime of a pope, as the papal policy is supposed to always follow the line in which it starts. It is thought more likely that some older man, possibly Oreglia, if backed by Rampolla and his followers, may win, in which case the present Secretary of State might continue to hold his place, and have, at the following conclave, a greater chance of election.

If history repeats itself, a "dark horse," Cardinal Oreglia or another—if he is only old enough—has more chances than any other to win the election. Cardinal Oreglia is the oldest of the cardinals who are considered *papabile*, a term which may be translated eligible for the Papacy. Santo Stefano di Oreglia was born at Benevagienna, in Piedmont, in 1828. He was educated at the Academy of the Noble Ecclesiastics, where he won reputation for his sound theology and his talent for languages. He was sent on a diplomatic mission to Holland, and later, on his return from The Hague, went as Nuncio to Portugal. He was made cardinal in 1873 by Pius IX., of whom he was a most devoted adherent. At one time it was believed that he was out of sympathy with the present policy of the Church, and it is not to be denied that for a long time he never put foot in the Vatican unless he was obliged to do so. Since he has become *doyen* of the College of Cardinals and chamberlain of the Vatican, however, he has been assiduous in discharging his duties. He, like Cardinal Gotti, is extremely simple in his habits. He lives in a modest apartment in the Via Nazionale. His enemies accuse him of extreme avariciousness; his friends declare that he is only parsimonious in his own personal expenditure and is conspicuously lavish in matters of charity.

There remains to be mentioned but one more candidate for the great Papacy race, with many people the favorite. Domenico Svampa, born at Ferno in the year 1851, is the youngest of the cardinals. His advance in his career has been like Rampolla's, astonishingly rapid. He was made Bishop of Forli in 1887, cardinal, and Archbishop of Bologna in 1894. It is said that the seat being vacant, the Pope, finding no one among his cardinals whom he considered fitted to fill it, gave the hat to Domenico Svampa. He is a tall, heavily-built man, with a fine presence and a dark, powerful face. If personal vigor and a forceful character were the qualities most needed in the future pope, the battle would be between Rampolla and Svampa, but in this contest the victory is not always to the strong. When King Umberto visited Bologna for the military maneuvers held there a few years ago, Cardinal Svampa thought fit to absent himself from Bologna. This can only be construed as an act of hostility towards the Government. It is said that his action was suggested by the Vatican; unlike the Patriarch of Venice, Svampa found the hint quite in accordance with his desires. Quietly and steadily the Cardinal of Bologna works at eradicating from his clergy the liberal ideas he found among them. Whether or no he stands the best chance for the election, Italy and the world has yet much to hear from Domenico Svampa.

The main question which the conclave will be forced to consider, is the position of the future pope. Shall the present conditions be indefinitely prolonged or not? It is intolerable to a large proportion of Catholics of all shades of political opinion that the pope should remain the prisoner of the Vatican, even if it is the Black pope who holds the key of his prison. It cannot be denied that in spite of the existing conditions Leo XIII. has done much to strengthen the position of the Papacy in Europe. During his reign, and noticeably during the last ten years, religious functions of all sorts have been carried on at Rome with perfect liberty and security; great pilgrimages have been organized from every part of the world; many beatifications have been made; his encyclicals have been circulated far and wide; all this without interference from, nay, it is not too much to say, under the protection of the Italian Government. It is said that the patrimony of Peter has been increased by many millions; in spite of all this, it is not to be endured that any man in his position, whether wilfully or not, should remain indefinitely a prisoner.

"Who will cut the Gordian knot?" That is the question which every one asks himself, which the conclave must consider, which the future pope must decide.

The Inglorious Days

By Mary Lord

When the long days drag on, so dull, so drear,
  Hour following hour in sad monotonous length,
When my heart cries, "Is this my life so dear?
  Must I give up to this my youth, my strength?"

Then to my spirit breathes thy gentle voice
  And says, "Thy patience, too, I count as mine,
Mine thy endurance,"—Lord, I ask no choice,
  For, lo! the inglorious days are also thine.

School-Houses and Beauty

By Ira Remsen

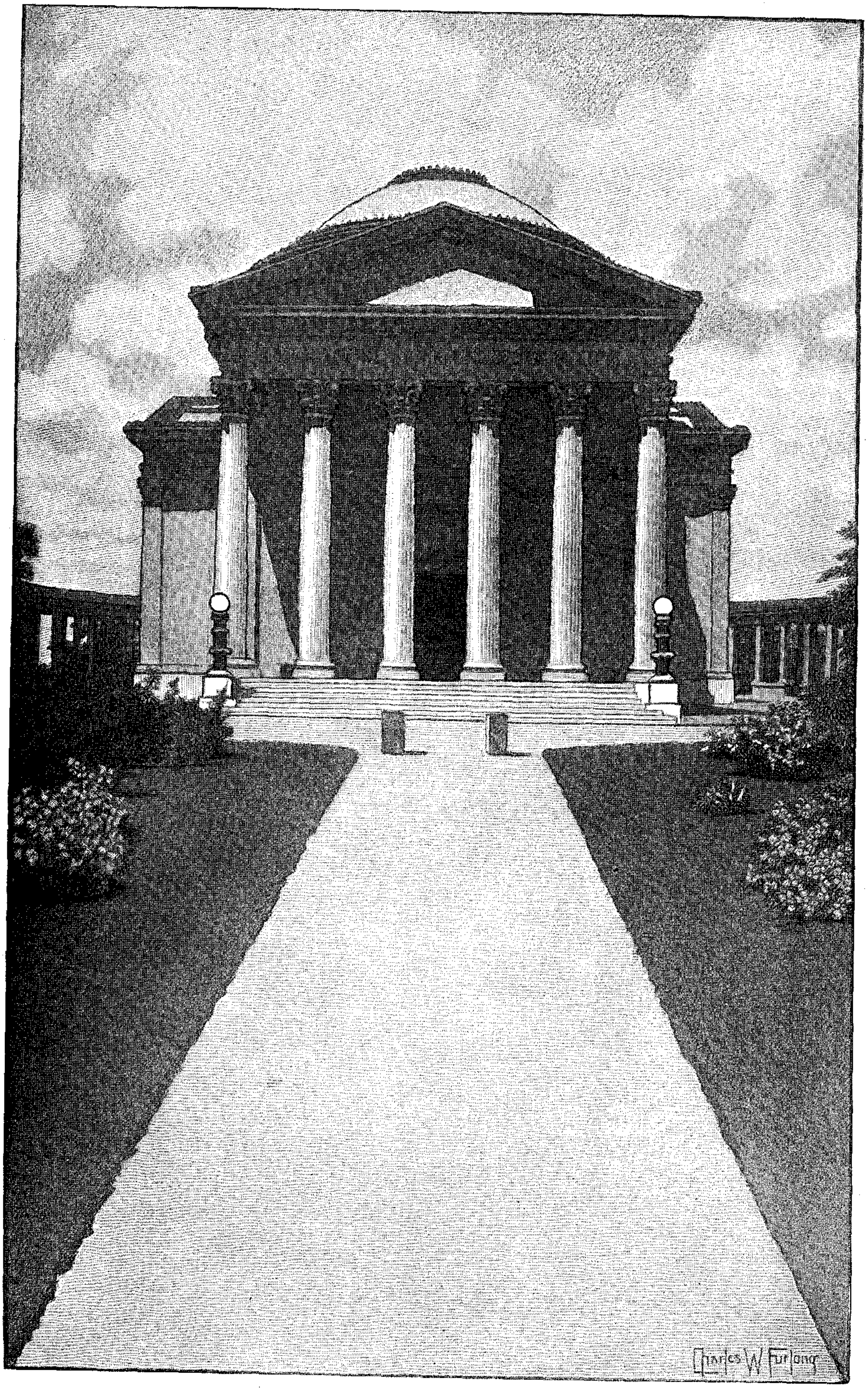
President Johns Hopkins University

I DO not think the term "hideous" too strong to apply to some of the structures in which we instruct our children. In a casual observation of school-houses in city and country, I have been impressed with the lack of beauty in design. In fact, some of the buildings are so conspicuous in their ugliness of outline and proportion that I have wondered if they have been planned to make them specially repulsive. We have been making progress in the beautifying of our towns and cities, and have erected public buildings and monuments in which the artistic is very noticeable, while many of the public parks have been made attractive to the eye. But it really seems to me that in the architecture of our public schools we have not kept pace with the development on other lines, and that there is ample opportunity for improvement.

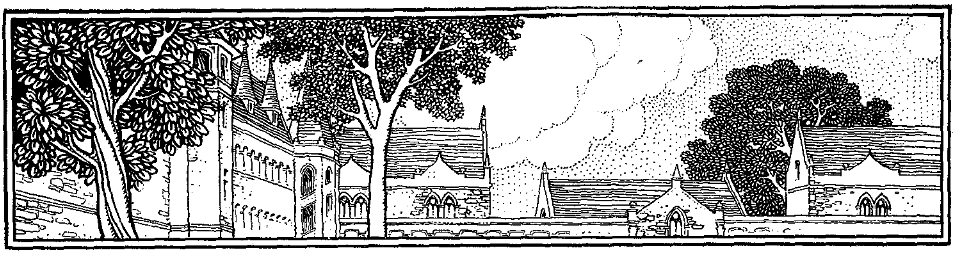
The impression apparently prevails among many who constitute American school boards that ornamentation is a luxury, that the æsthetic is not necessary in the education of youth. Possibly this is one reason for the backwardness in designing buildings which would teach the children to appreciate the beautiful. The question of money is also used as an argument by the school authorities. I am not prepared to say that a structure planned on artistic lines is much more expensive than the ungainly buildings which are to-day being erected in some of the principal cities of the country. The value of art as an educational factor can, in my opinion, be strikingly demonstrated by the embellishment of the school-house, and the children to whom it becomes almost as familiar as the home can be unconsciously instructed to appreciate the artistic merely by their observation of its design in their daily visits to it. In its exterior and interior it can be made an object-lesson in art of the highest importance.

Great cities in Europe are notable to tourists, not only for their wealth of historical associations, but for the harmonious outlines of design which in every direction appeal to the finer senses. The institutions for instruction harmonize with other structures in this respect; but in the United States the contrast is often very great. Why should not the American school stand out among other edifices as an example of art, so that the place where we educate our children will be characterized by its æsthetic features, and possibly its appropriate location? I remember noticing several school-houses in Berkshire County, Massachusetts, all of which had been built upon sites where the natural surroundings were very attractive, and upon inquiry found that the school authorities had selected the localities purposely with the view of the effect upon the children. Here is an example which might well be emulated in other parts of the country, numerous as are the opportunities for such selection. I recognize the fact, however, that the average school board is not always composed of men who realize the influence of the beautiful, and a great work can be accomplished in enlightening them in this respect. Unfortunately, too many of the buildings in our cities, for example, are planned by architects who thoughtlessly ignore what is really an essential. If the plans were prepared, and, after preparation, submitted to a committee which included at least one architect capable of making suggestions which would add to their artistic merit, possibly this would be an improvement upon the system which is too commonly carried out, of copying old designs to save expense, or giving the preparation of the plans to one man, who, as I have intimated, may not be competent properly to complete them individually.

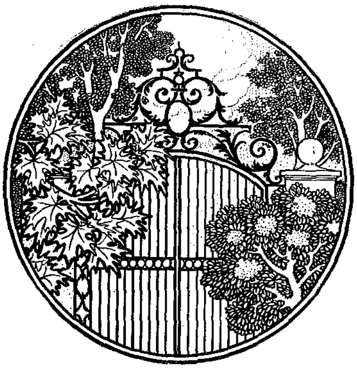
I do not believe the development of the æsthetic in children can be too greatly cultivated. In fact, this feature is too frequently neglected by the teacher whose attention is devoted to the ordinary curriculum. In the planning of the school-house, however, is afforded an opportunity to supply these deficiencies. If in design it represents a combination of the beautiful and artistic, it will attract the eye as does the charm of nature, and become a most important force for instruction.


Charles W. Furlong

THE LIBRARY OF NEW YORK UNIVERSITY



RECENT AMERICAN COLLEGE ARCHITECTURE



BY A. D. F. HAMLIN

ADJUNCT PROFESSOR OF ARCHITECTURE IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES W. FURLONG
AND DECORATIONS BY EDWARD EDWARDS

A NATION that has many new buildings to erect and plenty of money to spend upon them is sure to develop a characteristic architecture. It may be good or bad or simply commonplace, but nothing can prevent its being clearly expressive of the taste, culture, ideals, and capacities of the Nation. The style of the new buildings will be an index of its artistic taste; the purposes for which they are erected will reveal the dominant interests and illustrate the character of its civilization.

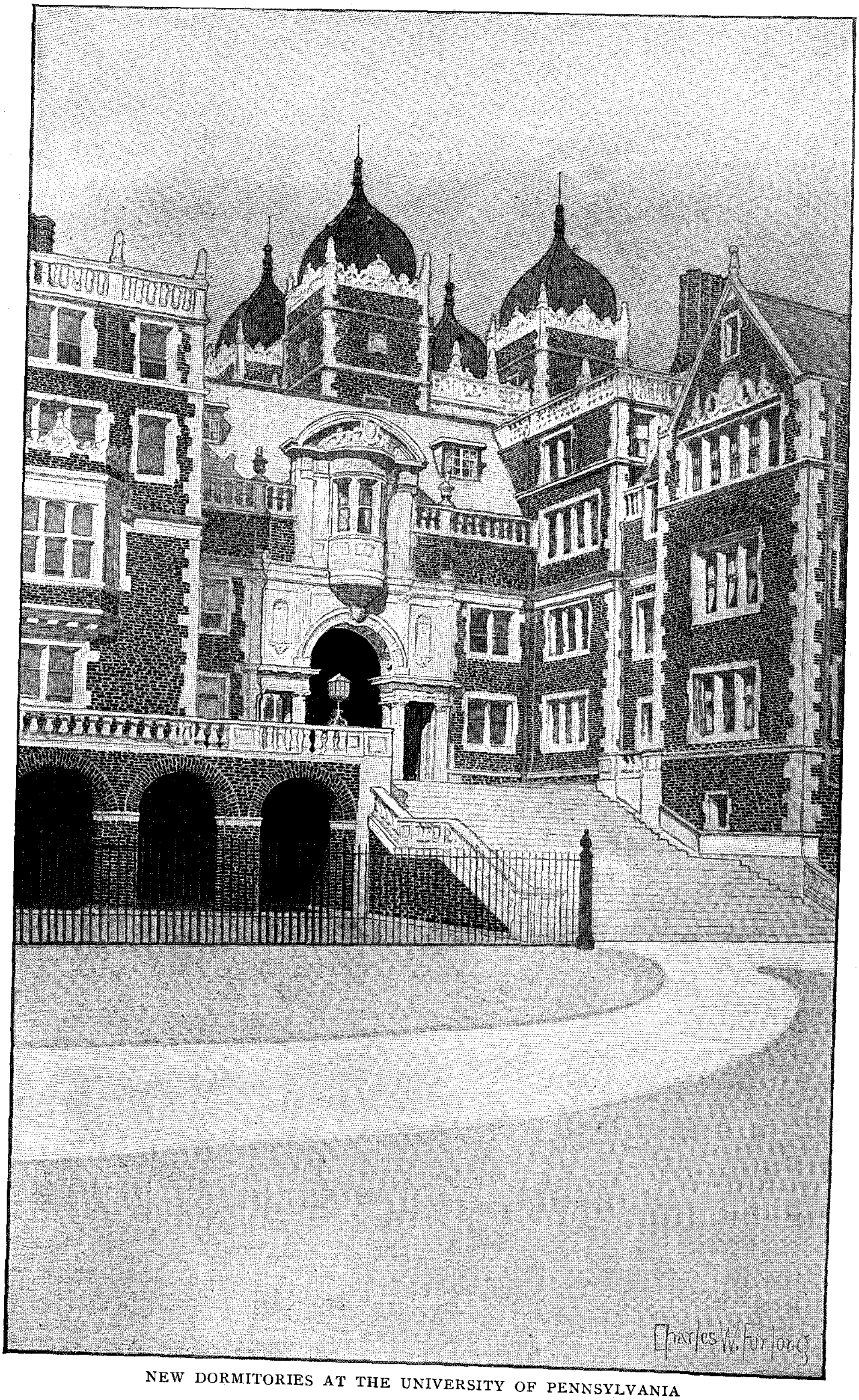
It has been customary to speak of the pervading commercialism of American life. The towering and impressive masses of the business buildings of lower New York seem to give evidence of a triumphant materialism; the more so when we learn that fifty or sixty millions of dollars sometimes go into such structures in a single twelvemonth. But the evidence is fallacious, for when we survey the country at large it is not sky-scrapers that fill our vision, but rather the homes, churches, and schools of the people. We have heard a good deal about our domestic and religious architecture, both from native and foreign critics; but our collegiate architecture has not received the attention it deserves, though not less suggestive than our houses and churches of the National progress and National ideals.

Recent foreign observers have expressed amazement at the magnitude, number, equipment, and endowments of our universities. No one, indeed, who studies the record of recent gifts to education in this country, or the statistics of attendance upon our higher institutions of learning, can fail to be impressed with the increasing popular regard for intellectual culture. We believe that the architectural character of the buildings erected for these institutions within the past ten years indicates an equally rapid advance in the artistic culture of the Nation. It is not without significance that the two most magnificent buildings ever erected in America, with the possible exception of the Capitol at Washington, are public libraries, one built by the Nation at Washington, the other by the municipality at Boston; and that Congress has authorized new buildings to cost fourteen millions of dollars for the two great National schools at Annapolis and West Point. In the very focus of American commercialism, the noblest of recent buildings is the library erected at Columbia University in 1897 by the present Mayor of the city, to be soon, however, surpassed in size and splendor by the city's own new Public Library; and there is in process of gradual erection in Brooklyn a superb museum building for the Brooklyn Institute, an important educational organization—a veritable palace of the arts and sciences, to cost several millions, and to be paid for out of the public funds. Let it also be noted that the people of this same city of New York, with all their reputed devotion to mammon, maintain two great universities, Columbia University and the New York University, both recently equipped with splendid new buildings; and that the city has itself begun upon Washington Heights the erection of a noble and costly group of buildings for its own City College.

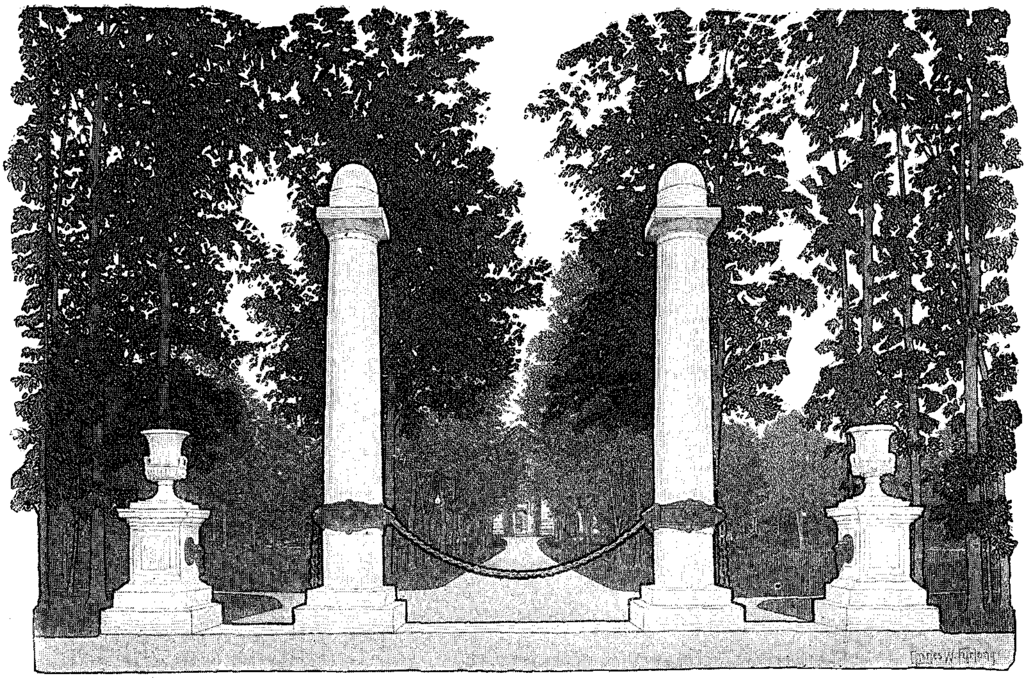
The collegiate architecture of the United States represents, therefore, no small or unimportant phase of the National activity. During the past ten years it has fully shared in the general progress and prosperity. In many cases the whole aspect of an institution has been metamorphosed either by a complete reconstruction on a new site, or by notable additions to the buildings on the old site. In the latter case the comparison of the new with the old buildings furnishes an object-lesson in the progress and tendencies of our collegiate architecture. The contrast is sometimes extraordinary. The new edifices are not only more artistic in design, more monumental in effect than the old; they are also better planned, more convenient, more solid and thorough in construction, and vastly better furnished and equipped.

The architecture of American colleges has grown up on an essentially different system from the European. The typical American college or university consists of a collection of distinct buildings, grouped more or less regularly about a grassy and shady area called the campus. The original nucleus of the group was usually the chapel, flanked by two dormitories of red brick. A half-dozen lecture-rooms occupied the basement of the chapel. Other dormitories and recitation halls, laboratories, and a library were added as the resources of the institution permitted, and placed as the convenience of the occasion seemed to dictate—in parallel rows, or around a vast square, or in more fortuitous groupings determined by the topography. The successive additions were often wholly unrelated architecturally to their older neighbors, or even in some cases to one another, representing as many diverse styles as there were architects employed. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Brown, and Wesleyan Universities, Bowdoin and Dartmouth, Amherst and Williams Colleges, and half a hundred others, grew up in this way. The European conception of collegiate architecture was derived from olden monastic traditions; it was that of the cloister or quadrangle, or a series of "quads," each entirely surrounded by a continuous building and entered through an imposing gateway. Such a scheme was not only foreign to our ideas, but wholly impracticable for rural colleges struggling for existence on the slenderest of means; and out of such struggling rural colleges have grown nearly all our great universities.

The newer American college architecture, even in following the traditional American system of isolated buildings, seeks to secure general unity of effect. It is, of course, impossible to correct the chaos of an existing group of heterogeneous buildings, but it is at least possible to establish a definite plan and scheme to which all future additions shall conform. At Harvard the dominant note of the older colonial buildings has been followed in nearly all the more recent erections in and about the "Square." Several colleges and universities have had the good fortune to be able to undertake an entire


Charles W. Furlong

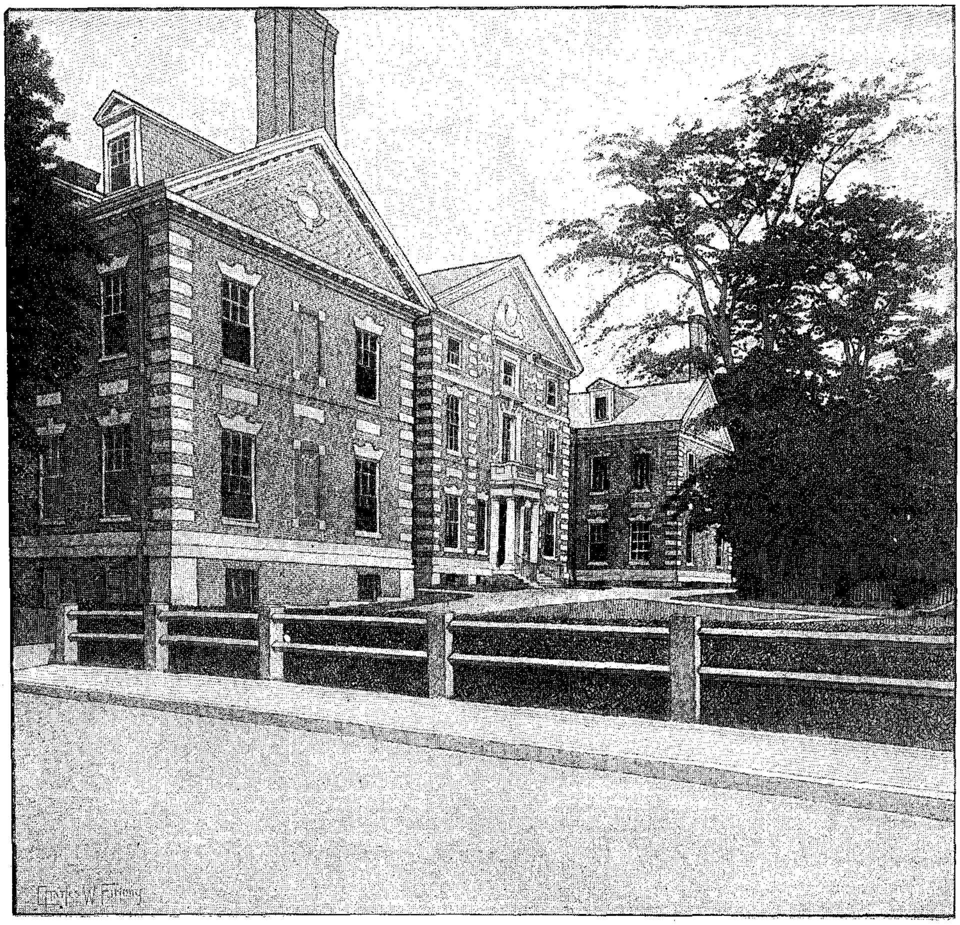
NEW DORMITORIES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

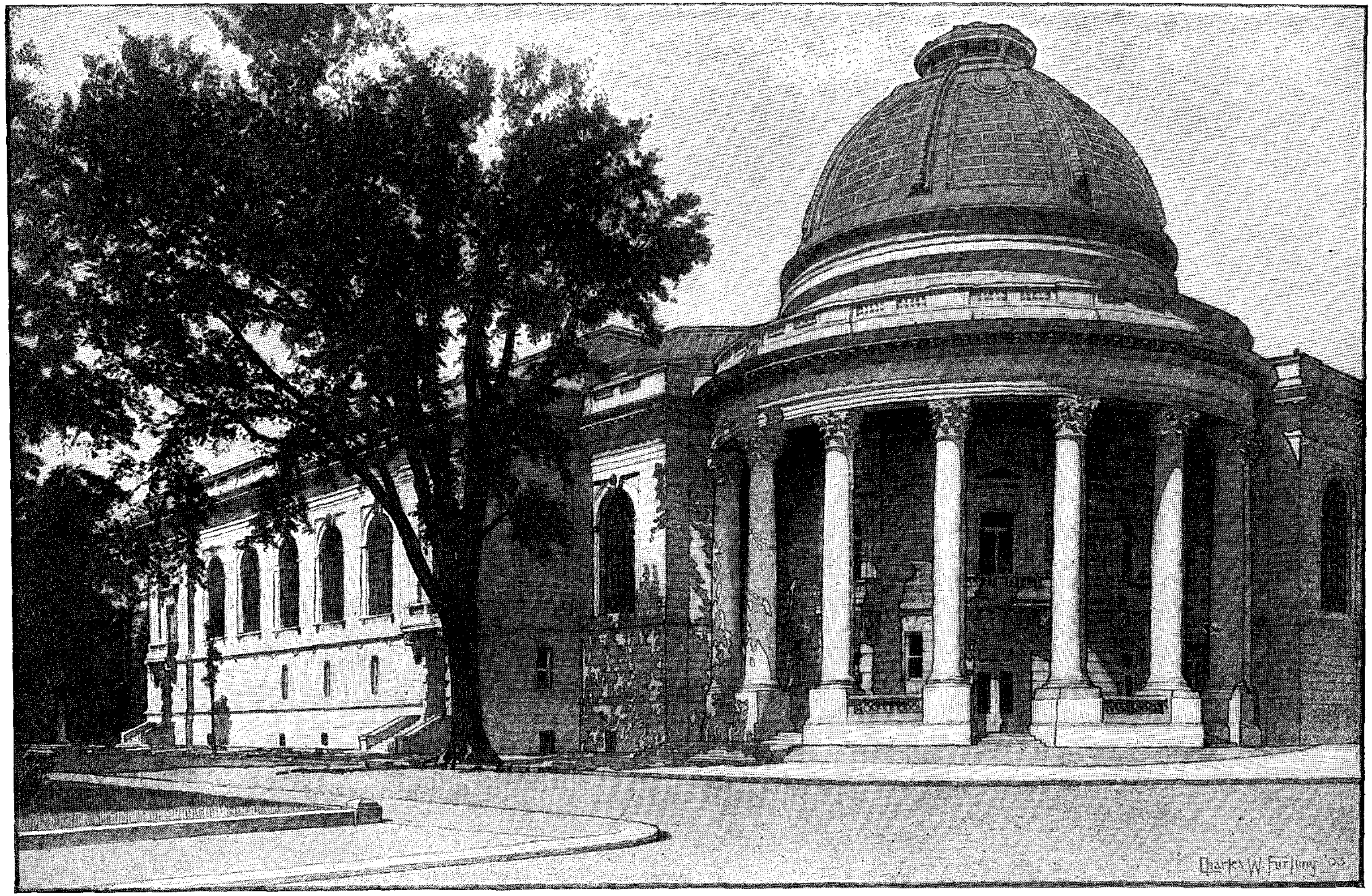


THE NEW MEMORIAL GATEWAY AT BOWDOIN

rebuilding on a new site. Trinity College, at Hartford, Connecticut, was the first of these, having as far back as 1875 begun the erection of an imposing block of buildings in four quadrangles, from plans by the late William Burges, of London. Only a small part of this great scheme has been completed, forming a long and imposing stretch of buildings in English Gothic style. About 1890 the Leland Stanford Junior University began in like manner the erection at Palo Alto (California) of new buildings on a comprehensive plan prepared by Shepley, Rutan, and Coolidge, of Boston. This was only in part realized; and the unity of the scheme has been injured by several structures designed by other hands. A few years later the University of New York moved certain of its departments to a new site at Fordham Heights, near the metropolis, and built there, from designs by McKim, Mead, and White, a group of buildings centered around a fine domical library and memorial gallery, which last has become known all over the country as the "Hall of Fame." The new buildings of Columbia University, by the same architects, followed soon after, the noble Low Library forming the center of the group (1895–1897); and in 1898 Mrs. Phœbe Hearst instituted an international competition for new buildings on a scale of unexampled magnificence for the University of California at Berkeley, in which the prize was won by the French architect Bénard. The first buildings of this vast design—the School of Mines and an open-air "theater"—are now under construction. Washington University at St. Louis has begun the execution of a fine design by Cope and Stewardson, of Philadelphia, on an almost equally ambitious scale. All of these great enterprises betoken abundant confidence in the future of the institutions that have entered upon them, a sublime reliance upon the generous support of the American people, and the determination to plan, not merely for the immediate necessity, but for expected growth, so that order and beauty may reign in increasing perfection as the years roll on. Meanwhile, many other colleges and universities, retaining the old site and buildings, have added new structures of great size, cost, and beauty. There is probably not one among our older institutions of the higher learning that has not received notable architectural additions within the past ten years, and in some cases, as at Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and the University of Pennsylvania, the cost of these additions has run up into the millions. Our medical colleges, theological seminaries, and technological schools have shared in this extension and enrichment.

The causes of this architectural activity are not hard to discover. It is not to be explained merely by any theory of a newly developed passion for expenditure, luxury, or splendor. The trustees of our great educational institutions are almost without exception men of conservative rather than radical ideas; men with a deep sense of their responsibility to the public and to the institution, and they could not command millions for display if they wished it. New buildings have become necessary simply because the new education demands resources and an equipment for which the old provision was utterly inadequate. A chapel and four recitation-rooms were all that was necessary for the college of 1803. The library was amply accommodated in one or two of the rooms in an adjacent dormitory. For the college of 1903 there must be a modern fireproof library, with stack-room, reading-room, reference-room, seminar-rooms, and staff-rooms; scientific buildings, with laboratories, more varied and complex than our fathers ever dreamed of, with testing rooms and lecture-rooms and instructors' rooms and storerooms; a gymnasium, large and spacious, with running-track, swimming-tank, baths, handball courts, and what not. There must be a suitable administration building for the president, treasurer, and dean, for faculty meetings and trustee meetings, and a hall or auditorium for commencement gatherings and mass-meetings. In some colleges a college "commons," refectory, or dining-hall is required, and the social life of the students must be provided for by a college


THE HARVARD UNION


Charles W. Furlong '03

THE YALE BICENTENNIAL BUILDING

club-house, or, in connection with their religious life, by a special building for the religious associations and the college Young Men's Christian Association. As the college grows, moreover, the dormitories must be extended or multiplied and new recitation-halls added. Thus architectural expansion and renovation become an absolute necessity wherever there are life and growth in a college, as in any other public institution that partakes of the real life of the community.

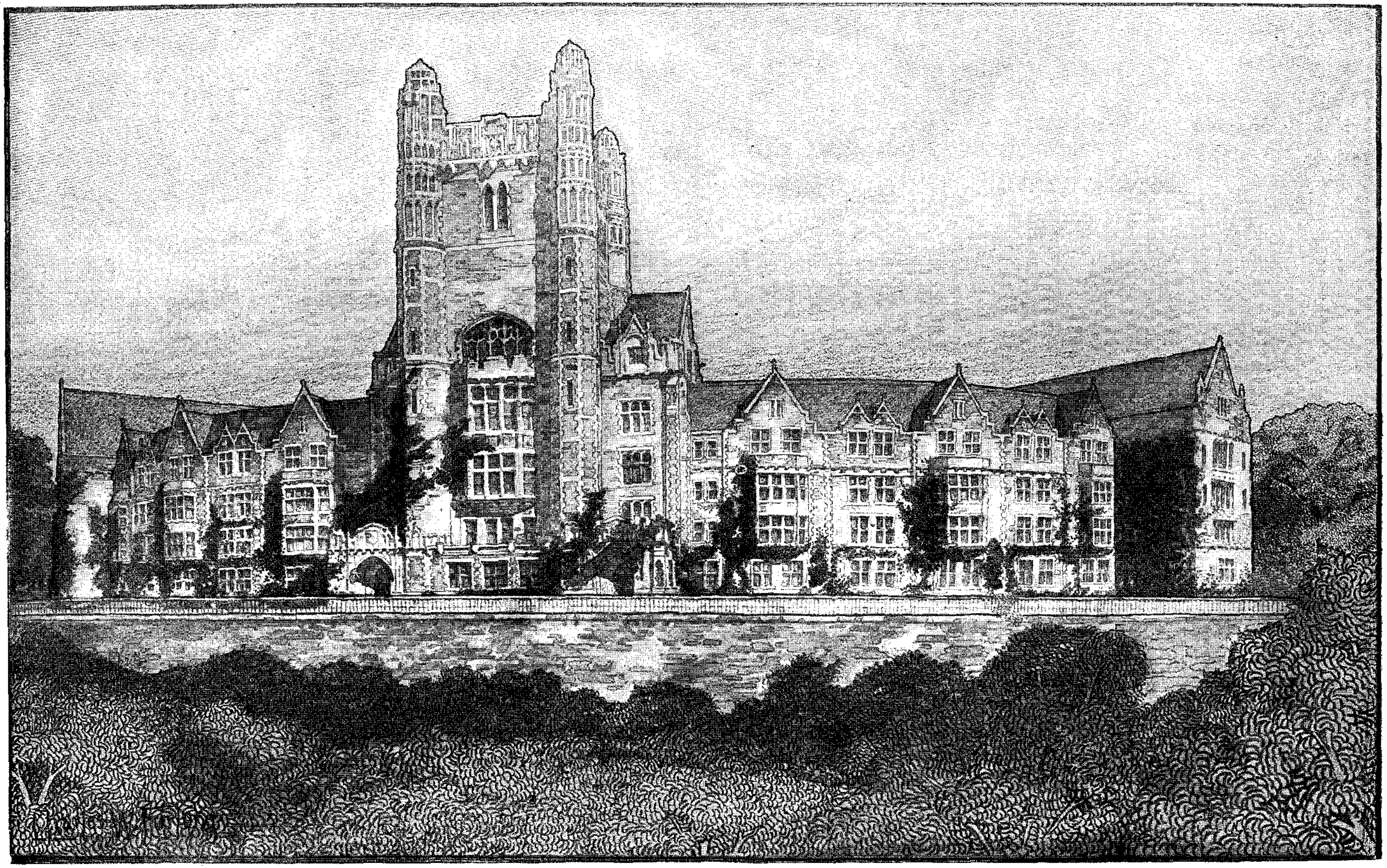
Thus made necessary by the main force of circumstances, these new buildings show also the influence of the changes in public taste and in the standards of architectural and structural excellence which have taken place in the past twenty years. Not only have the architects made great progress in their mastery of the resources of design; their clients, the governing bodies of the colleges, have made an equal advance in their conceptions of what sort of buildings the colleges require. Alike in artistic design, in solidity of construction, and in elegance of finish and equipments, the buildings erected during the past ten years far surpass anything that this country had ever seen before in the way of collegiate architecture.

The cosmopolitan and eclectic quality of our taste is fitly expressed in the variety of architectural style which these modern college buildings display. From 1880 to 1890 the powerful influence of Mr. Richardson showed itself in the general adoption of the Romanesque style, freely treated; but more recently other styles have found favor. The majority of the newer buildings are either "Colonial" (or "Georgian," as some prefer to call it) in style, as at Harvard; or in the late Gothic style of many university buildings in England, to which the name of the English Collegiate style is often given. This style lends itself readily to the treatment of long ranges of buildings of moderate height, and permits of a more picturesque variety of mass and sky-line than the Georgian, and the more stately Classic and Renaissance styles. It has been handled with great skill by Cope and Stewardson in the handsome buildings of the dormitory "Quad" at Pennsylvania University, in Blair Hall at Princeton, and in the new edifices of Washington University at St. Louis. The Vanderbilt Hall at Yale, by C. C. Haight, and the very picturesque and impressive group of buildings on Washington Heights for the College of the City of New York, by Mr. G. B. Post, are also excellent examples of the style. Mr. Potter's new Library at Princeton approaches closer to the Perpendicular Gothic in style, but is unmistakably scholastic in character.

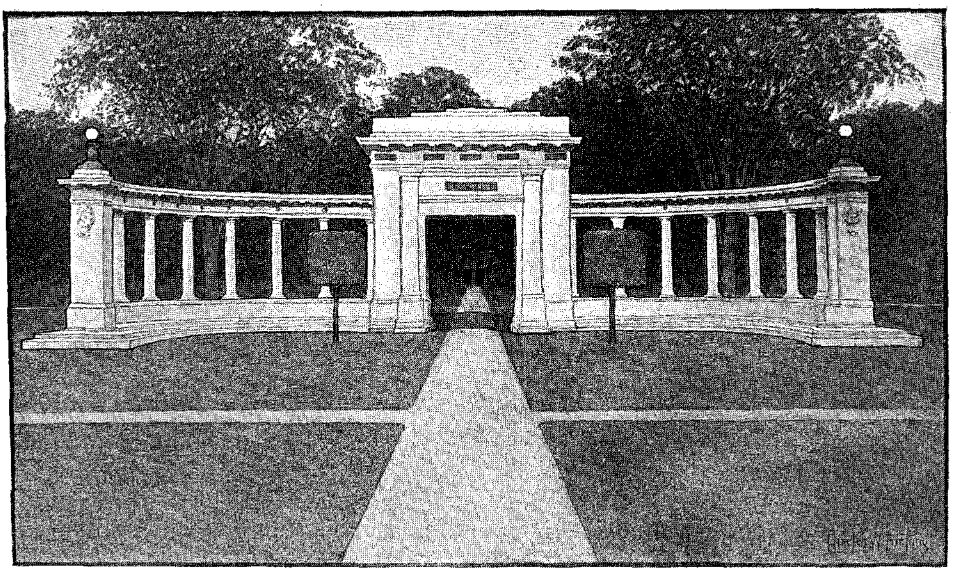
The Georgian style is less picturesque, more restrained, more domestic perhaps, and better suited for detached buildings than for continuous ranges and quadrangles. It has very naturally been adopted at Harvard for all the newer buildings, which thus harmonize with and emphasize the quaint flavor and historic associations of the older ones. The Harvard Union, the new gymnasium for Radcliffe College, the Randall dining hall, and the new gates are examples of this style; while the Law School at the University of Pennsylvania, the new Library of the University of Virginia, and Barnard College at New York, represent other applications of it. McKim, Mead, and White's Library and other buildings at Fordham Heights for the New York University are also in a version of the Georgian style, modified by a touch of Italian classical stateliness; and in the more important group at Columbia University these same architects have apparently tried the experiment of establishing a strong contrast between the Low Library—a magnificent Greco-Roman building of creamy Indiana limestone—and the half-Georgian departmental buildings of red brick with stone finishings.

A third style requires notice—the Italian or classic style, not because it is in frequent use, but because of the importance of the few cases in which it has been adopted. The most conspicuous instance is the University of California, where two of the buildings of the vast plan prepared by the architect Bénard are now being erected under the supervision of Mr. J. G. Havard, of New York—the School of Mines and the open-air auditorium. The new buildings for the Naval Academy at Annapolis, by Ernest Flagg, are in this stately and monumental style, which permits of greater majesty of scale and splendor of effect than the other two.

But, whatever the style of the newer college buildings of the United States, they are all in one sense thoroughly



THE NEW COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK



MEMORIAL ARCH AT OBERLIN COLLEGE

Dedicated May 14, 1903, in memory of thirteen American missionaries martyred in China.

American; for their designs have been studied with a special view to meeting American requirements, and the success and merit of the result have depended, not on the style label it wears, but on the ability, skill, and taste with which the architect has solved the specific problem presented to him in each case. In general, this ability, skill, and taste have been of a high order. It is to be regretted that in this respect the Roman Catholic colleges have, as a whole, remained so far in arrears. There is hardly one among these institutions to whose credit can be set down any really notable and highly meritorious work of architecture in recent years.

The complete list of important buildings erected within the past ten years for American colleges, universities, theological seminaries, and other institutions of the higher learning would make an impressive showing. These buildings represent an enormous financial investment; and it must be remembered that this physical growth means also a great increase in expenditure for maintenance and administration. All this is significant of the disposition of the American people to increase their financial investment in the higher education—an investment not only in buildings, which, taken alone, might mean mere luxury, but in all that for which the buildings stand, and to promote which they were built—science, literature, religion, and intellectual culture of every kind. The American scholar may well point to these edifices with pride, assured that a hundred years from now many of them will still be looked upon with admiration, as monuments of the intellectual and artistic enthusiasm of an age too often accounted as wholly given up to a selfish materialism.

The Coasters

By L. Frank Tooker

Up and down the coast from Calais to the keys,
We have groped with lead and log
Through the easter and the fog,
Felt the sting of hail or whistled for a breeze,
Till we know the charted coast
Like the face we love the most,
With the old "blue pigeon" tracking down the seas.

When the stars are in the sky, we closely pass,
Sailing by within a league,
Barnegat and Chincoteague,
But we give a wider birth to Hatteras;
For she sits among the dunes
Like a siren playing tunes,
All too quick to change a jig to dirge or mass.

All the white sea-horses scamper unto her;
All the currents slip away
Where her sullen rollers play,
Rain and driving rack about her in a blur.
Oh, she beckons, and she brings
To her feet the pallid things
Round whose sightless forms her breakers fawn and purr!

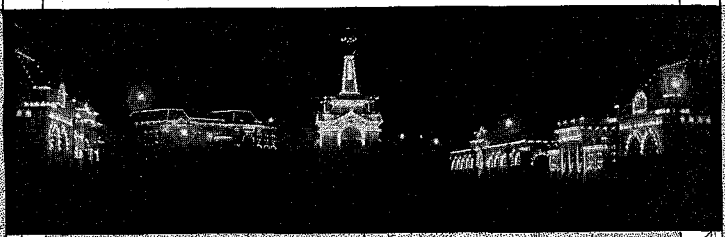
When the fog is like a wall upon our lee,
And the capes have closed the door,
Through the murk we safely bore,
While the off-shore sailors blunder back to sea.
Through a ram's horn or a gourd
With the lead we'd lay our board,
Little matter what the fog or night might be.

Loafing slowly down the coast with dragging sheets,
Carrying on to make a berth
When the thunder rocks the earth
And the leveled rains against our faces beat,
We have waited, we have won,
In the storm and in the sun,
Not to vaunt in conquest, grovel in defeat.

We will hazard all with any gale that blows,
Slipping out of port at night
When the storm-flags flap with fright
And the sea is gray with long wind-driven rows.
When the decks are running free
Braver road there could not be;
What if Death should bar us from its happy close?

Gales will rage about us, toppling seas downpour;
Hurtling scud and driving sleet
Shift the deck beneath our feet,
Snatch the canvas from us, deafened by its roar.
Blind to all but duty, we
Hold the course we cannot see,
Flash a last thought homeward, pass the open door.

THE NATIONAL EXPOSITION IN JAPAN



BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

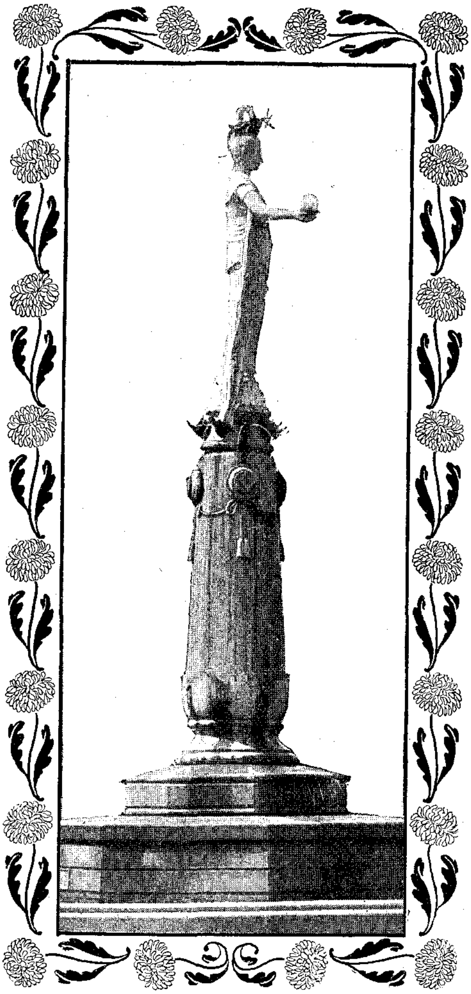
FIFTY years ago this summer, Commodore Matthew Perry, himself "an educator of our navy," spent eight days in the waters of Japan. Unwelcome guest then, but glorified now, he proved to the Japanese that Americans were willing to teach them. At Yokohama the next year he set up a little industrial exposition of American products and machinery on the strand. By this he opened to the Japanese the modern world of industry and invention, inducing in the Oriental islanders an insatiable hunger for the wonders of the West. Perry was modern Japan's first great schoolmaster, and Townsend Harris, ex-President of the Board of Education of the city of New York, followed him. After eighteen months of diplomacy, without ship or soldier, Harris won his way into the city of Yedo, with the American flag wrapped round his presents of lamps, locks, machines, and dictionaries. Then he sat down to do pedagogic work day and night steadily during four months. He taught the hermit statesmen how to keep national house in modern style among greedy nations with plenty of cannon.

Thus began what Mr. William H. Seward called "the tutorship of the United States in Japan." This, he declared, "must be based on deeper and broader principles of philanthropy than have hitherto been practiced in the intercourse of nations . . . which shall send teachers to instruct and establish schools on the American system."

While the political earthquake rumbled and crashed, and the volcano of civil war sent out its lava and scoria, there was no time for constructing a national system of education, even had one then been desired, for there was no true nationality. Yet even in that era of chaos, from 1859 to 1870, Americans on the soil were doing work in the caissons. They were preparing plans and materials for the new Japan which they saw by faith. Dr. Hepburn trained up physicians, taught science, and by his dictionary made possible to speakers of English the study of the Japanese language. Dr. S. R. Brown raised up future schoolmasters and college presidents. Dr. Verbeck was making statesmen and planning to get Japanese abroad and to bring American teachers to Nippon. The chief text-books were the New Testament and the Constitution of the United States. Pumpelly made reconnaisance of Japan's mineral wealth and introduced blasting and powder in the mines. Nakamura to the scholars and Fukuzawa to the people were hiding the

Western leaven in the vernacular, by means of cheap books and publications. When peace dawned after war, an army of educators entered, and from 1872 until the present time Americans have been the chief educators of the Japanese—Murray, Lyman, Capron, Scott, Berry, Mason, Clark, Morse, Mendenhall, with scores of other secular teachers and hundreds of other teachers and missionaries, men and women, full of zeal and usually of tact and ability. Did ever a country within two decades have such a swarm of educators and of education, mostly free? Nine-tenths of the modern educated men and women of Japan before 1890, and a majority of those in influence and office to-day, received their first instruction from American missionaries.

There is also an underground history of modern education, even as there is of Christianity, in the crypts of Japan. The first English teacher of the Japanese was Ronald McDonald, a true explorer. In 1845, when he was twenty-four years old, this American sailor shipped at Sag Harbor in a whale-ship, the Plymouth (significant name). He arranged with the captain to be left on the coast of Japan in a small boat, in order to cast himself ashore and obtain some knowledge of the land and people of unknown Japan. Kindly treated, he lived in Nagasaki until taken away by Glyn in 1849. He taught the English language and trained the interpreters who came on board our ten-gun brig Preble, surprising Commander Glyn by talking pretty good English instead of Japanese or Dutch. It was McDonald who began American educational activity in Japan—the story of which will some day be fully written.

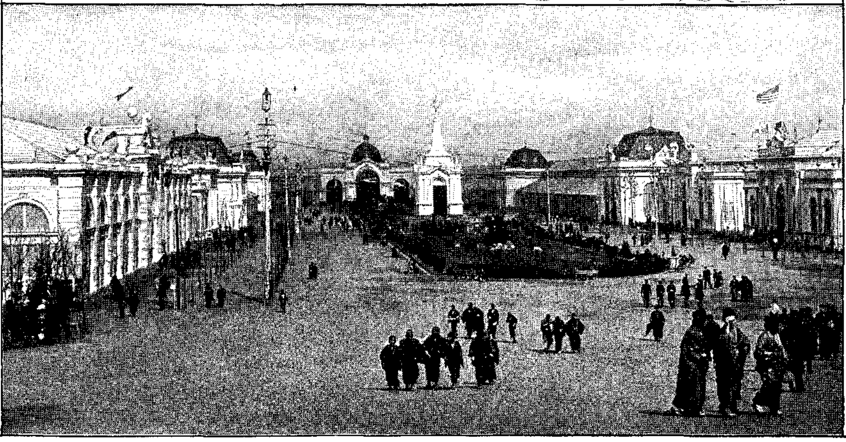


STATUE IN THE AQUARIUM

It is thoroughly appropriate that the Fifth National Exposition should be held in Japan's greatest commercial and manufacturing city. Osaka, from its geographical situation, had always a unique position in the national development. Japan is all northeast and southwest, and what Tokio is to the former, Osaka is to the latter. It is the gateway to the Inland Sea and the northern head of the richest and most populous half of the empire. In old days Yedo was the city of the soldier, and there were the nation's purse and sword. Kioto was the city of the Emperor and the nobles and of priests, dwelling amid temples, gardens, and art treasures. But Osaka was the mart of trade. Here the three hundred or more feudal barons had their storehouses. Hence the city charter or constitution differed notably from either of the others; it was more like that of the free cities of Europe. There was a spirit of independence and intelligence among the citizens, who were money-loving and politically conservative, while in all things that make for national wealth they were alert and intelligent. Osaka, or Naniwa, stands on the delta of the river Yodo, which drains the waters of Biwa, Japan's largest lake; and much of the long, narrow island, whereon are the finest buildings, is river-made. Like most ancient cities, it has a common and prosaic and also a poetic

name. Osaka means "the hillside by the great estuary." The original township was situated on the seaward side of a low hill, which still forms the eastern and upper quarters of the city. Its poetical name, which is very ancient, means Swift Waves, or possibly Wave Blossoms. As tradition loves to think, it was given by the first Emperor, at a date which modern chronology, officially made in Tokio a few years ago, sets at 660 B.C. The higher criticism and a scholar's common sense laugh at this date, but it is still dangerous for a professor in Japan to impeach official orthodoxy, and herein, as is notorious, academic freedom of inquiry is still under ban. Despite all their boasted culture, the Japanese are not allowed to inquire into politico-religious origins. Both Japanese and Chinese orthodoxy are still rigid and persecuting.

The city covers little over eight square miles, and between the guide-book claim of 922,000 and the Government census of 845,000 souls one may choose to suit himself. The city is protected from the open sea by the island of Awaji, the mythological navel of heaven-born Japan, but for ages the harbor has been threatened with uselessness by a great bar, on which thousands of Japanese vessels have been wrecked and



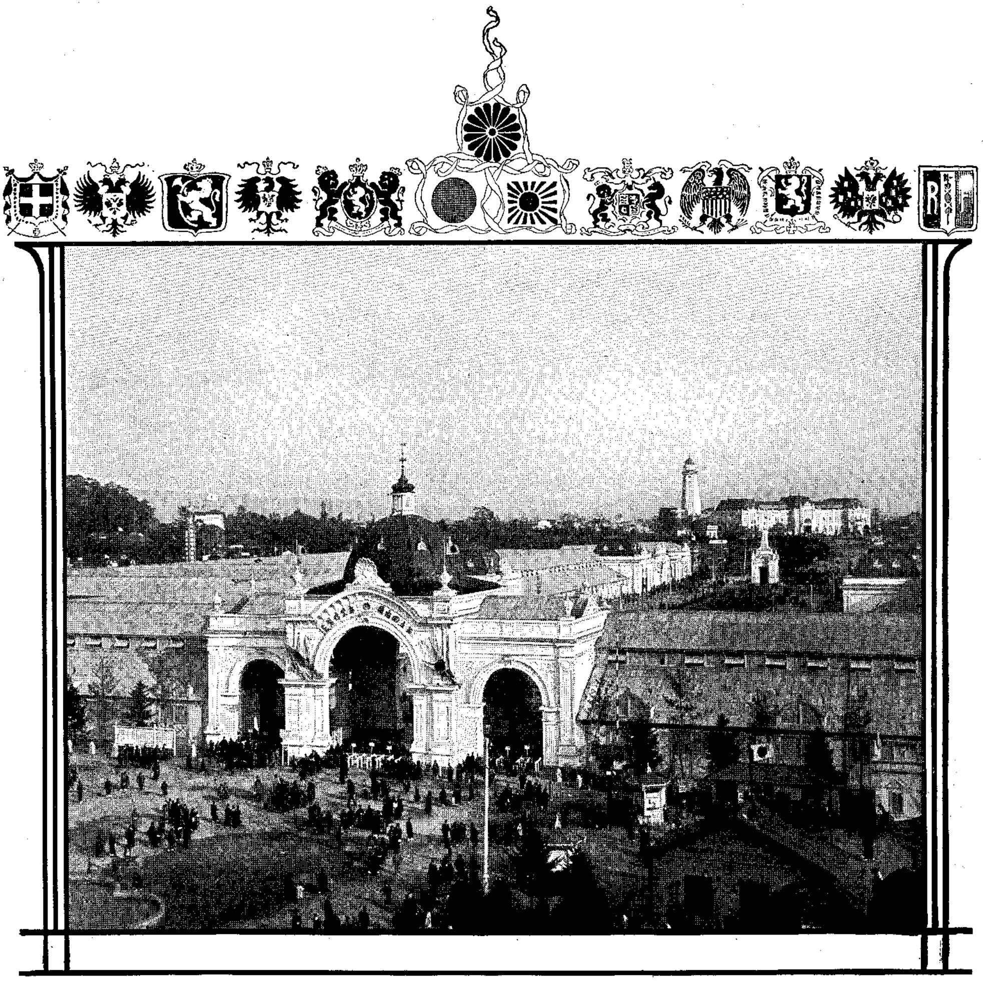
THE MIDWAY, LOOKING BACK TO THE MAIN ENTRANCE their crews lost. Here, on April 12, 1867, our own Rear-Admiral Henry H. Bell, one of Farragut's ablest captains, with several of our brave sailors, was drowned. Now the Japanese engineers are making what will be the largest harbor east of Suez. The work was begun in 1899 and is now half completed.

Osaka to this day retains traces of its origin. When I made my delightful visit there, I could easily discover this and find good reason for calling it "the Venice of Japan." The river divides itself into two equal streams which embrace a long, narrow island, on which are not only the single park which the city possesses, but also the Post and Telegraph buildings, etc., the splendid stone edifice of the Bank of Japan, and the public library, also a stone structure, the gift of Mr. Sumitomo. The river arms clasp again and then open once more, holding within their grip the most recently formed delta containing the Prefectural Government House, the City Hall, the old foreign concession, the Chinese quarter, etc.; but seven-tenths of the city is on the south side of the river, in the center of which is the wealthiest and most aristocratic section, the name of which is Semba, or literally "boat neighborhood," thus revealing its origin and reminding one of the derivation of "Boston." Through its very heart runs the Korean Bridge Street, showing where the first Korean artisan-immigrants, bringing with them the arts and civilization of the continent, first settled. In this section is also the richest and liveliest street of Osaka. The Yodo River reminds one of the Grand Canal of Venice, while the interminable branch streams and canals, bridges and narrow thoroughfares, complete the parallel. The busiest streets are the narrowest. The shops are small, but stuffed to overflowing with fine goods — the tradesmen who sit within being, according to the jest of the Tokio man, a part of the stock.

THE ELEVATOR TOWER

Under these circumstances the Osakaites, having no hill or groves near by, take their fun on the water. Pleasure-boats during the afternoon and evening hours make the river a lively place, while during the morning the junks, rafts, ships, and steamers have the right of way. Fronting the river is the Imperial Mint, one of the best-equipped institutions of its kind in the world. From the water is also visible the Castle, once the greatest structure reared by man in all the empire, but twice given to the flames—in 1613, when Iyeyasu made himself overlord, and in 1868, when the fortunes of Tycoonism disappeared in fire and smoke.

I spent my three



MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE OSAKA EXPOSITION

happy days in Osaka when feudalism was still in its glory. Then there was not one chimney in the whole municipality, and only low smoke-holes let out the products of combustion in kitchen, factory, and crematory. Now, as I look at the large bird's-eye view, reduced from a photograph, I can count scores of lofty brick or steel-framed smoke-stacks wafting their white lines of puffing steam or their clouds of black smoke against the blue sky and the distant mountains. In the city are nearly six hundred manufactories, including many large cotton-mills equipped with the latest improved machinery, and employing about 50,000 operatives. Sixty banks handle the finances of a city which has under charter about 65,000 tons of shipping, for Osaka believes in sea-power. Since the introduction of water by means of steam-pumps and modern hydraulics, Osaka is one of the healthiest cities in the empire.

Space fails me to tell of the various buildings, all of which are wholly in Occidental style, or with the Oriental features tastefully blended. Evidently the Japanese believe in education through architecture. Looking up the Midway toward the Art Gallery, with its arches, columns, and pilasters, mansard roofs, and electric lights, both along the highway, with cable and column, or blossoming out in mid-air from the apex of towers, one realizes what a transformation Japan has passed through, though the dress of the women and children and most of the men is native or hybrid. The Art Gallery is wholly foreign as to its exterior, but within one sees that the Japanese have the gift of rejection as well as of assimilation of things which the foreigner can bring him. Indeed, this is one of the marked traits of the islanders—a source of strength as well as of weakness. There seem to be some ideas, such as the personality of God and the full individuality of man, which the native intellect appears unable to grasp.

There is one large building devoted wholly to foreign goods and samples. Of course there is plenty of amusement, and a colossal tun, as large as a house, and serving for an advertisement of a new beer, shows that the twentieth-century Japanese quenches his thirst no longer with saké (rice brew or spirit) exclusively. "Shooting the chute" with boats is a novelty much enjoyed, but many of the old-fashioned forms of fun are still patronized. In the field of oil painting one can hardly say that the Japanese have as yet achieved success, but in bronze-casting of statues and equestrian figures and in combining with the old sweetness and loveliness in their figures of Kwannon—the Goddess of Mercy—the nude in childhood (for the Japanese are not yet ready to adopt nudity in depicting the adult figure), especially with water effects, success has been won. In the building devoted to education (number six) are shown the products of the schools from the kindergarten upward to the university.

The fifth National Exposition at Osaka is an educational landmark in the history of Japan. We find a nation at school, and the Japanese themselves becoming the schoolmasters to Asia. Already there are a thousand Japanese teachers in China, Korea, and Siam. On Japanese soil are pupils from China, Korea, Annam, and Siam, numbering over a thousand. Though this great Exposition is set forth in Occidental form, its spirit and architecture are throughout educational. It is a possibility and a success because of Japan's thirty thousand public schools, graded from kindergarten to university, in which every day gather five million pupils. Here we see, also, that the key-note furnished by Perry, in his Yokohama Exhibition of 1854, in what was predominantly industrial, technical, and useful, has been followed out in full strain. In over seven hundred special schools Japan is training her children in handiwork as well as redecraft.

Japan's education is no mere exotic. It is well rooted in the past. Its flowering is no sudden phenomenon, nor have things brought across the sea made a new nation. Its blossoms are not the result of legerdemain, fastened on with wire and toothpick timber. The finest fruits have ripened on stems, and have deep roots. That political movement which in 1868 initiated the new Japan was the logical issue of the research and publications of the Mito scholars of nearly two centuries ago. The revolution which culminated at Kioto in 1868 was a students' movement from beginning to end. It is still the educated mind that directs the modern empire, and the Government is still far in advance of the mass of the people.

To make plain what we have said, and to show the elements of permanence in Japan's civilization, let us look to day at an educational map of Japan, such as that found in the twenty-eighth Annual Report of the Minister of State for Education (1901). There we find that in some districts of the Empire the percentage of children of the right age in school actually reaches to between ninety and ninety-five per cent. In the three islands constituting the old part of the empire the only area left blank, as showing less than fifty-five per cent., is Lake Biwa—which is all water. The extreme northern districts, and those parts highly mountainous, or inhabited chiefly by fishermen, hunters, and poor farmers, run between sixty and eighty per cent., but there are ten districts out of the forty-three which have between eighty-five and ninety per cent., while the half-dozen banner districts have between ninety and ninety-five per cent. This is no accident, for in these six districts are the old and famous centers of learning, where books and scholars have from early time abounded, some for a thousand years or more. In Japan's oldest scripture, the Kojiki (written 712 A.D.), we detect three distinct cycles of tradition, and it is just where these are located that to-day we find our ninety-five per cent. of possible school attendance.

In the eyes of educators, whose standard is other than that of official Japan, two false theories have been adopted, two radically wrong courses pursued—both of them thoroughly Chinese and Asiatic. On the mistaken notion of supporting the throne by myth and legend, official Japan encourages and is building up an agnostic, if not atheistic, ethical philosophy, even while she dishonors and degrades the ethical and inquiring scholar. Her boasted system of education will never command the unqualified respect of the world until, in respect to the aggressive teaching of agnostic morals and the repression of critical investigation, she ceases to make Russia and China her models and follows that of more enlightened countries.

Nevertheless, with much that is crude and imperfect, Japan shows herself worthy of a noble future.

The Need of Sanitary Schools

By Ellen Richards

Chairman of Committee of Public Schools of the Woman's Educational Association, and Director of Sanitary Chemistry of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology

SCHOOL sanitation follows, naturally, school architecture, for it is largely dependent upon soil and site, construction, plan, and arrangement for its very existence. About thirty years ago we defined sanitation as clean soil, clean air, and pure water. To-day we may add three more requirements: good food, cheerful surroundings, and freedom from noise. Clean soil has become of constantly increasing importance as more persons are crowded upon it and the necessary contamination increases. Pure water is recognized as a necessity; while clean air means unused air, air in its normal condition, washed by the rains, freshened by the winds. Confined within four walls it loses its freshness, and when passed again and again through animal or human lungs it becomes seriously vitiated. When filled with the fine dust of the daily wear and tear of things, it may become a source of disease.

A sanitary school building, once the site is right, demands at least three things: Plumbing in a separate stack, or, if in the cellar, then a separate ventilating shaft which is always working. Quick removal of used air as well as of used water. This cannot be done unless the construction permits. When windows are depended upon, they must reach the ceiling and not stop three feet below, leaving an inverted lake of hot, bad air to fluctuate back and forth, but not to be removed until it cools, which often does not take place during the day. With windows on two sides, even if at right angles instead of opposite, easily lowered at the top, this air will flow out as readily as water from the bottom of a basin with the plug removed. If any one of the mechanical systems of ventilation is installed, it must be in charge of some one who understands its working, who will not reverse shutters, valves, etc., and draw the outgoing air from the closet down into the class-rooms. The inlets must be so placed as not to cause a draught upon the teacher's head or the scholars' bodies, for swiftly moving air has the chilling effect of cold air.

With the tight walls and confined spaces of the modern building, with the increased vitiation of the air due to better nutrition, more intense life, more dust, more soiled clothes, an increased quantity of fresh air is needed. I believe the ideal plan would be to have the warmed air come up through the floor through many inlets and rise steadily to the ceiling, pouring out into a flue with a sufficiently strong upward draught to keep the current moving at such a rate as to give fresh air for each inhalation of the child when sitting, and diluted air when standing and for the teacher. As school construction now stands, there are several serious objections to this ideal method. First in hygienic importance is the inevitable collection of dust in these floor inlets; second, the increase in fire risk in all but incombustible buildings; third, the difficulty of arranging the flues from the center or the sides of the ceiling in a three or four story building; the fourth and the most serious, perhaps, in this kind of a building is the conduction of sounds from the room below to those above.

If it is desirable to cross a range of mountains or to go through them, does the American railway engineer hesitate and say, "This has never been done; the people won't pay for it if it is"? Then why should the school-house architect hesitate, on account of the cost, to design an American school-house to suit American needs, and include these essentials of health? The business man has his office building designed to facilitate the transaction of his business, and when it is no longer suitable it is torn down and a more efficient one built, or it is abandoned to less critical tenants. Our school-houses are built to be an ornament to the city, perhaps; but they are frequently copies (to save architects' fees) of some other city's blunder, or the contractor bungles the fairly good plans. In almost every case it is the children who are sacrificed, who are dragged by the truant officer from the sunlight and free air of the streets into stagnant, dusty, ill-smelling air which no respectable Board of Charity would allow in an almshouse; and yet the strong arm of the law confines our children by the thousands in buildings without fire-escapes, in buildings where the walls and floors are covered with dust containing scarlet fever and diphtheria germs.

Let us have a twentieth-century school-house in which it will be possible to educate a twentieth-century child—in which a well-trained, refined man or woman will be willing to teach. Why should the newness or the difficulty of the problem daunt us? What a terrible waste, not only of municipal money, but of human energy, to keep on building impossible houses and then try to remodel them! Let us cut loose from tradition and have a school-house in which the whole child may thrive—not only his mind, but his body. Not only give him clean air and washing facilities, but cheerful, uplifting surroundings and good food; for not the least of modern discoveries is that of the great influence of food on the bodily resistance to disease and on mental development. Therefore, lunch-rooms with all the facilities for food, both hot and cold, must be included in the twentieth-century school-house. I believe the day is not far off when the town schools with two sessions will provide a noon lunch instead of sending the small children through wet, muddy streets to a home from which the mother may be absent, to pick up as they may such food as they find. Even if the food is right, may it not be possible to utilize the noon hour to better advantage in teaching gardening, housekeeping, or in games?

But, to return to the original subject, I admit that time must elapse before we can bring about this ideal state of affairs. Meanwhile we must spend money and ingenuity upon our present ill-adapted houses in order to tide over the gap between the good and the bad. Therefore the immediate duty of all interested in education is plain—to create public opinion for adequate structures, so that the future presidents, mayors, and members of school boards will become wise enough to realize the broad benefits which will result from a liberal provision for this purpose.

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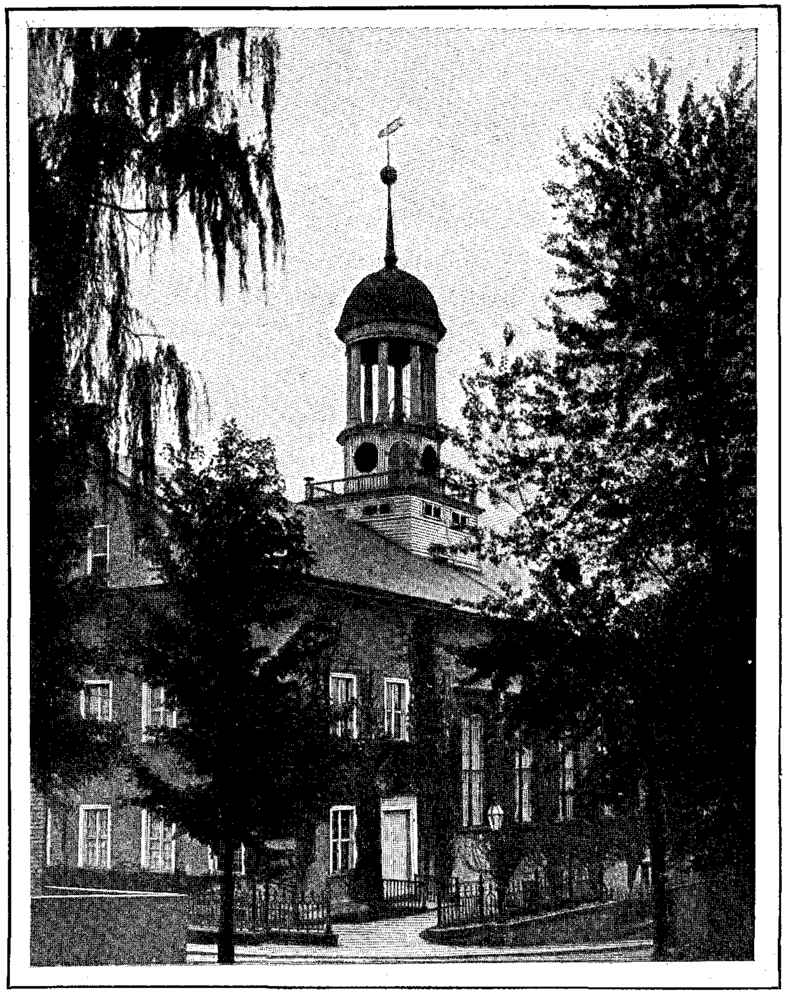


THE MORAVIAN CHURCH AT BETHLEHEM, BUILT ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

The Bach Festival served as a centennial celebration.

The Moravians and Their Festival

By Ernest Hamlin Abbott

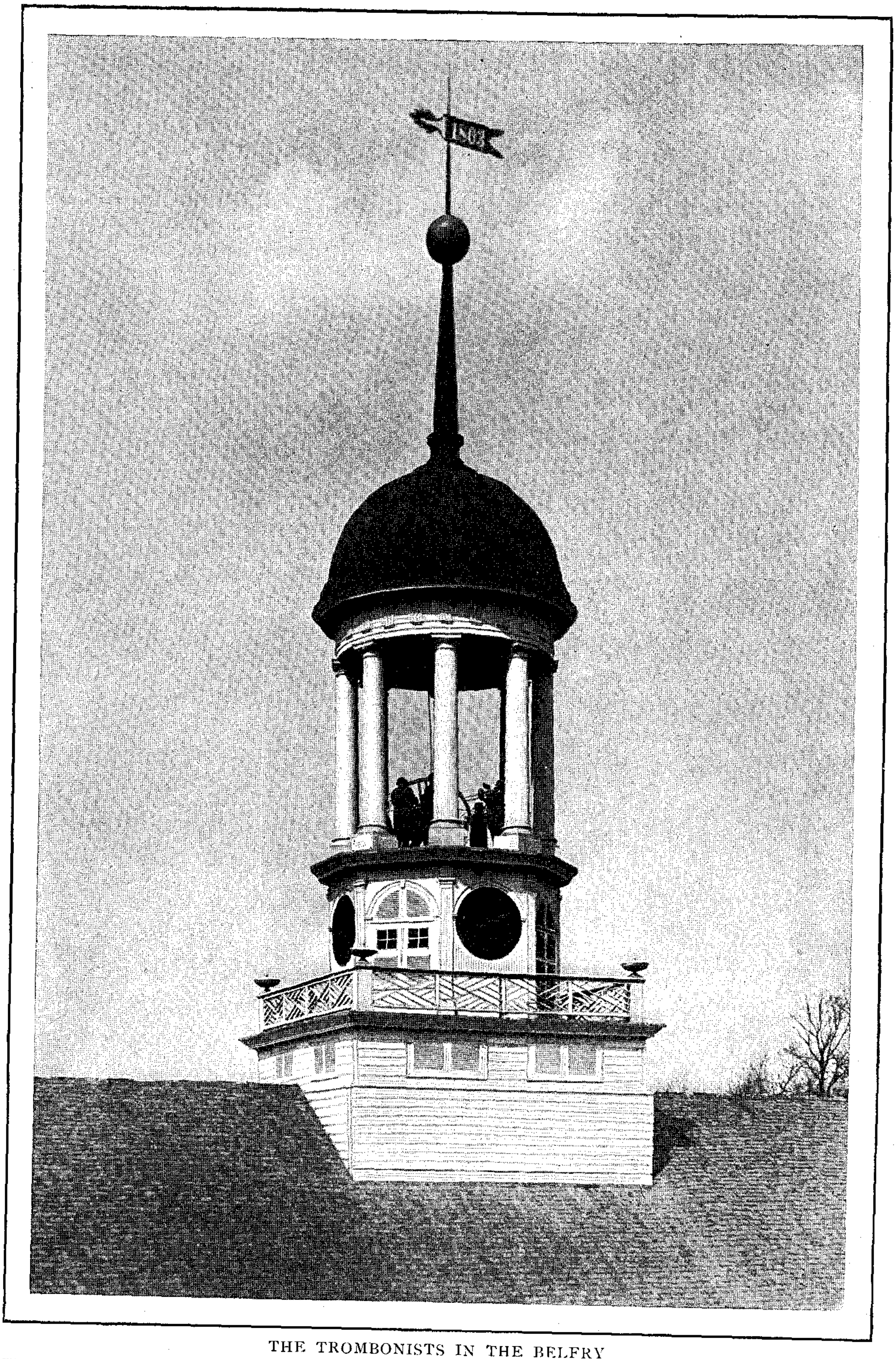
A HUNDRED and fifty years or more ago, a band of Indians, so runs the legend, were creeping stealthily in the night toward a little mission settlement on the bank of the Lehigh River. Suddenly they paused. Their murderous purpose was quenched in amazement. "It is the voice of the Great Spirit," they said to one another; "He defends these people;" and, turning, they filed silently back into the wilderness. The sound that filled these Indians with wonder and reverence was the music of the trombone choir in the belfry of the chapel, announcing to the settlement, by recognized chorales, the death of some one in the community.

To-day this custom still continues. No dismal clanging bell greets death among the Moravians, but the simple, strong harmonies to which they sing their hymns. None of their customs is more interpretative of their faith than this. It is a faith that is unfaltering even at the grave, and there, as elsewhere, finds its most spontaneous expression in music.

In much the same way, the Bach Festivals which have been held in the Moravian Church in Bethlehem, first in 1900, again in 1901, and for the third time in May of this year, have been an embodiment of the Moravian spirit. Like the Gothic cathedrals of France in architecture, like the old morality play "Everyman" in drama, like the Sargent mural decorations of the Boston Public Library in painting, so the choral works of Bach represent in music the religious feeling finding voice in art. It is because religion is so often dogmatic and didactic that it is commonly counted uncongenial to art. But when religion is primarily a feeling, then even its dogmas may furnish symbols for art to use as material in giving to feeling a form. For the Moravians' religion is not so much doctrinal or didactic as it is devotional. It has therefore been natural for the Moravians to give to their religion forms of beauty. The art to which racially they were most disposed was that of music. Consequently the religious spirit and the musical spirit of the Moravians of Bethlehem are and have always been intermingled; neither can be really understood without some knowledge of the other; and both are possessions by inheritance.

Originally the Moravian Church was not a church at all. It was, as its official name *Unitas Fratrum* indicates, a movement to increase the "unity of the brethren," to develop the spiritual life of Christian people. To trace its progress from its beginnings in pre-Reformation times, when it began to assume form under Hus, and at last became organized, then renewed in a convocation held among the mountains in the open air, almost extinguished by persecution, preserved by Comenius and a few faithful souls, revivified with almost dramatic effect under the guidance of Count Zinzendorf, expanding into a missionary movement, and finally finding its way to America, where its beneficence has been out of all proportion to its size—to trace all this is impossible within the limits of a brief article; but to ignore this history altogether is to fall into the error into which most people fall who hear of the Moravians—the error of fancying that the Moravian Church is to be classed with the many doctrinal sects that exist in America. The fact is, the Moravian Church is historically not so much a denomination as a religious movement to intensify spiritual life in the Church throughout the world. Consequently to-day the Moravians, though they form now a distinct ecclesiastical body, have more than any other people the point of view of those who belong, not to a sect, nor to a congregation, but to the Holy Church Universal. They therefore have no distinctive doctrines; they simply hold, with distinctive intensity, the doctrines that are among Christians universally agreed upon as essential. And their customs are distinctive only in so far as they are not merely traditional forms which have become valued for their own sake, but are genuine and efficient expressions of a vital rather than mechanical faith. So they hail death with the music of the trombones as befitting the passage of the soldier of Jesus Christ from one army to another; so they hold their Easter service at dawn in the burying-ground, for that place typifies to them not death but the resurrection; so at Christmas their home festivities are not around lighted trees, but in front of a "*Putz*" or miniature scene, where are represented the stable, the star, the shepherds, and the wise men, for Christmas even to the Moravian children is not a holiday in honor of Santa Claus, but a reminder of the coming of the Christ child.

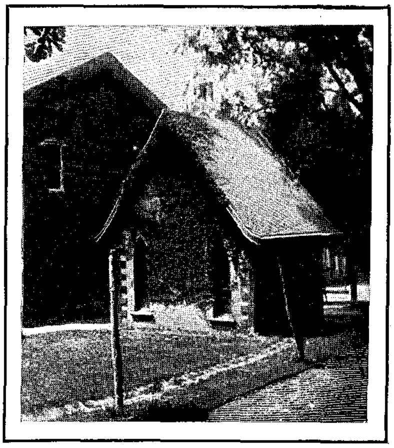
The musical spirit, like the religious spirit, of the Bethlehem Moravians has had a normal and spontaneous development. When the first Moravian missionaries settled in Bethlehem, they brought with them a characteristic of the German race to which they belonged—the love of music. The stately German chorales—the music of the German Reformation—supplied the tunes to which they sang their hymns. These old chorales have continued to constitute almost exclusively the music of the Moravian congregation to this day. The Moravians have been touched not at all by the trivially rhythmic melodies that constitute so much of the popular religious music of America, and very little by English hymn tunes and other church music. Even in the liturgy of the Church, where a chant or versicles might be expected, a chorale is sung. Other vocal music they had, to be sure, but even that showed largely the influence of the almost



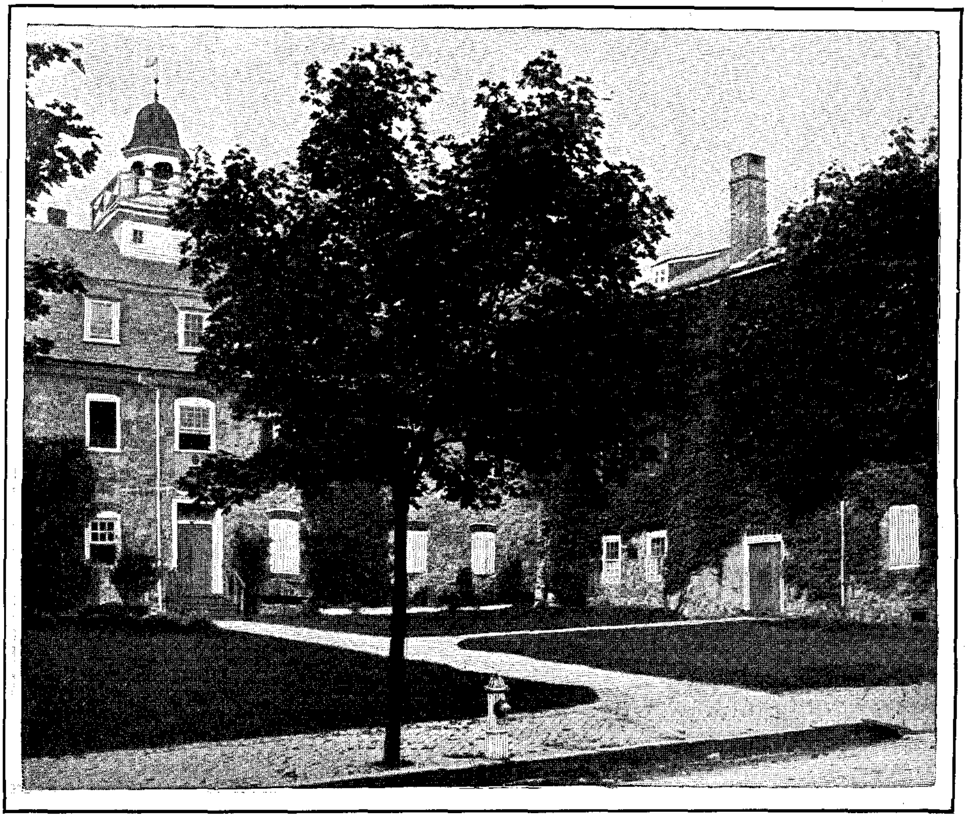
THE TROMBONISTS IN THE BELFRY

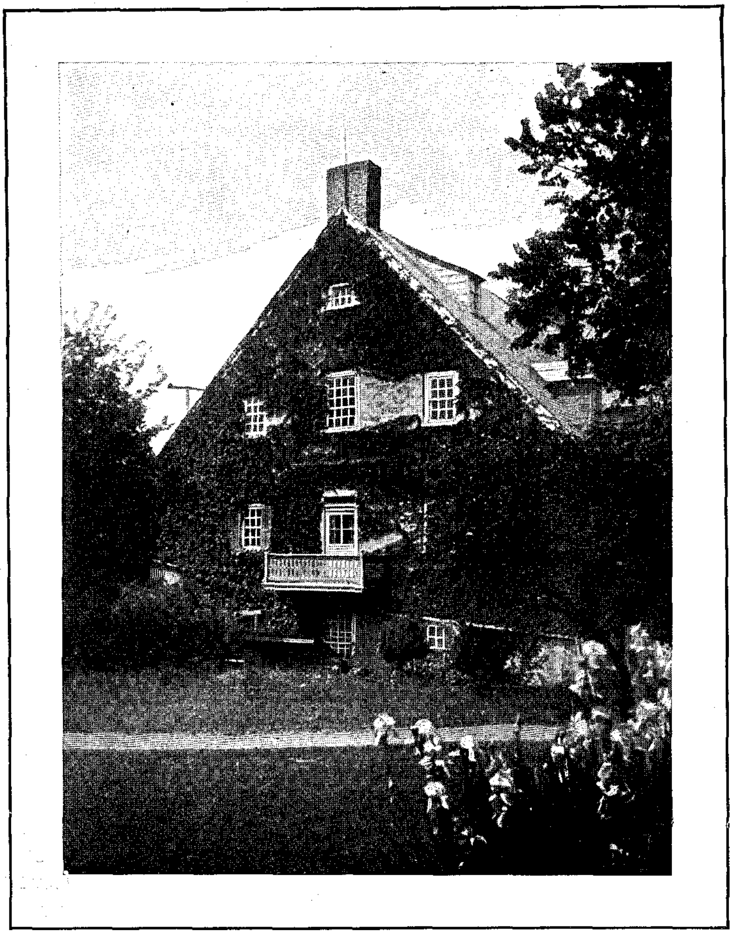
They announce the death of members of the congregation by playing chorales, and summon the people to Love Feasts and special church festivals.

rhythmless chorales. Instrumental music, too, they had from the beginning of the settlement at Bethlehem, and among their number were good instrumental players. The story is told of a Philadelphia clarinet-player who went to visit Bethlehem in the latter part of the eighteenth century. He sat at the open window of the inn and played his clarinet. Much to his disappointment, he saw that the people passing by his window gave him no attention. Putting down his instrument in disgust, he went out into the street to find out what manner of people these were. He soon discovered the reason for their neglect of him. Passing a cobbler's shop, he heard the sounds of a clarinet. He looked in, and there saw the cobbler making use of a leisure moment by playing the clarinet as he himself could never hope to play it. He had the grace to acknowledge his discomfiture by leaving the town. Some visiting musicians since his day might well have followed his example.


THE CORPSE HOUSE
Where the body is kept during a funeral service in the church.

Of course Michel, the cobbler, was an exceptional player; but there were enough proficient instrumentalists in Bethlehem in 1784 to form an orchestra. The members of this orchestra played Haydn symphonies and quartettes, and were in indirect communication with "Papa" Haydn himself. At this time, when the population was only about four hundred and fifty, the Collegium


THE BELL HOUSE AND THE SISTERS' HOUSE
Two of a group of buildings, now connected, survivals of the old "Economy."



AN EXTENSION OF THE SISTERS' HOUSE

Typical of the quaint, ivy-covered brick buildings that give to Bethlehem its historic atmosphere.

Musicum Bethlehem, consisting of this orchestra and a chorus, rendered for the most part music of composers, meritorious but now generally forgotten, such as Rolle and Loewe. This music was of the sort developed by Haydn, called homophonic, that is, consisting of a single melody sustained by harmony, though Graun's "Tod Jesu," which was rendered, was polyphonic, like Bach's music—made up of an intricate weaving of melodies. Other works given were Haydn's "Creation" in 1813 (for the first time in America), Mozart Masses set to German words, Handel's "Messiah," and, in 1866 or '67, a half of Schumann's "Paradise and Peri." The latter was prepared under the direction of an old fiddler who had played under Mendelssohn. During all this time the organists of the church were not professional musicians, but artisans and other citizens of the town who spelled each other off at the organ. One or two of them were blacksmiths. Nevertheless they were no mean musicians. Their duties required them to be able to play any chorale in any key, to have a moderate sense of absolute pitch, to play from a figured bass, and to improvise. Such facts as these show that the spirit of music in Bethlehem is not an imported thing, but is indigenous; that its development has been normal and spontaneous; and that it made this small Pennsylvania town old in musical experience before New York or even Boston had had any musical experience whatever. With the exception of one rather brief and not very creditable period, the musical life of Bethlehem has centered about the Moravian Church.

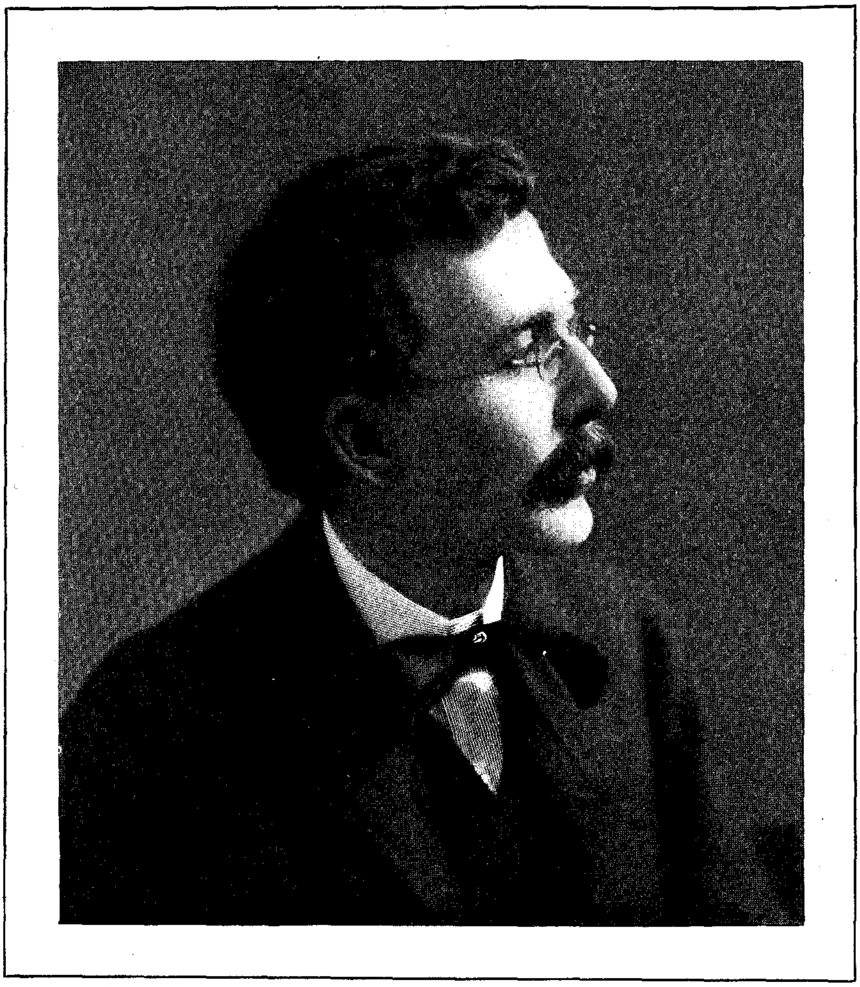
It was for a church with religious and musical ideals very similar to those of the Moravian Church at Bethlehem that Bach's choral works were written. Nevertheless, probably because Bach was forgotten in Germany when the Moravians emigrated, it was not until Mr. J. Fred. Wolle, the present organist of the Moravian Church and the director of the Bach Festivals, returned to his native place after his musical studies, and began in 1884 his work there, that interest in Bach was awakened. For nine years he was content with making the people of the community familiar with Bach, accustoming their ears to the beauties of polyphonic music. Then he reorganized an old choral society, and by its means brought out in 1893 Bach's "Passion according to St. John." With that began the enthusiasm for the music of Bach which now marks the community, and which has steadily increased. Other performances of Bach followed. At last, in 1900, occurred the first Bach Festival of two sessions in one day, consisting of the B minor Mass. This was the first time that that great work was given in America. The next year the second Bach Festival occurred, lasting for three days, and this year the third, lasting from the 11th to and including the 16th of May. In spite of the fatiguing labor involved in the continual, almost continuous, rehearsing of these enormously difficult works, the enthusiasm of the Bach Choir, as the choral society is now called, has never flagged. That this is due to the personal magnetism of Mr. Wolle no one can rightfully deny; but even Mr. Wolle could not create such a spirit in any other community. It is also because the choral works of Bach, as no other music ever written, give expression to both the religious spirit and the musical spirit inherent in this community that the Bach Festivals have become possible. One who does not understand this, no matter how technical his knowledge of Bach may be, can receive from the Bach Festival at Bethlehem only the most superficial impression. And yet so pervasive and enthralling is this religious and musical spirit that it seems as if only the dullard or the pedant after attending the Bach Festival this year could miss its meaning.

Enough has been said to show that the Moravians of Bethlehem have created in America a peculiar community. And yet, in spite of a notion unfortunately prevalent among many who have vaguely heard of the Moravians, the community is the opposite of eccentric. Probably this notion is due to the fact that for twenty years during the eighteenth century the people of Bethlehem maintained a sort of communism of labor. The "Economy," as it was called, was adopted merely to meet the exigencies of a mission station in the wilderness, and it met them admirably. With the development of the community, however, the "Economy" disappeared, and now no remnant of it remains except the names of some buildings owned by the Moravian Church. The "Brethren's House" is now a seminary for girls; the "Sisters' House" is now let out to tenants. The old names are retained, but the buildings are put to uses that supply present needs. If there is one trait predominant in the Moravians, it is poise. Their love of music has saved them from Puritanical excesses; their devotional spirit has saved them from doctrinal excesses; and the dignity of their music and their devotional liturgy has saved them from the one kind of excesses to which music and religious devotion make men liable—excesses of emotionalism. This poise of character has enabled them to be at once progressive and conservative—progressive in life, conservative of form. In this respect their buildings are typical, their uses being easily adapted to new conditions, their names remaining unchanged.

It is therefore a most natural consequence that Bethlehem, famous for the steel works just across the river, where the most modern artillery and plate armor are designed and constructed, should be one of the few places in America of historic appearance. Though by no means old, even for an American settlement, it has an Old World quaintness almost as marked as the old French quarter of New Orleans. Its streets densely shaded with maples and horse-chestnuts, its plastered ivy-covered buildings, its inn, once a Moravian hostelry, its Moravian Church, with the belfry rising from the center, its picturesque alleys and lanes, give to it a personality, as it were, which offers to the visitor a friendship unlikely to alter.

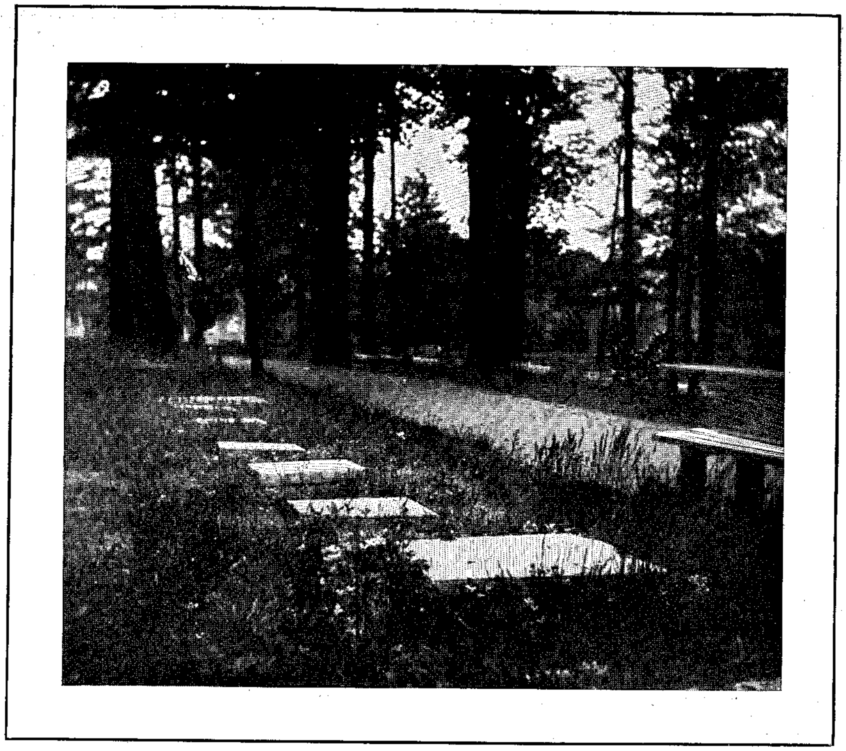
For a few weeks this year the old town was agitated from the river to the crest of the hill. As one resident said, "The place has been turned upside down. I've wanted a carpet put down, and have got for an answer, 'All right, only we can't do it until after Bach.' I've wanted a fence mended—'When Bach is over.'" One tradesman, whose business has brought him to Bethlehem for only a part of the year, was heard to exclaim, "What is this Botch anyway! Everybody wants to have things done before Botch." Those who were to sing in the chorus and those who had obtained seats for the festival could think of little else but Bach. In spite of all the material preparation, the atmosphere seemed that of spiritual elevation. It was like that which comes with the approach of some great religious festivity.

All this was the doing, practically, of one man. For nineteen years Mr. Wolle had been making known to this community the music of Bach. But he had been making it known, not for its interesting technical ingenuity, nor for its intellectually educative value, but for its monumental beauty. To some minds, whose acquaintance with Bach has been made through text-book and dictionary, this notion seems revolutionary. These minds, actively engaged in writing for certain newspapers readable criticisms of metropolitan concerts and opera performances, can recount rules by which one is supposed to know where, in any given piece, the time should be retarded, just what fraction of a measure an appogiatura



MR. J. FRED. WOLLE

Organist of the Moravian Church, originator and conductor of the Bach Festivals, and member of a family for years well known in Moravian circles.



THE OLD MORAVIAN BURYING-GROUND, "GOD'S ACRE"

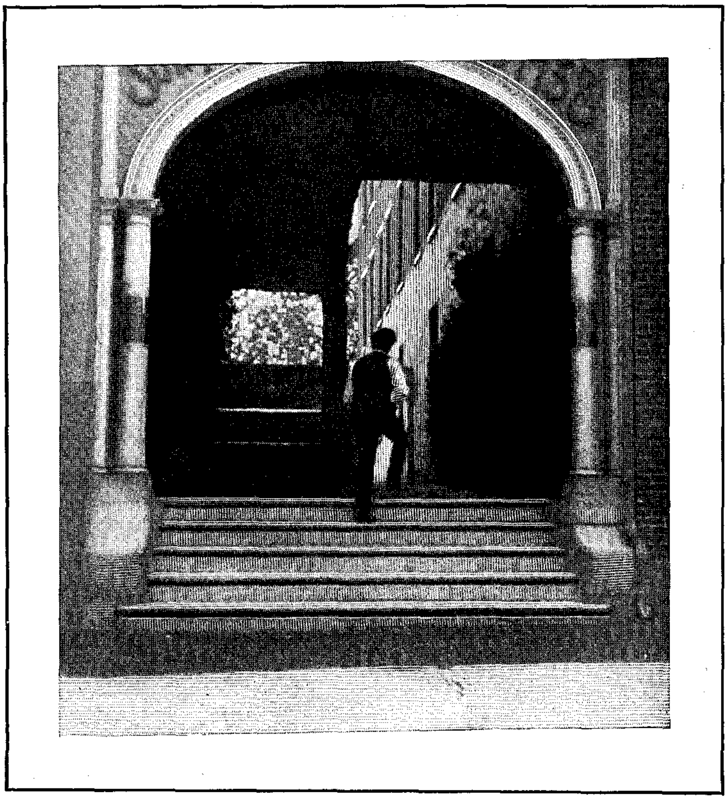
The flat stones mark graves arranged, not in family plots as in the more recent Moravian burying-places, but in simple rows according to the chronological order of the deaths of those they commemorate. Here is held each year a service in the open air at dawn on Easter Day.

should occupy, and under what circumstances a note should not be sung as it is written. To them, because to most people, Bach is a musical mechanism to be put into operation for the edification of the musical mechanic. From the trammels of this kind of interpretation Mr. Wolle had long been free. He had studied Bach enough to see that within the technical body was a great free spirit, and that the body was made for the spirit, not the spirit for the body. It was that spirit which he revealed to the people of Bethlehem.

So the first day of Festival arrived. The afternoon had gone. It was twilight. People were clustered about the church doors. Near by, in "God's Acre," the old Moravian burying-ground, with its rows of restful flat stones, there was a little group, silent, expectant. The quaint brick buildings were framed by thick foliage. From the horizon across the valley the great full moon rose, and shone through the trees. Then, while all was still, gently there floated down from the sky the softened, solemn harmonies of the trombones. It was like a choir of ascended human spirits singing above the world their summons to a life like theirs. The chorale ended, there was silence for a space. Then the trombones sounded again; then for a third time. The lights in the belfry disappeared. The people, subdued, quietly filed into the church. The interior of the church was as severe as a New England meeting-house. The large gallery at the rear was filled with people. In the center was an orchestra; in each wing a chorus. The women of the choruses and a few in the orchestra (for many of the orchestra were amateurs from the region round about) were dressed in white. In the congregation every third or fourth person had a score in his hand. For a moment a hush; then came the woven sound of instruments and voices. "Sleepers, awake!" So they summoned the faithful to meet the Bridegroom. The congregation responded with a chorale of praise. Then in gorgeous, jubilant tones sounded the Magnificat. Thus the coming of Christ was announced; and the people dispersed.

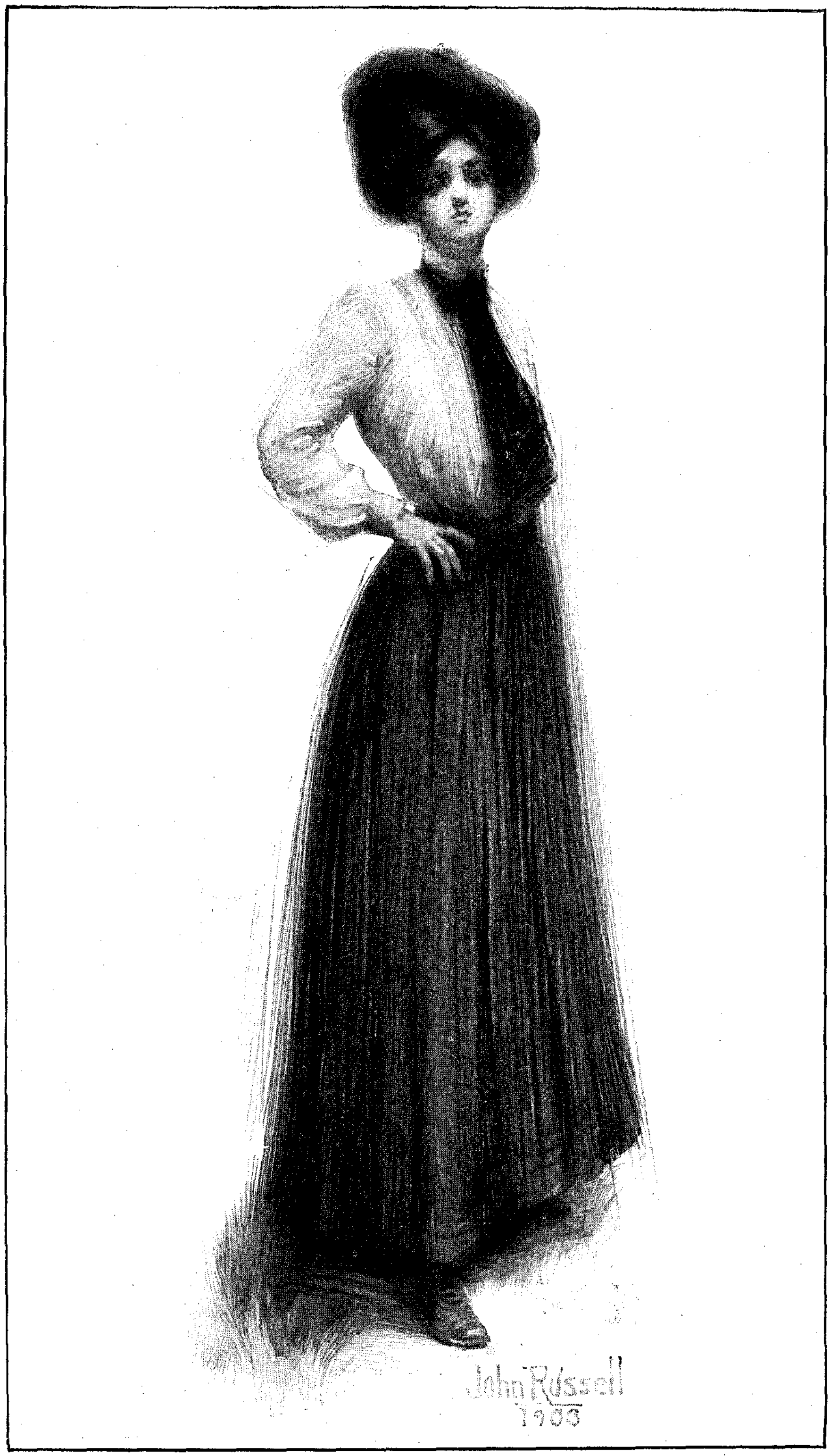
The next afternoon and evening the Christmas Oratorio was sung, celebrating Christ's birth. On Wednesday evening, when the congregation reassembled, they found the chorus dressed in solemn black, for the time of Christ's suffering was approaching. The music that greeted this time showed sorrow in its beauty. The next day the tragic Passion music left the people before the cross and the tomb, with wails of sad polyphony. With a new day the chorus, once more in white, resounded the news of the resurrection. Finally, on Saturday, the great B minor Mass ended the Festival—and the ending was resplendent. The music of the Mass was like great streams of color, or like a flood, now overwhelming one, now buoying one up. For six days religious devotion instinct with human feeling had found voice in most exalted music. It seemed strange now to have silence.

Of such six days as those, musical criticism has little that is profitable to say. It would be easy to record a very considerable list of imperfections in the achievement, the most serious being those contributed by some of the visiting professional musicians who took part. But these concern the externals of the Festival. Of the spirit of the Festival it is enough to say that it was the spirit of Bach himself. The Moravians have found in Bach the expression of their own spiritual life, and have therefore become sympathetic interpreters of Bach to others. As one auditor said, as the Festival was drawing to its close, " Bach is the Bible of music." As the theologian turning to the Bible finds only texts to supply material for dogmas and doctrinal systems, while the unsophisticated reader finds messages for the commonest and deepest human experiences, so the academic musician or critic turning to Bach finds there only counterpoint with which to exercise his ingenuity, but these Moravians have found and revealed a virile beauty in sound and form full of passionate tenderness, dramatic dignity, human sorrow, jubilant content, and affectionate, almost familiar, reverence.



THE OLD MORAVIAN HOSTELRY, BUILT IN 1758

Originally the property of the mission community and still used as a hotel.


John Russell
1903

A TYPICAL AMERICAN COLLEGE GIRL

The Practical Religion of the College Girl

By Alice Katharine Fallows

With Pictures by John Russell

THE mother who wrote to a certain president asking him to see that her daughter said her prayers every night before she went to bed, mistook the function of a college equally with the one who begged him to be sure that her child put on her rubbers whenever it rained. A college is not a nursery. One of its chief values intellectually, and religiously as well, is supposed to be that a girl must face her own issues and make her own decisions. It is not the province of the college, as a college, to measure her religious development with a yardstick, nor to register the degree of her altruism with a thermometer.

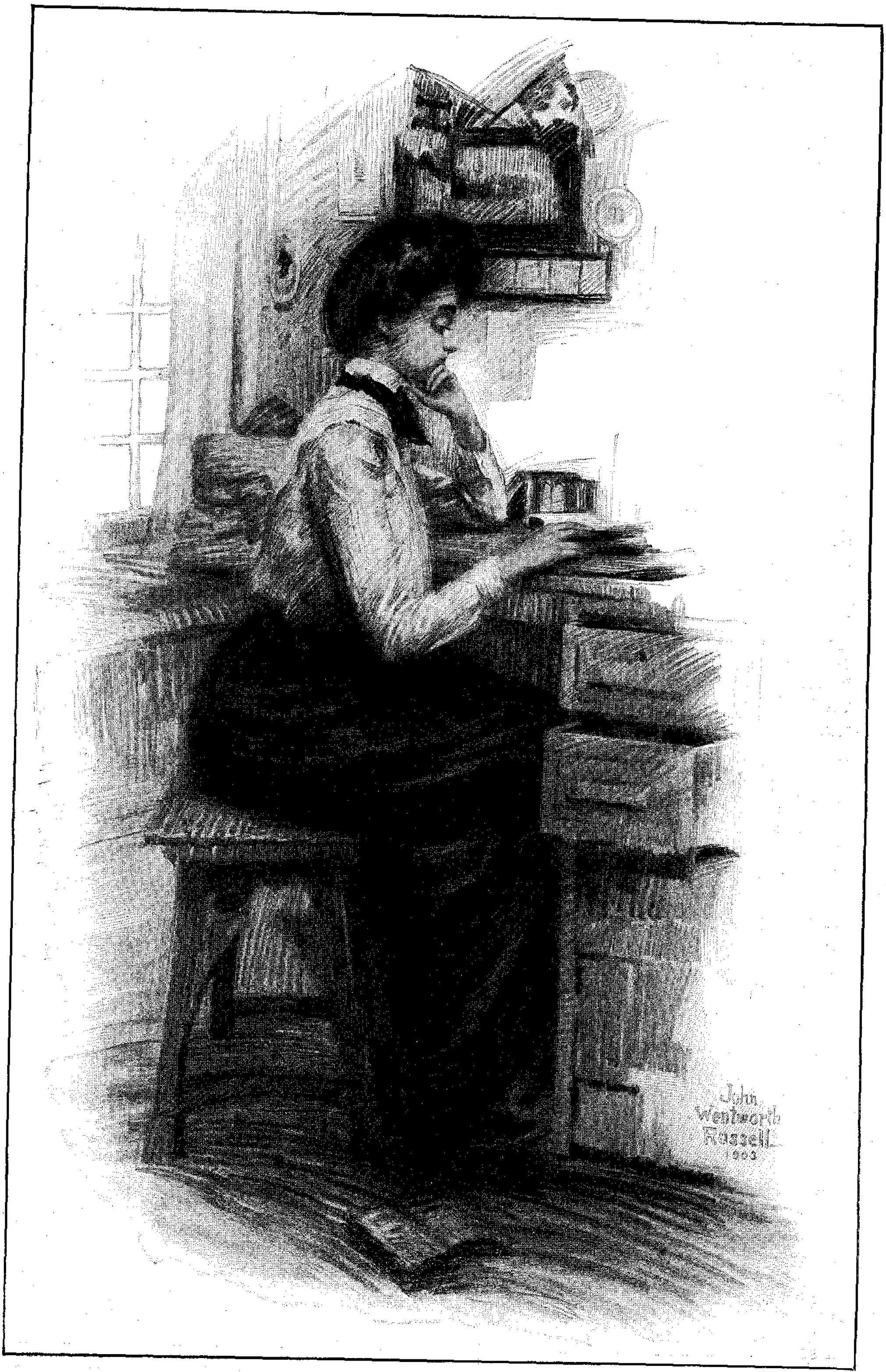
Still, character-building quite as much as mind-building is the aim of the college. In this the religious element is a powerful factor. Opportunities are presented to a girl, not forced upon her; but the fitness of college as a training-school for religious and philanthropic work is being demonstrated by alumnæ the world over. Missionary graduates in China, Turkey, India, and Japan, indicated on their college missionary maps by flags or white ribbons radiating from the home center, are trying to cure sick souls and sick bodies, with college-born enthusiasm. Settlement workers preach the gospel of clean homes and clean lives to the tenements. College girls bend their minds to the wide-reaching problems that city charity departments must meet every day. They work in Young Women's Christian Associations, they hold kindergarten for the little brothers and sisters of the sick babies on floating hospitals, and in countless incidental ways give their help to large organizations. Others, not as conspicuously, but just as sincerely, are adding an important mite to the comfort of the world, through the humdrum duties of uneventful days. By no means all alumnæ are philanthropic nor even unselfish. The patent remedy for making over human nature has not yet been found. But when college can start an impulse that expresses itself in so many different ways, the method of inspiration must be effective.

The official religion of the colleges usually ends with certain provisions for general worship. Each college gives its students an invitation to go to chapel every day and church on Sundays, more or less strenuous according to its characteristic attitude.

Bryn Mawr, as a college, though Christian in its origin, on principle exerts the least influence of all on its students. The result is a sharper division than anywhere else of girls who are religious and those who are not. A student may go to the Quaker chapel service held daily, and on Sunday to one of the town churches or not, as she pleases; though a wholesome fear that too many absentees would bring compulsory chapel and church acts as a stimulus on the laggards.

Wellesley has departed far from its early days of religious exactions. A story is told of one of the pioneer teachers with a sense of humor, set to spy on two girls who were suspected of misusing the "Quiet Hour" set aside each day at that time for meditation. She stole up to the door and peered through the keyhole. At that moment the door was flung open from the inside, and, confronted by the indignant roommates, the teacher, with a twinkle in her eye, said solemnly, "I happened to be just in front of your door when the bell for Quiet Hour rang, so I knelt down where I was." The incident is interesting as a measure of the contrast between the old and the new. Quiet hour, espionage, and the rigid evangelism of those days are so entirely foreign to the liberal Wellesley of to-day that they are only traditions to the students. Chapel and church, even, are voluntary, as they are at Bryn Mawr. The influence of the college is definitely religious, and the force of orthodox traditions as well as the charm of the morning service, with its vested choir and the opportunity of hearing distinguished ministers in the college church on Sunday, make the attendance at both these services very general.

Smith, whose religious life from the beginning has tended to be earnest but


John
Wentworth
Russell
1903

THE COLLEGE GIRL AT WORK

broad at the same time, requires chapel and church. Each student hands in a report at the end of the semester; but since admonition seems to be the only penalty for absences, the full rows at chapel and the large number of students in the pews of the town churches may be taken as a fair indication of the voluntary student interest in these services. Vassar, also wide in view and earnest in practice, makes church and chapel obligatory, and insures the presence of the girls at the restful chapel service after dinner by the monitor system.

Holyoke requests urgently daily attendance at chapel, with its beautiful choir of a hundred and fifty voices, and Sunday attendance at some town church which the girls by means of a special student-letter may join temporarily. Holyoke's earliest history gave it a reputation for almost stressful piety. But the religious interests of the new Holyoke are comprehensive, wholesome, and broad-minded. A shade more of the evangelical emphasis, and a more direct religious influence exerted on the students than in most of the other colleges, seem the only effects traceable to those earlier times when Mary Lyon, braving the prejudice of centuries, saw the rigorous side of prayer and supplication.

Most of the colleges hold a Sunday vesper service for those who care to attend, some of them a weekly prayer-meeting in addition; each of them except Bryn Mawr provides still further for the spiritual welfare of its students by required courses on Bibical history or literature or interpretation.

The official creed of a college is not like a church creed. It is inclusive rather than exclusive, a composite of all creeds. The effect of it upon a girl differs with her temperament and training. A student whose previous teaching has led her to believe that salvation can be found only between the narrow limits of one denomination may be shocked and startled at first by the breadth of the college view. The girl upon whom no breath of higher criticism has blown may suffer and rebel in the class-room at the theories, be they never so gently presented, which assail some of her axiomatic beliefs. Science and philosophy may start the period of doubt which is almost sure to come to girls of a certain type of mind at some stage of their experience, in college or out. They are by no means in the majority, and with the safeguards which the college tries to provide they are likely much sooner than in another place to regain their poise quickly with a faith as firm as before, if wider.

To any of these girls, from the most evangelical to the most liberal, college religion on the student side offers an opportunity for systematic work.

"Since Mary W—— came home from college," a church member remarked one day, "she has suggested more good schemes for raising the church debt than all the rest of us put together, and carried them out too. She hadn't a practical idea in her head when she went away. I wonder what she did. There's Dorothy S——, too; she used to be a sleepy young person who never exerted herself, and she has made such a success of the big class of high-school girls that no one else could manage, that they would rather miss a dance than Sunday-school."

Mary W—— happened to have been the head of a committee that raised over a thousand dollars among the students for the salary of a medical missionary and for other work in foreign fields. Before the various contributions were won from hard-worked purses she learned the best methods of systematic collection by experience if not by intuition. Dorothy S——, after managing successfully a Bible class of forty college girls, keen in their judgment and unsparing in their questions, could scarcely help being qualified to claim and hold the attention of her high-school girls. Efficiency, natural or acquired, is the secret of success in any of the various other branches of student work. These are usually under the direction of the Christian Association, which by one name or another exists in every college.

One of the first things impressed upon a freshman is that the Christian Association believes in service, and that service covers a variety of activities. The summer before she enters, she receives a welcoming letter from an upper-class girl and a handbook giving her essential bits of college information. Afterwards she finds that the Christian Association is responsible for the handbook and letters.

The first strange homesick Sunday after she acquires the dignity of a freshman she is asked to attend prayer-meeting by some genial girl who makes her forget her blues and explains many things, among them that the prayer-meeting is under the charge of the Christian Association. The next day she overhears a girl relating the funny things that happened to her as a waitress in a summer hotel. The narrator, one of the girls working her way through college, the freshman learns later, obtained her summer place through the Labor Exchange Department of the Christian Association. Then she needs a second-hand French dictionary, and some one refers her to the Book Exchange managed by the Christian Association. By the time this freshman, with the rest of her class, has been introduced to the college at a reception given by the Christian Association, she is ready to bear testimony to the diversity of its activities. With the invitation to join its ranks and to take a specified part in its work, her responsibility begins.

Like the college, the Christian Association is usually organized on the broadest religious lines, with a pledge of membership which includes every denomination. The comprehensiveness of its work makes its appeal almost universal. Missionary meetings, formal weekly prayer-meetings, ten-minute prayer-meetings of little groups each morning or evening, the special prayer-meetings as the Day of Prayer approaches, the services on the day itself, are all naturally in charge of the Association. Mission study classes and Bible classes, which mean work and preparation, appeal to the girl desiring the intellectual side of religion, while altruistic work of a dozen different kinds, without any religious flavor, gives the merely ethical girl no excuse for staying idle.

In organization the Association is admirably calculated to unify the many branches and get the best results. To assist its officers, Smith and Holyoke have recently called a General Secretary. The title is not explanatory. When a freshman has to look up its meaning in her college handbook, the Salvation Army worker may be pardoned who touched the arm of her neighbor in a railroad train and asked earnestly, "Lassie, is your soul saved?" When the girl answered with a smile, "Well, I'm a General Secretary," the worker said with pleading intensity, "But, lassie, you wouldna let a little thing like that interfere with the saving of your soul?"

With the multitude of good deeds which a General Secretary has to her credit, the incident was particularly humorous. She helps to map out the work of the Association and to execute it. She relieves the student president of some of her duties, which are very heavy when an Association has seventeen branches of work and seven or eight hundred workers; she assists the committees, takes an active part in the prayer-meetings and Bible classes, and to the college girls in general acts as adviser and friend. At Smith an important part of her work has been to bring the large number of students who live in the town into closer relation with college affairs, socially as well as religiously.

Haphazard methods of doing good are not in favor at college, and the businesslike system of the Association is excellent training. Nor has the system driven out the old, unobtrusive method of doing with the right hand what the left hand knoweth not. Girls rich in this world's goods are content on occasion to pay the way of a poor neighbor and let their generosity go unmarked. A popular student will quietly drum up customers for the bootblacking industry of a girl with her way to earn, or even collect stockings week after week for a poor neighbor to mend, who is too sensitive to go to the Students' Exchange for work or let her identity be known.

The comprehensiveness of the Association gives as good training spiritually as its system does mechanically. To find the common ground on which believers in different creeds and doctrines can agree makes the religious problem for the students always interesting and sometimes perplexing. The concessions which individuals must make for the sake of the whole discourage egotism. The grandfathers of a certain eminent bishop, according to family tradition—one an Episcopalian, one a Unitarian—had a bitter discussion about their different religious views. They agreed to read the Bible from cover to cover for arguments. When they met, after the task was completed, the Episcopalian had turned Unitarian and the Unitarian Episcopalian. This is not exactly the effect of responsible positions in the Association on girls of opposite views. But when Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist, Unitarian, Universalist, and Jew must be considered in a scheme of religious work, the most ardent sectarian is apt to realize that she cannot expect them all to accept her own religious belief, and to learn her first lesson in tolerance, while the ultra-liberal girl, acting for the whole body, learns a conservatism which saves her from the intolerance of tolerance.

How fair-minded, religiously, a whole college could be, Smith showed dramatically a few years ago. The affiliation of the long-established Smith College Association for Christian Work with the Young Women's Christian Association was urged upon the students with great eloquence by one of the members of the Young Women's Christian Association. The change meant excluding from the Association, as active members, all but evangelical Christians. The discussion of the question, following a period of unusual religious enthusiasm, shook the college from center to circumference. But when it was put to vote, although the great majority of girls as individuals might have preferred the new basis, three only out of the whole student body voted for change. The rest, acting for the whole body, could not conscientiously accept a standard that excluded from its college association members who desired to live rightly and work faithfully whatever their church beliefs.

How inevitable religious expression of some kind is among college girls, Bryn Mawr gives an interesting proof. That college, in the first place, true to its belief in individualism, decided to leave exercise and religion to the discretion of the students. Exercise was so flagrantly neglected that the faculty, for the best health of the college, made it compulsory. Although the authorities never yet have given to the students the religious support and encouragement which other colleges offer as a matter of course, the students, from their own sense of necessity, introduced all the various branches of religious and philanthropic activity, and have developed them so consistently that their work compares favorably with that of any other student community.

The various Christian Associations all work along very much the same lines. The similarity is due to the annual Summer Conference of girl students recently transferred from Northfield to Silver Bay, Lake George, so that college girls and college men can now meet simultaneously as soon as the colleges close. This Conference is held under the auspices of the World's Federation of Students. Holyoke, so far, is the only woman's college which has found it best to accept the strictly evangelical basis which makes affiliation with this body possible. But all the other Eastern colleges are invited to Silver Bay as a matter of course.

The Conference has come to be a most important factor in college religion. Prominent girls from all the colleges meet there on a common basis of interests. The president and officers of the Christian Associations come together to compare notes, and to outline, as a result of the comparison, the best methods of work for the following year. The student volunteers who have promised to go to foreign fields if possible, and the others interested in missionary work, meet for an hour each day to hear talks on all phases of missionary work. The girls planning to go into active church work in small towns or in large cities have special meetings full of practical suggestions, conducted by experienced college alumnæ. Whatever their college, whatever their creed, the members of the Conference worship together at inspiring meetings led by noted men and women, consult together, and play together in the afternoons given up to athletic games and recreation. The strong impulse given to religious work by the Conference is not all it accomplishes. As a cure for provincialism it is also most effective. To recognize other standards which may be as good, though not so congenial, as one's own, to meet other college girls working to the same end through different means, is to substitute breadth for narrowness. If a girl brought away from Silver Bay nothing more than a recognition of other colleges' excellencies, it would be worth her while to go, for her own sake and for the final confusion of the critics who charge her with narrowness.

Although the Christian Associations, as a result of the Silver Bay Conference, work in similar ways, each college has its special problems and opportunities. The altruistic Vassar girl, fired by the sociology courses and her own desire to be about the rescue of the masses, finds her horizon definitely limited. Poughkeepsie comprehends only a very small portion of the "other half." They will welcome her neighborly visits and be grateful for her aid, but they will not miss her vitally if she does not come. This girl may dress some of the army of dolls for New York East Side children which are always put on exhibition just before Christmas, with an entrance fee of two cents which pays the expressage. If the Vassar altruist is content to begin at home, she will find good material for her application of the Golden Rule among the maids of the college. The number employed in the different buildings make quite a community in themselves. For several years part of the student work has been to form classes for them in reading and writing, arithmetic, dancing, or anything else they might desire, also to provide, every week or two, social evenings, with a dance, a play given by the hostesses, or some other entertainment as the particular attraction. This year the special interest of the students has been to raise money for the Maids' Club-House.

Bryn Mawr students also look after the spiritual and intellectual welfare of the college maids. A Sunday-school with an abundant allowance of singing is dear to the daughters of the colored persuasion employed there. But the "study" classes are made interesting, too, and it seems worth while to belong to them, especially when the closing exercises include an exciting spelling-match, as they did this spring, and the prize pupil almost outspells her teacher. Philadelphia and its settlements are within reach of the Bryn Mawr girls, and they have assisted in the work of several of them financially and personally both.

Radcliffe girls, through their Emanuel Club, brighten the lives of some of their poorer neighbors, and, besides, take part, if they wish, in one of Boston's many philanthropic or charitable projects. Wellesley is near enough Boston to invite companies of settlement children out for a day's romp in the country, to give a play to the settlement boys (who blister their hands and threaten the floor, in the excess of their appreciation), and to lend a hand in various other ways to furthering settlement work.

Mount Holyoke students have formed several prosperous clubs among the working-girls of Holyoke, and this year have conducted a Junior Endeavor Society for mission children; besides, they have held services at the Poor Farm, which has no others. A Christmas tree and a gift for each of the inmates was their contribution to the Christmas cheer of a rather cheerless place. A Sunday-school in a little school-house a mile and a half away has been the charge of faithful girls who have braved any weather to be present. A Christmas party and a "sugaring-off" were events in the lives of the small pupils which they will not forget.

Smith, with its large population, has a great variety of charitable interests, and important among them is its neighborhood work. The numerous classes in the Home Culture Club of Northampton, taught almost entirely by Smith girls, have given the teachers experience in meeting human nature and their pupils information in many subjects. The girls have managed several clubs for boys and girls on Hospital Hill. Sunday after Sunday they have gone to teach in the Sunday-school there at Bay State and Leeds; they have carried on three Christian Endeavor Societies, and in many other ways have done as well as they could what their hands found to do.

The organized efforts of a college at helpfulness make a brave showing in the pages of a report. In the symmetrical development of the students, too, they have a vital influence. The religious and altruistic and philanthropic phases of college life, like its strictly intellectual phases, are a preparation for what is to come. The more normal they are, the better they will succeed as a basis for a wholesome, useful, unselfish life afterward. Emotionalism and sentimentalism are as much to be avoided as apathy. For either extreme nothing is better than practical student work. If a girl, as a result of college influences and her own choices, has gained a broader view of God, a better knowledge of service, and a wiser tolerance of her fellow-creatures, college religion has given her a working hypothesis for a useful future wherever it may be.

A Chinese Kindergarten

IN all attempts to achieve moral uplifting it is being more and more recognized that the effort which has the surest and most lasting reward is that which is directed toward children. Adults already have their habits of life formed, and therefore do not easily adopt other habits even though they may be convinced that other habits are better. Children, on the other hand, are in the stage of life when habits are forming. With them there is no need of spending energy to destroy the bad, but only to construct the good. This truth is being discovered and demonstrated by missionaries in foreign lands. In accordance with this principle a number of kindergartens have been started in foreign mission stations. At Foochow, China, in connection with the Girls' Day School conducted by the American Board, is what is known as the Davis Memorial Kindergarten. This is held in a bright, sunny room in Davis Memorial Hall. From twenty to thirty little children attend daily. A trained kindergartner from this country, Miss Jean Brown, is in charge, and working with her are three or four native pupil-teachers. Under the direction of Miss Brown and her assistants these Chinese children, in their games, in their songs—which, by the way, are transforming their harsh and unmusical voices—at their work with cubes and oblongs, in their celebrating with gifts and decorations the coming of the Christ Child, are unconsciously and naturally absorbing ideals that are new to their land and motives that otherwise would never govern their lives. The work of such a kindergarten is true missionary work, though it could hardly be called "converting the heathen." It is work for children, who are in nature essentially the same the world over; yet it is distinctively work for China, for it is doing for the next generation of Chinese what the same effort a generation hence could do only in a small degree if at all. To use the words of Miss Woodhull, of the Foochow Mission, "One needs to know something of Chinese life, its selfishness, petty jealousies, and unwillingness to work for the good of the whole, to realize what the kindergarten is doing for these children."

What's a Heart?

By Carol S. Turvey

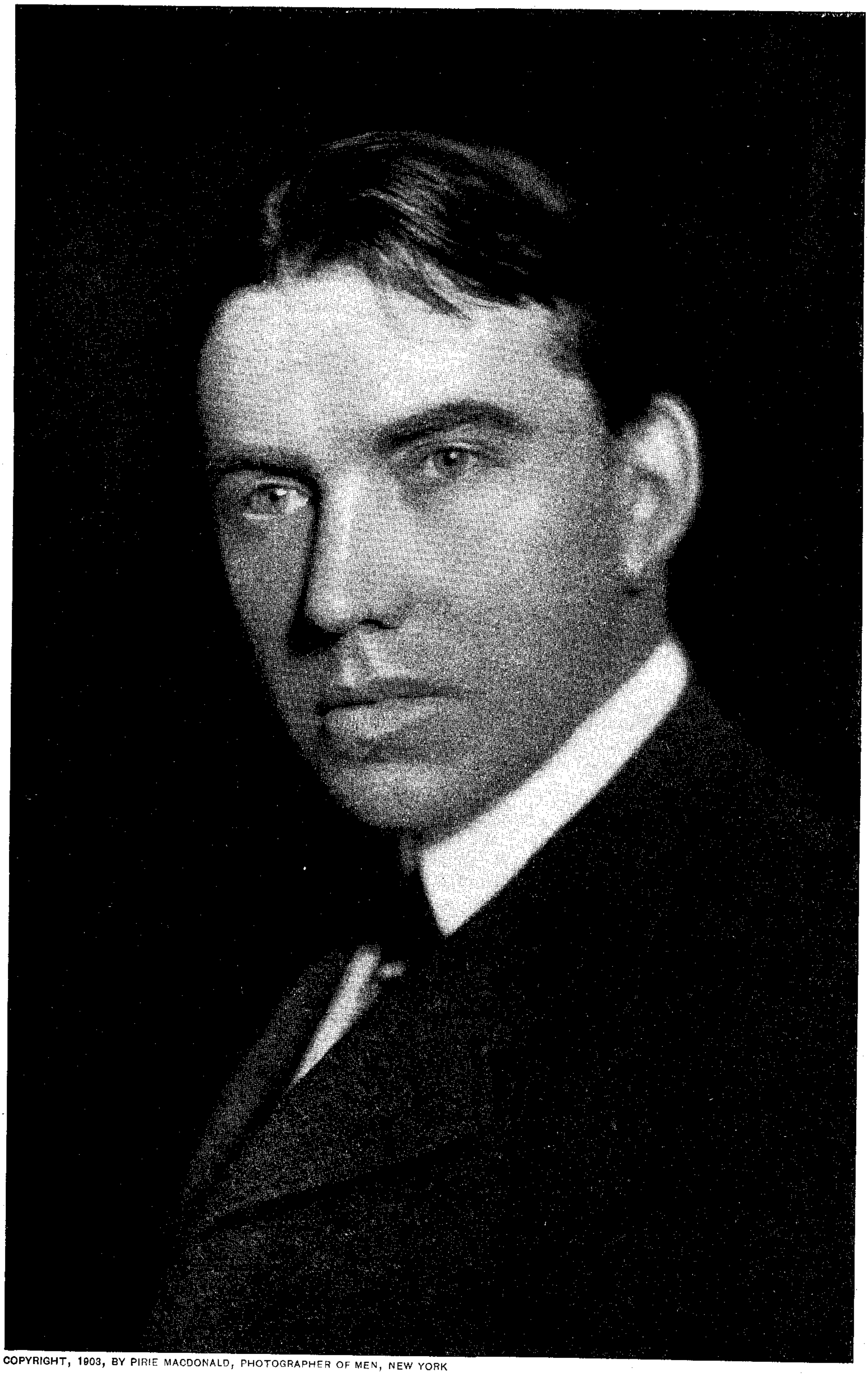
What's a heart?
Just a basket for the ills of life,
And all its meat—
Just a tender net to compass Love,
And find it sweet.

What's a heart?
Just a keyhole for the Master's key,
That winds us well;
To show the time of day in Heaven,
Or night in Hell.

A New College President

THE College of the City of New York, although it is not, we believe, the only college supported and controlled by a municipality, is certainly the most notable institution carried on by a city for its own young citizens. Quite recently there has been a new impulse in the management of the College, and plans of large extent and liberal design, both materially and in the educational sense, are now developing. Not the least important of these is the recent selection, as President, of Dr. John Huston Finley, whose portrait we present to our readers herewith. Dr. Finley, although still a young man for a college president, has had experience not only as an educator and college professor, but as a writer, a student of economics, and an author of works of social and political value. He is a graduate of Knox University, and also bears degrees received for merit from the Johns Hopkins University; has held the presidency of Knox College; he has been for the last three years professor of politics in the University of Princeton; he is co-author with Professor Ely of "Taxation in American States and Cities," and he has been a contributor both in prose and poetry to many of our best magazines and reviews. It is confidently expected that under his management the staid old college, now some five years over its first half-century of life, will display new vigor and raise new standards.

The architectural plans for the new buildings of the College of the City of New York, to be erected at once on a well-chosen site on Amsterdam Avenue and One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Street, some six miles north of the old building, are really superb in design and unity. A view of the main building will be found elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook, in the article on "Recent American College Architecture." The style of architecture is distinctly Gothic, and the effect of the main tower is both solid and picturesque. The architect is Mr. George B. Post, of New York. The total cost of the new buildings is to be two and one-half million dollars or more, although no dormitories are included. At present something like two thousand students attend the classes of the College yearly, and as any resident of New York City over fourteen years of age may now become a student upon passing the required examinations, it is not improbable that before long the number above given will be more than doubled. The institution was originally called the New York Free Academy, and it was not until 1866 that the name was changed to that now in use; as this change of name indicates, the first twenty years of the institution's life witnessed a development from school to college; the development is still going on, and the College is in fact as much deserving of the name of university as very many of the institutions to which that name is attached.



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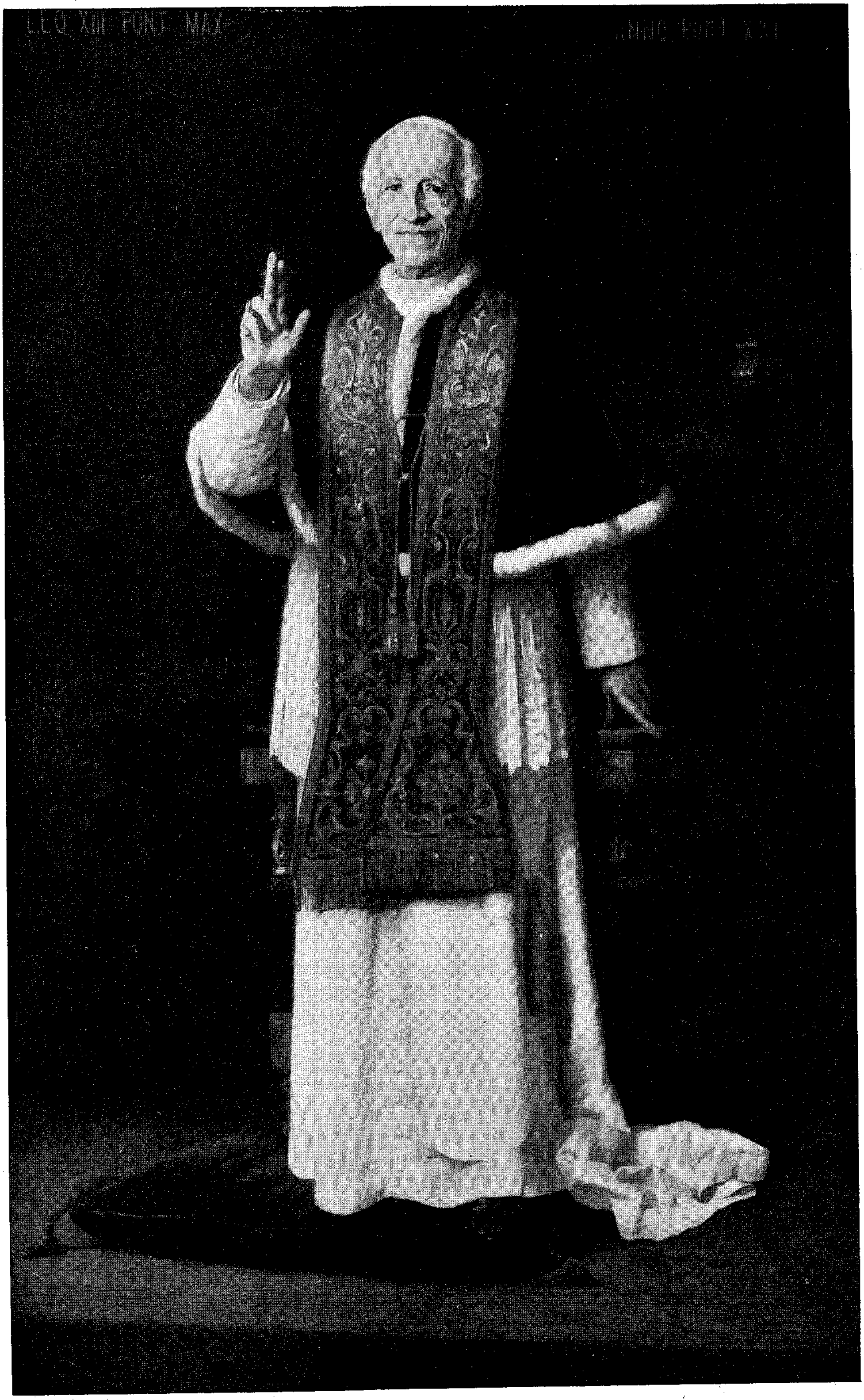
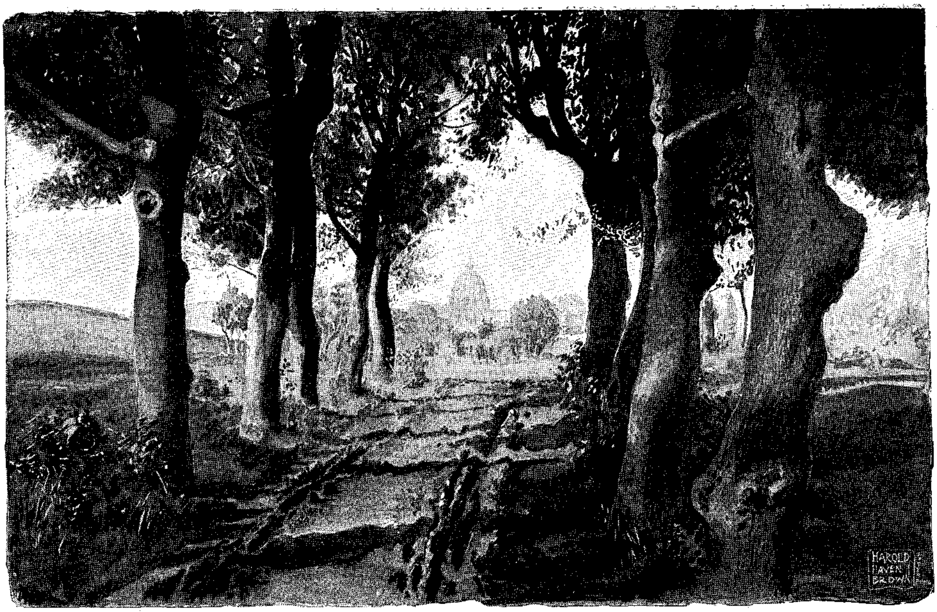
JOHN H. FINLEY


LEO XIII PONT MAX
ANNO PONT XXI

LEO XIII.

From the painting by Cécile Wentworth.



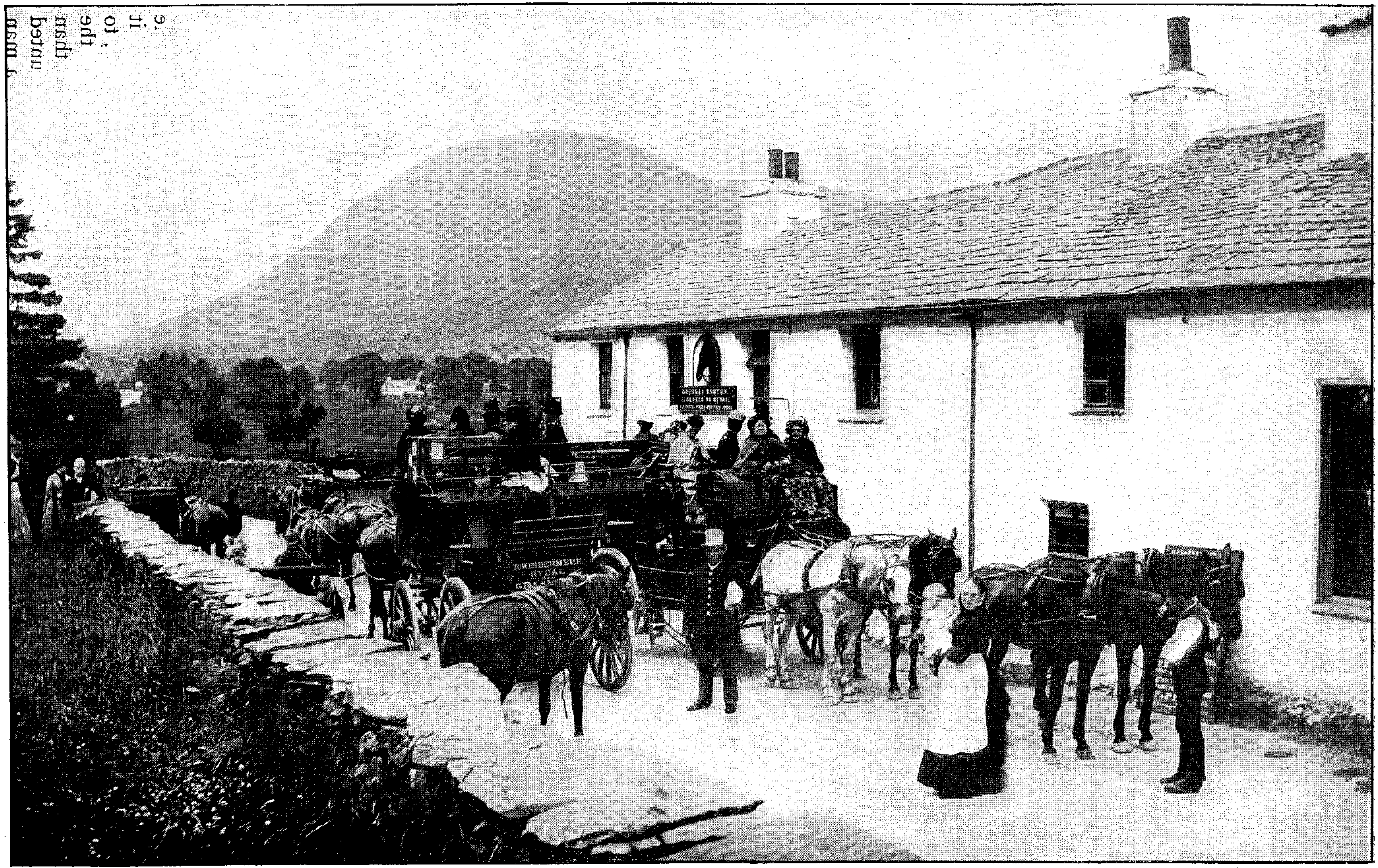
DRAWN BY HAROLD BROWN

A DISTANT VIEW OF ST. PETER'S
The point of view is the Janiculum Hill.

A Portrait of Leo XIII.

SPECIAL interest attaches to the portrait of Pope Leo which is presented herewith, because the Pope himself, in a private audience granted to the painter of the portrait from which this picture is reproduced, Mrs. Cécile Wentworth, of New York, assured her that, in his judgment, it was the best portrait so far painted of himself, and that the painting would be preserved in the Vatican as a valued treasure. This painting attracted great attention at the Paris Salon of 1899, and later at the World's Exposition there, when a medal was conferred on it. It was painted a little over ten years ago, when the Pope was, comparatively speaking, in full command of his physical powers—his mental faculties, as we all know, have remained acute and vigorous in the latter years of his extraordinary life. The painting of the picture required many sittings and the work of many months. The artist enjoys the distinction of being one of the only three women whose pictures have been accorded a place in the Luxembourg Palace, the other two being Rosa Bonheur and Marie Bashkirtseff.

The Outlook has already given its readers some account of the life of Leo XIII., together with an estimate of his character and influence; but it may be worth while to repeat here what Mr. Marion Crawford, the novelist and lifelong student of Italian history and manners, has said of Leo XIII. in the columns of this journal: "Leo the Thirteenth is to be classed among the hard and the strong, among those who leave their mark upon others and upon their times, but who are not themselves easily affected by men or by circumstances, whose principles are bred in them, not acquired, whose opinions proceed from within outwards, not from without inwards, whose actions are the resultant of principles, opinions, and thoughts, rather than the expression of instinct—persons, in short, whose minds belong most distinctly to the rigid and masculine mind rather than to the feminine, pliant, and artistic. It is impossible not to be impressed by such a man; it must be very hard, on the other hand, to impress one's self upon him. Leo the Thirteenth has been Pope more than twenty years, and his reign is counted among the long pontificates; he is a man of prodigious talent, of unchanging principle, and untiring energy."



RESTING AT THE WYTHBURN INN, THIRLMERE

Coaching in England

By Margaret Waldo Higginson

ONE of the most delightful ways of seeing England and Wales is by coaching. North Wales is crossed and recrossed by coach lines in all directions, and the Lake district and North Devon almost as much so. The jangling four-in-hands, racing by in a cloud of dust, with the merry crowd atop, and bugles blowing, blend well with the peaceful rusticity of the English country, and the constant overflow of changing life back and forth is refreshing.

Every one knows Bettws-y-coed, that typical little Welsh village, only with the bleakness that sometimes strays over to Wales from Scotland all left out. It is very green and very sunny and very peaceful, with round wooded hills, and smooth meadows with sheep grazing quietly; a little river flows noiselessly down on one side of the small white road, and there are big, densely green trees all about. The quiet is broken only by the coaching parties that are passing at all times, with gay horns announcing their arrival from afar. The first coaching trip we took from Bettws was through a wonderful pass, the pass of Gwyant, where happy, quiet little lakes were dumped down amidst the hills where you least expected them, with always a fresh breeze, and the lazy sheep grazing. It was a good free sensation up on the front seat of the coach, with the long whip crackling bravely over the four racing horses, and the bugle blowing defiantly behind whenever we passed a cottage or tiny hamlet, and might hope to make the smallest impression on the humble dwellers therein. The end of the route was at Beddgelert, a sunny little place, with a quiet old Welsh woman in a steeple-crowned hat sitting under a tree selling counterparts of herself in the way of dolls, all patiently sitting up out of a basket, with their smaller edition of steeple-crowned hats peering out at the top. I finally, after the purchase of a most superior doll, drew the old woman into conversation, and she told me how she had the dolls made with a different kind of complexion for Americans, so they would not melt away when they got to "the States." "Ah, well," she said, "I've been dressin' dolls for thirty-seven years, yes, thirty-seven years, and I'm thinkin' I'm a bit tired of it noo," and as I turned to go she announced with a brightly smiling face that "the present Queen" and the Duchess of York had shaken hands with her the last time they were there. We had a funny lunch at the "Royal Goat," which imperial animal was prancing, in white stone, just above the door, and then started on our homeward way. Our driver was a jovial, red-faced young Irishman, whose only drawback, he said, was that his hair was red. He was strong and big and good-looking, with a well-formed mouth and teeth, a cheery laugh, and a painstaking misplacing of his h's. He laughed long and loud, and with the most healthy and well-meaning enjoyment, at a melancholy boy whom we passed, with two small and slender tufts of black hair springing up, like oases, on a poll otherwise quite destitute of covering, and shining with an unsuccessful zeal for fertility. The boy himself seemed placid, if possibly a bit surprised at the world. The drivers of the coaches are a hearty, honest race, with a healthy enjoyment of their occupation. I found only two exceptions to this rule, in the Lake region—two old men who had grown old driving back and forth between Windermere and Keswick. They were soured and cantankerous, and difficult about fees; but the race as a whole is attractive and wholesome, with a love of a good chat.

The coach that used to run between Bettws-y-coed and Bangor has been stopped, for some unknown reason, and so, unless people go to the trouble and expense of getting a private carriage, they miss one of the most wonderful drives in Wales, desolate, barren, but very beautiful. I thought the Ffrancon Pass was bleaker and more tragic than anything I had ever seen—a shallow, gray sheet of a lake, colorless moors stretching away, and bold, lonely, hopeless crags above, with huge stones fallen, in sheer misery, from their tops. It made one feel that living there would make one as gray and hopeless as the crags and the flat earth; Childe Roland knew that country well, I am sure. It is a bit like Scotland, though with all the bleakness and none of the grandeur.

The town of Bangor is large and commonplace, but beyond, down by the river, where there are few houses and fewer people, it has a fascination all its own. It is gray and misty there, and the only sound is the hauling up and down of sails, or the foot-falls of old sailors going along the beach. Down below a fisherman in his scow is lazily backing water, with a calm pipe vigorously in operation, waiting for a possible customer. On the other side of the river first there are mud-banks, with boats lying on their sides, and then tiny, dingy little shanties, and then, above, prim, narrow, gray little houses, all alike, their small twin chimneys joining their smoke to the mist. And above there is still smoke, and more smoke, a great cloud of it hanging there. This smooth, treacherous-looking water is the Menai Strait, and the smoke-dimmed island on the other side is the island of Anglesey. Just up the river, toward the old castle of Carnarvon, are the bridges, wonderful things, leading to Holyhead, twenty-two miles across the little island, and from there the mail steamers go in only four hours to Dublin.

There was no coaching through the island of Anglesey; it was too small. There were only diminutive carriage drives, and the afternoon which brought me (in a very dirty carriage, with a stumbling horse, and a driver who could understand nor speak anything but Welsh) to Beaumaris Castle was certainly a red-lettered day in my calendar. Such a wonderful old castle as it was—wall upon wall, rounded turret upon turret, of ivy-covered, patient strength, with the soft green grass beneath, and chattering birds flying about among the leaves. The dark, crumbling, lonely stairways were still struggling to reach the tops of the towers, as they used to do hundreds of years ago; they were cold, damp, pathetic places, full of memories, and the dust of what had been. In the midst of the dignified old courtyard the mocking forgetfulness of to-day came in, in two well-marked tennis-courts with defiant nets. No one was using them, and it was only an effort to destroy the prerogative of old age; the ivy told for more.

I climbed to the top of the shaky walls, and I think I could have sat and watched that view forever. Here in the foreground, on the other side of the swiftly moving water, were the green, rolling mountains of Wales; beyond, the mouth of the Strait, guarded on one side by the big black cliff of Great Orm's Head jutting into the sea, with Little Orm's Head backing it up from behind, and on the other by the smaller but still bold cliffs of the sheer end of Anglesey, the spot to the northwest where all is sea again, and England jumps off into it; in the far distance was the wide blue ocean, with the smoke of steamers for home floating along the horizon line. I kept thinking of

"Nobly, nobly Cape St. Vincent to the north-
west died away,"

and

"Here and here did England help me: how
can I help England?"

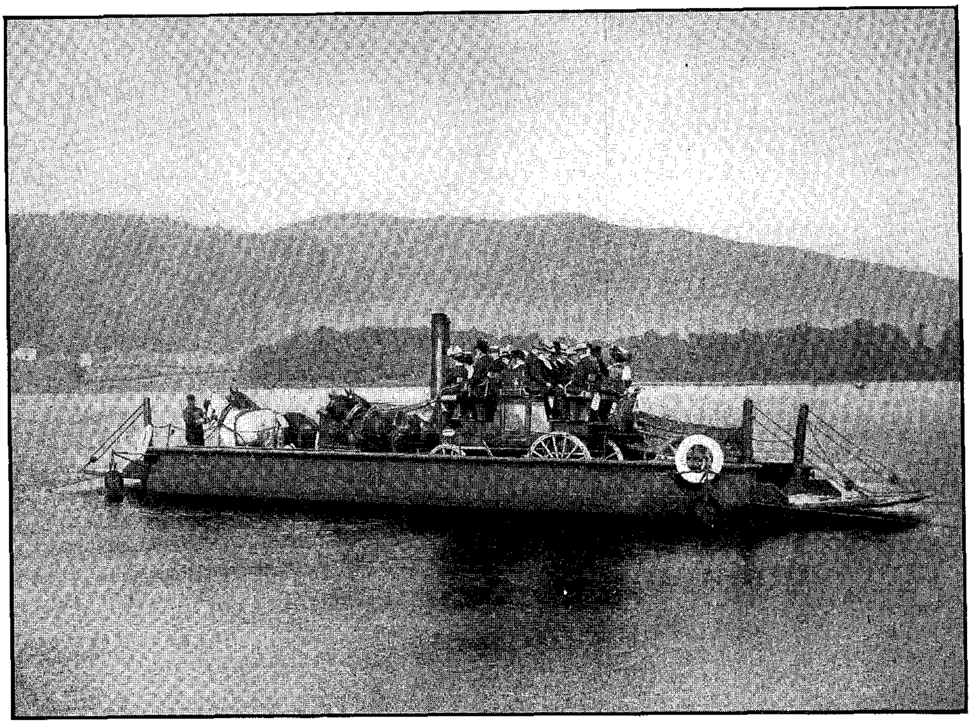
and I remembered how I had once heard an English writer say that the man who had written that single line had done more for England than all the volumes of a man like Kipling put together.

The atmosphere of Wales is entirely different from that of any other portion of the British Isles, partly from the element of age that is ever before one in the old Welsh language, still spoken universally among the older inhabitants, and partially at least among the younger generations. We were told one story by an Irish doctor in Bettws-y-coed, illustrative of this, which was most amusing. The doctor had been sent for to see an old woman with a sore throat, and on arrival there he had puzzled his brains as to how in the world he was going to make her understand him. Finally he managed to muster up enough Welsh to tell her to put out her tongue, which she obediently did. But, once out, he could not possibly imagine how to tell her to put it in again, so the poor old dame held it patiently forth until at last, by frantic signs, the doctor succeeded in conveying to her mind that she might withdraw it. The women of Wales are not the hardy creatures one would suppose, but are often anæmic to a degree, and this is attributed by the physicians to the universal Welsh diet of bacon and excessive tea-drinking. The men, however, are usually hale and hearty.

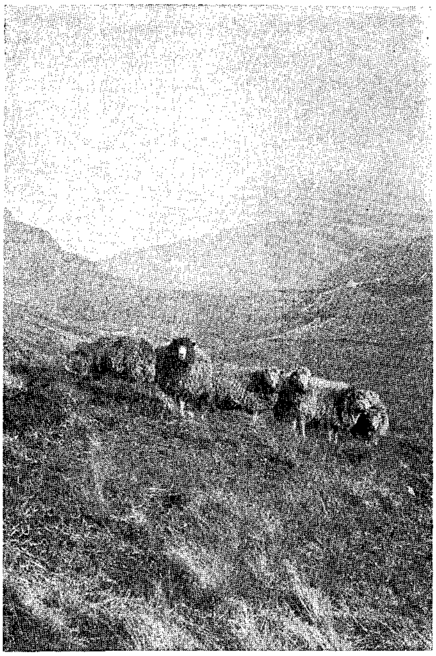
Coaching in the Lake region is naturally more hilly than in Wales, and the driver often calls out a hearty request to get out and walk up the steep hills, or even down, when they are more than usually precipitate. The straight road from Windermere to Keswick is not disproportionately steep any of the way, but the cross-routes to Patterdale and Ullswater Lake, with the long pull up the Kirkstone Pass, to Coniston, where Ruskin lived and died, and even more especially to Buttermere (Cockermouth), there is much climbing to be done both ways, with such perpendicular cliffs at times that the coaches have to crawl at a snail's pace along them, and I have seen some frail ladies almost reduced to hysterics by the alarming prospect. But the drivers have strong nerves and the horses strong feet, and there has seldom been an accident.

I think if I had time for only one coach-drive in the Keswick region, I should choose the one to Buttermere, for wildness of scene and superb views. The steepness of one part of the road is almost incredible, and the black, overhanging mountains seem about to fall and annihilate one. There is a charming dark little lake at Buttermere, with sheer crags jutting straight from the water, and down these snowy cascades go tumbling, the largest of them boasting the name of "Sour-Milk Gyll."

The whole Lake region is overflowing with literary memories, is marvelously redolent of great and good men that were—Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, Southey, "Christopher North," De Quincey, Dr. Arnold, and Harriet Martineau; and many little vine-covered cottages up among the trees are pointed out as once having been the home of one or other of these thinkers of the past. Wordsworth especially, of course, is woven and interwoven with every stick and stone, every smallest lake or greenest hillside; wherever one goes one sees the old white-haired man before one, with his stick in his hand, and his ever-faithful Dorothy, she of the wild eyes, by his side; but it is in Grasmere that one thinks of him most. Here is the wee rose-covered house, "Dove Cottage," where he lived



CROSSING THE FERRY AT WINDERMERE

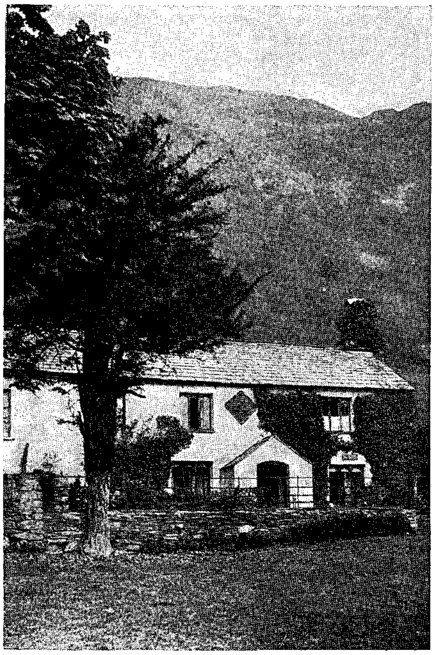


KIRKSTONE PASS

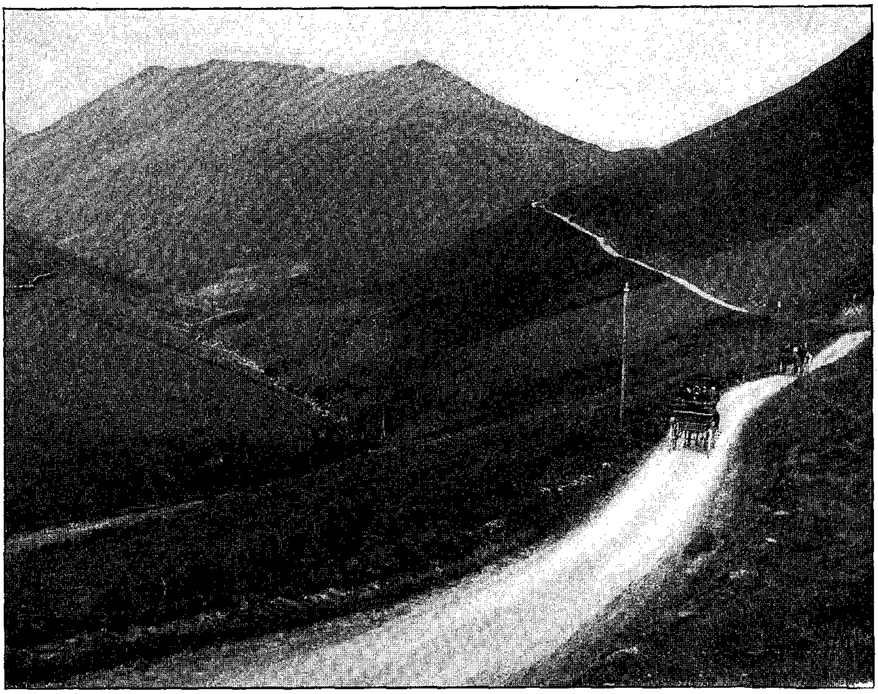
for the first years of his life, and the cheery bit of an old woman who now does the honors of the little place remembers the poet well. He was thought "naught o', naught o' at a'," when she was young, she says, and she laments that she "could ha' made her fortun' had she but ha' known, for when his furnitur' was sold after he died she could ha' bought it a' oop and made her fortun'; but she only bought two rugs and a chair, and she sat on 'em, and walked about ower them, and there was nothing left but shreds!" She also told us about De Quincey, who lived in the house after Wordsworth had left, and said that he used to keep his books scattered all over the floor of every room in the house—"a very ontidy mon was De Quincey," she said.

The larger house, Rydal Mount, where Wordsworth lived longest, and where he died, is another flower-embowered place, with sweeping grounds, fine trees and bright flowers, and rambling, terraced walks, on which the old inhabitants say Wordsworth used to pace up and down, shouting out his poetry to the silent air. No wonder he loved the place, for the mountains above are big and rough and peaceful, little Rydal Water sparkles through the trees on the right, and to the left just a bit of the lake of Windermere is shining out from the base of the encircling hills. In the small green churchyard is the poet's grave, very simple and very dignified, with all his family grouped about him, and poor little Hartley Coleridge right behind, with those pathetic words, "By Thy cross and passion," cut into the stone.

Once I was in Grasmere on the Feast of St. Oswald (after whom the village church is named), and I felt as if I had been transplanted back a hundred years, for the old-time ceremony of rush-bearing came off. All the children from far and near assembled in the town with great masses of rushes and flowers most gayly mingled, and after sitting on the church wall for a while, with their treasures piled about them and their small feet dangling, waiting for the village band to arrive, they marched about the little roads bearing their flowers on high and looking very dear and excited. Close to the church a small gingerbread shop had been instituted for the day, and the same old woman who was the custodian of Dove Cottage dispensed hot little gingerbread men or animals of different varieties to the children gathered around the door. It was delightful to see them coming away beaming, with either hand grasping a delectable pig or cow sadly mutilated by this time.



THE HOME OF HARTLEY COLERIDGE



ASCENDING NEWLANDS PASS

The old woman told us that she had made this gingerbread for the children on this day for thirty years! At five o'clock there was a small service in the church, where rushes were strewn on the floor, as in days of old; and to finish the day, at half-past six there was wrestling in the field hard by, and sundry country bumpkins came sheepishly forward to try a "fall" with a neighbor, their fellows meantime urging them on with much shouting and good nature.

Keswick lies at the end of all the coach routes, and the lake of Derwentwater is the most beautiful of them all. The philanthropic people of that region have been raising money to preserve some land on the shores, and a touching story is told of a letter coming from an old man, saying, "I am dying, and I am blind, but I saw Derwentwater one day five years ago, and I send you a pound." The view from Friar's Crag, where a simple slab of slate is put up to the memory of Ruskin, can be surpassed by few on the continent. The big wild mountains rise tier upon tier around the lake and off into the hazy distance, and they reminded me of those other hills which

"like giants at a hunting, lay
Chin upon hand, to see the game at bay."

I saw one of the most wonderful sunsets I had ever seen at Keswick. All day it had been raining, but at about a quarter to eight the clouds began to roll away, and the sun came out underneath them, a great glow of ruddy light, making radiant the distant hills, while the foreground was still black. There was a break in the hills down to the far horizon, with bright clouds lingering; and in the strange red glow old Skiddaw stood out on one side, and Helvellyn on the other, with the white cattle and the sheep so unconscious of it all.

But, after all, the most ideal coaching country is in Devonshire—North Devon, where the moors sweep, exquisite, heather-grown, miles and miles, to the far blue sea. Here the air is like wine, frosty and fresh and cold sometimes, even in summer, and the deer are startled from their coverts by the horns of the passing coaches, and start out, poised, graceful, alert, warm spots of red against the darkness of bleak Exmoor.

The sight of a hunt with the Devonshire staghounds is not to be missed, and I felt that I had stepped into an old English novel all at once. Here it all was—the great pack of dogs coming down the road, with the keepers in scarlet behind them; the constant stream of horsemen pouring in; and the crowd of spectators—on foot, on horseback, or in big coaches—getting larger every minute. Then came the start; the excited baying, the blowing of horns, and the poor dogs still left inside the shed were nearly crying their souls out. Here we lost them for a time, except now and then a glint of red among the heather; and then—there was the stag! right above us, big and graceful and listening, its glorious antlers high in air; and suddenly—with a bound it was gone. But the huntsmen never got that one, for the poor creature took to the sea, in the way they so often do to save their lives, and when we drove away all the horsemen were down by the water, their riders searching anxiously for their vanished prey.

There is so much coaching to be done through those wonderful moors that it is hard to tell where to begin or where to end. Clovelly is an old, though a very fascinating, story to most people, but the Lorna Doone region is perhaps a little less familiar, and two or more coaches run through there from Lynton every day. One of the coaches is called "Lorna Doone," the little cottage where one gets lunch at the end of the route is named "Lorna Doone," and from the very start one feels wholly in the proper atmosphere. The valley is beautiful, but, alas! not now, at any rate, like the book. It is almost unrecognizable—nothing is there that is wild or bold or un-get-at-able—but it is charming, and one must use great imagination, that is all, to persuade one's self of the reality of those awful, hairbreadth dangers that John Ridd used to go through. At the far end of the six-mile walk through the valley, the scattered remnants of some little old huts are pointed out as all that is left of the old habitations of the Doones.

* * *

Sister Agatha

By Mary Lord

Within these cloistered walls my footsteps walk content.
My quiet heart is still on Mary's labors bent;
I watch the growing flowers within our garden fair,
And thank kind God he gives me this pleasantness to share.
(Ah, longing heart, be still!)

At early mass, high up within the choir I stand,
Lifting my voice to God with all the convent band,
Singing to Him my Gloria; and I am well content,
Here, far within these sheltering walls, on Mary's work intent.
(Ah, longing heart, be still!)

Here, safe from all earth's turmoil, from anger and from strife,
Sheltered from all the pain and toil of every woman's life,
My days all given to service, my nights to sweet repose,
It is my joy to sing God's hymns and watch my crimson rose.
(Ah, longing heart, be still!)

Spared all the pangs of childbirth, the mother's breaking heart,
The anguish of renouncement, and ruined hope's keen smart;
For me no faithless lover, no agony of pain;
Content within these cloistered walls God gives me to remain.
(Hush, hush, my heart, be still!)

The Educated Woman of To-Morrow

By Heloise E. Hersey

THE progress of civilization in the century just past has given to women novel and extraordinary opportunities for education. It is common to treat that fact as if it were for women the most important one of the time. It is not. The most important fact in respect of the evolution of society in the nineteenth century is one in which men and women are alike concerned. It is this: The human race has been called on for adaptation to a new environment, with a rapidity unknown in the history of the world. We speak of the sixteenth century as the age of discovery, and picture the excitements of that time, with its startling experience and its enlargement of the imagination. We read with emotion Keats's stirring lines describing

> "stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
> Looked at each other with a wild surmise,—
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

The silent agitation of that handful of explorers pales before the sight one may now see almost any day of the year, when a great floating town discharges its population of thousands of men, women, and children seeking a land of startling novelty and of infinite promise—conditions of life untried and unimagined—occupations varied, strenuous, rewarding—or poverty and death in exile. The scene at the immigrant station of New York is a commonplace of our time. That it should have become a commonplace is of itself a miracle.

This is but one of the rapid changes in the conditions of living. The concentration of life in huge cities, travel that girdles the continents, the fierce competition that after a hand-to-hand struggle makes peace by some vast combination, the increase of wealth and of poverty, the enormous factory, the ten-thousand-acre farm, the telephone exchange, the reformatory, the beneficent hospital, and the impending triumph by which man is apparently to enslave the circumambient air and force it to waft his word over the oceans—these and a thousand other marvels have made of life in our time a matter nearly as different from life in the seventeenth century as was that of apes in the primeval forest different from that of Egypt under the Ptolemies. The demand for adaptation came with lightning-like rapidity. It came to all at once. No wonder that in the turmoil it has been imperfectly answered.

Great as has been the demand for adaptation made upon the whole race, that made upon women alone has been still greater. Here are some typical facts. In 1800 less than one hundred women were employed in factories in the United States. Employment in other lines outside those strictly domestic was rare. Even women teachers were few. To-day five millions of women are engaged in the United States in four hundred different wage-earning occupations.

In 1840 there was not a college in the world open to women. In 1890 in this country 303 colleges were open to both men and women, 127 to men alone, and 170 to women alone—an actual advantage of 43 in favor of women.

In 1900 there were in colleges in this country 58,467 men and 34,407 women—that is, nearly sixty per cent. as many women as men.

In 1900, in the United States, degrees were conferred on 10,794 men and on 4,293 women—more than one-third as many women as men.

The field that the college alone has thrown open to women is of bewildering extent and charm. Friendship, athletics, scientific research, several of the professions, have brought us their novel offerings. Surprises have been so numerous that women have almost lost the power of being surprised. The announcement that Harvard College had conferred upon a woman the degree of Ph.D. would be greeted with not much more excitement than that aroused in our grandmothers by the news that the stage-coach between Boston and New York had reduced its time for the trip by an hour and a half. The impossible of yesterday has become the commonplace of to-day.

There have been grave reasons—reasons far deeper than the mere question of sex—for confusion during the last fifty years in regard to the feminine ideal. That there has been such confusion it is useless to deny. In our grandmother's time folk were pretty well agreed as to what a woman ought to be. The type was settled, and variations from it were regarded with suspicion. A very perfect article was certainly developed. But with change came doubt, and with doubt came inevitably semi-failure of accomplishment. If I know but dimly what I want, I am likely to get—nothing at all or an inferior article. Now one ideal prevailed and now another, none being triumphant enough to commend itself long to an eager and aspiring sex.

First came the ideal of the *achieving* woman. Her achievement was to be measured by the accepted standards of men's works. Her conscience and her ambition both spurred her to success. "Aren't you ashamed to be an idler?" cried her conscience. "Don't you long for the toothsome fruit of public praise?" whispered ambition. Between the two motives, woman rushed into the arena of ordinary life. She went into business and succeeded. She invaded at least two professions and succeeded. She did not hesitate to grasp at the prizes of high scholarship. She quietly took most of the great system of organized charity from the hands of men, and she has made of it the most perfect expression of human compassion that the world has ever seen.

Another prevalent opinion was that women should be freed from the restraints of conventionality. The eccentric woman is not now so much in evidence as twenty years ago, but she still exists. She no longer affects the masculine linen or the cane, but she may hold the theory that gentle manners are a survival of the harem, that grace and beauty are inconsistent with intellectuality, and that freedom is to be preferred to that fetich called *charm*.

Here, again, is the ideal of the woman as first and foremost an athlete. She must treat her body with the seriousness that we associate with the training-table and the boat-race. She frequents the gymnasium more than the church, and the golf-links more than the library. Her trophies are neither sonnets nor diplomas, but loving-cups and broken records.

There has been an ideal that woman should be as political as possible. Give her the ballot, and education will take care of itself. Let her hold office, and she will achieve health and sanity.

Finally, there has been an ideal, half acknowledged, that women should be as separate as possible from men in aim and work. Witness the "women's buildings" at great expositions. What a marvelous variety of things have been gathered there, from crazy-quilts to statues, and from doughnuts to theses on quaternions!

From all these partial, spasmodic, imperfect theories it is time to turn. Out of the dust and scramble may we not emerge upon some tableland where we can see woman's life clearly and see it whole?

It is of vital importance that we should grasp at the outset and practically the truth that education is only one factor in a rounded life. It is not an end in itself, for men or women. It is a means to an end. It has so many delightful and absorbing accompaniments that we are easily beguiled into thinking it is all of life. Education, physical vigor, social influence, accomplishments, these are our weapons for the battle ot life—they are not victory, nor do they insure it. The very phrase "the educated woman" is a misleading one, but it must serve in default of a better. The woman of the future will hold her education at its due worth, and unless she does so hold it, she will be unworthy of it.

This future woman will have the most gracious and alluring manners the world has ever known. They will have the sincerity of the Quaker and the elegance of the Frenchwoman of the Salon. Mr. Beecher used to say that he couldn't see why the devil should have all the good music. Why should the fools have all the good manners? Is there any reason, because I have studied the plays of Shakespeare, that I should enter a room like a frightened rustic? Ought not "the company of the high and most glorious poets" to set me free among my peers? Are a strident voice, a hurried gait, an elbowing push, the necessary result of the thorough study of the natural laws of this well-ordered and noiseless universe? Hasten the day when it shall be tautological to say, "She is an educated woman with beautiful manners." Is it so now?

The woman of the future must settle the problem that now oppresses us as to the part which physical training and athletics must play in her daily life. The girl who takes prizes in athletics during her four years in college, and then goes home to town or village where there is neither gymnasium nor basket-ball team nor golf-links, may easily find herself irritable under her deprivation. There is one suggestion for the partial solution of the problem, but it not a popular one. The sound mind in the sound body may thrive not only on systematic athletic training, but also on manual labor of the most practical kind. The stigma so long resting on domestic labor must sometime be removed, as that which long rested on "trade" has been. It is partly reactionary. Some clever writer has said, "An age which worked Berlin wool parrots with beaded eyes naturally gives place to one which pays outsiders to darn its stockings." If the educated woman can contrive some sort of return to certain phases of manual work, she will not only provide a relief for her own nervous activity and help to adjust the domestic problem, but she will also broaden the bands of her own sympathy with ordinary life, and prevent that remoteness from the fundamental struggle of existence which is so greatly to be deplored.

The educated woman of the future is not to be primarily a hard-working woman. It has seemed at times during the last twenty years as if we were in danger of reverting to the squaw type. A woman at the head of a great philanthropy confesses: "It *is* a little queer for me to have to leave the house an hour before my husband in the morning and return to it an hour after he does at night." The ideal woman will look upon wage-earning for women as an evil, to be avoided if may be, to be accepted with a high philosophy if must be. Why any woman should want to earn money when there are so many better things to earn, it is hard to see. Did we need Mr. Kipling to tell us that in Paradise

"No one shall work for money
And no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working"?

Certain it is, however, that whether the future woman earns wages or whether she labors for the higher rewards, her toil shall be without haste, as well as without rest. The world does not wait alone for the helping shoulder at the wheel. If I have hitched my wagon to a star, it is not necessary for the star to drop down to earth to pull me out of a mud-hole. What I ask of the star is that she shall keep on shining and moving in her orbit. It is a wide and noble one.

The educated woman will have a new standard of personal honor. The past heroines of fiction have been permitted to lie, to betray secrets, to hesitate between love and duty, and yet to die sweetly in the full blaze of the calcium light of sanctity. Schopenhauer declared a half-century ago that women so commonly lie that it was wrong to call on them to take an oath, so helpless were they to resist the temptation to perjure themselves! We have sailed far by that bitter word, but we wait yet for the day when an educated woman will keep a promise or a secret, will pay a debt, or will face a penalty as bravely as she bears physical pain.

The educated woman of the future will have a larger measure of that potent combination of common sense, a trained judgment of human nature, and a passionately warm heart, which makes for the perfect marriage. In respect of marriage, this country presents a unique situation. We are the only civilized people in the history of the world who for two hundred and fifty years have given free play to the law of natural selection. This law has controlled the jungle and the savage tribe, but civilization has always been adjusting and restricting its operation on society. Class distinctions, marriages of convenience, a careful guard upon the associations and the explorations of youth—these have been the rule among the cultivated classes in every nation in Europe. Whenever, in a single instance, a break was made with established custom, it has been regarded as exceptional, and the offenders have usually taken care that their children did not repeat the indiscretion. In this country the exact contrary has been true. There is an occasional marriage of convenience. Wealth sometimes marries wealth. There has been a tendency to intermarry among certain families. But these facts are exceptional. The American woman has found herself mistress of her own fate. She has not been entirely successful in the use of her freedom; but now, as balance and guard for that freedom, comes, not a *duenna*, not an ambitious, title-loving mother, not an avaricious father trading on his daughter's charms, but the trained judgment of the girl herself, first to direct and then to justify and reinforce the verdict of her heart. Nothing would be more absurd than that this judgment should repress or extinguish the voice of love. The loveless marriage should grow less and less frequent. So also should the marriage in which there is love and nothing else—no congenial tastes, no corresponding aspirations.

The educated woman of the future will be profoundly religious. She will instinctively find her place in the universe and will establish, use, and rejoice in her relation to God as truly as to her fellows. She will not become the victim of the "fads" and caprices that masquerade under the name of religion. The noisy revival, the silent séance, the crowded office of the paid "Christian healer," the ecclesiasticism that devotes itself to a sort of cult of millinery, will know this woman no more. Quackeries have too long found their willing victims among women. But to love God and to worship him, to study and to follow the Lord Jesus Christ, and to find the heart's home in the blessed Church which he founded on earth, will surely be the noblest effluence of the character of the modern woman.

It would be easy to go on enumerating attractive qualities that should be possessed by "earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected." Ought we not rather to look for some bond which should serve at once to unite and to define all these qualities? Civilization has advanced largely by means of the extension of that method known as the division of labor. Is it possible that in this great phase of human activity the contrary law is to obtain? Is it to come to pass that women shall simply learn to do better and better the work hitherto done by man? Is the progress of the sex to be judged by the new-old occupations they are pursuing, the professional skill they are acquiring, the research they are conducting, the pedagogical methods they are inventing and applying, the noble art they are creating? Is it along these paths where leads the most imperative and the most *scientific* call for the woman of the future? Truly, no. It were far easier for her to excel in these efforts than in those to which she is summoned, but the voice of the age is insistent and she must not ignore it.

The world calls to-day for two great classes of workers. In every department of life they may be found. They are the conceiving and the nourishing; the planting and the tending; the creative and the sympathetic. One of these fields belongs to the man of the future as it has belonged to the man of the past. The other opens before the woman and claims her devotion. Is this rank mediævalism? In the Middle Ages the man went to the wars or in search of adventure, while the woman was fain to bide at home, to weave his linen, order aright his castle, and polish his shield. Let us grant that our theory has the mark of the mediæval upon it. Have not linen, shield, and castle assumed a new and symbolic significance in this new century? There have come into existence a great set of activities that may be called the activities of *amelioration*. This complex life of ours has brought many an evil in its train. The factory, the tenement-house, the slum, the sins of poverty, the sins of wealth, the strained or broken nerve, the perplexed, distracted spirit, these furnish the problems that women are called to solve. Some answer there is for each. Women are bound to find it. Life must be rendered happy and serene in spite of modern conditions. Women must defend beauty against the encroachments of the ugly, virtue against the attacks of vice, and faith and hope against the paralysis of materialism.

Women have already assumed the burden of many of our great philanthropies. Nothing could be better proof of their talent for saving that which seems lost than the rise, under their fostering care, of day nurseries, free kindergartens, vacation schools, social settlements, emergency stations, and all the great mechanism of modern philanthropy.

But let us not strive to be too specific. We do not know what the new century is to bring of scientific advance. Neither do we know what new gifts it will bring to woman or what new demands it will make upon her. We can but try to guess in what quarter of the heavens the star will appear which is to lead her on.

The woman of the twentieth century will have a trained mind well equipped; gracious manners; a strong and active body, capable of all homely tasks as well as of athletic feats; she will have the repose which comes from the possession of some precious leisure; she will know the full meaning of the phrase, "in honor bound;" she will know how to love and where to love; she will have a clear vision of the spiritual world; all these powers will be at the service of those who wait in weakness and weariness for help. As women are the mothers of the race, so will they become in still deeper measure the mothers of society. So at last will the sublime prophecy wrapped up in the poet's phrase, *Das ewigweibliche*, be seen to be a modern truth, supported by the achievements of modern science both in physiology and in sociology. So the poet, the student, and society come finally to the same goal. To the womanhood of those who are now in the full bloom of girlhood will belong the fulfillment of the poet's dream.

"They to the disappointed earth shall give the
lives we meant to live,
Beautiful, free, and strong,
The light we almost had
Shall make them glad.
The words we waited long
Shall run in music from their voice and song.
Unto our world hope's daily oracles
From their lips shall be brought,
And in our lives love's hourly miracles
By them be wrought.
Their merry task shall be
To make the house all fine and sweet
Its new inhabitant to greet,
The wondrous, star-eyed, twentieth century."

To the Unknown God

Athenian Hymn

By Robert Haven Schauffler

Night-folded Unreality
(If such a phantom-god there be),
We raise our timid song to Thee.

They say Thy home is in the deep;
Below Poseidon Thou dost keep
Thy throne where sunbeams never sleep.

They say Thy home is in the sky;
Thou flashest an all-seeing eye
Down on the peak where Zeus doth lie.

But if Thou art so far from here
That Thou to man dost not appear,
Why do we sometimes feel Thee near,

Or seem to feel, when droops the heart?
Do we then know Thy healing art—
Or is it of our dreams a part?

Sometimes we seem to feel Thee nigh
In moments when the soul mounts high—
Seem to behold Thee eye to eye;

And then Thy majesty we deem
More radiant than Apollo's beam
Or the Cloud-Gatherer's lightning-gleam.

Then Earth returns Thy mien to mar,
Leaving Thee phantom-like and far
Like luster from a hidden star.

THE NEW AMERICAN NAVY

BY JOHN D. LONG

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY FROM 1897 TO 1902

SOME OF THE GALLANT DEEDS OF THE WAR WITH SPAIN[1]

BRAVERY is the rule rather than the exception. It has had signal illustrations in all the crises of our history. Who forgets Nathan Hale, who regretted, when dying the patriot's death, that he had but one life to give for his country?

When the war with Spain was impending, no question arose as to the bravery of American men-o'-war's men; nor, indeed, did we have any doubt of the courage of the foe. Spain's history is also replete with deeds of heroism. What the Spaniard lacked more than the American was the initiative dash which, supported by gallantry and efficiency, was sure to win the victory. Full of patriotism and from infancy inspired at hearth and school by the recital of the glorious deeds of the past, American seamen could be depended upon to do their best and to flinch from no service for the honor of the flag.

Associated in the popular heart with the names of our heroes in the recent war are the names of the vessels the decks of which they trod. It is Dewey and the Olympia, Clark and the Oregon, Hobson and the Merrimac.

At the time of the destruction of the Maine, the entire armored fleet of the Spanish Government was in home ports or cruising in the Atlantic Ocean; and one vessel, the Vizcaya, was enjoying in New York Harbor the hospitality of the United States. Because our force was not, at least nominally, superior to that of Spain, it was important that we should concentrate our armored ships within striking distance of Cuba. Dewey just at that time hardly seemed to need such vessels; his squadron was strong enough to destroy the Spanish force defending the Philippines. The geographical situation rendered our Pacific slope also safe from Spanish men-of-war operating from the Peninsula. Nevertheless, to guard against the contingency of attack by an isolated Spanish cruiser or privateer, a scheme of naval defense was adopted for the western coast which included the stationing of the monitor Monadnock at Port Angeles, Washington, for the defense of northern ports, and of the monitor Monterey at San Francisco and San Diego for the protection of southern cities, and the distribution of less effective vessels, manned by naval militiamen, at the same and other points. With these there, the Oregon could be spared from the Pacific coast and was needed in Cuban waters. She was in good trim to do the work the Department cut out for her. At the naval station at Bremerton, Washington, she had been docked and cleaned and painted; to make her steadier in a seaway, new bilge-keels had been fitted; doubling plates were put on; injured floor-plates were removed and replaced, and her outside plating was overhauled. She was in condition to render the best service, and her subsequent achievements in prolonged voyage and strenuous battle, and the comparative small cost of her subsequent repairs, are a splendid tribute to her builders, the Union Iron Works of San Francisco.

Three weeks after the Maine sank in Havana Harbor the Secretary of the Navy ordered the Oregon to proceed from Bremerton to San Francisco, there to receive ammunition and await orders. "In view

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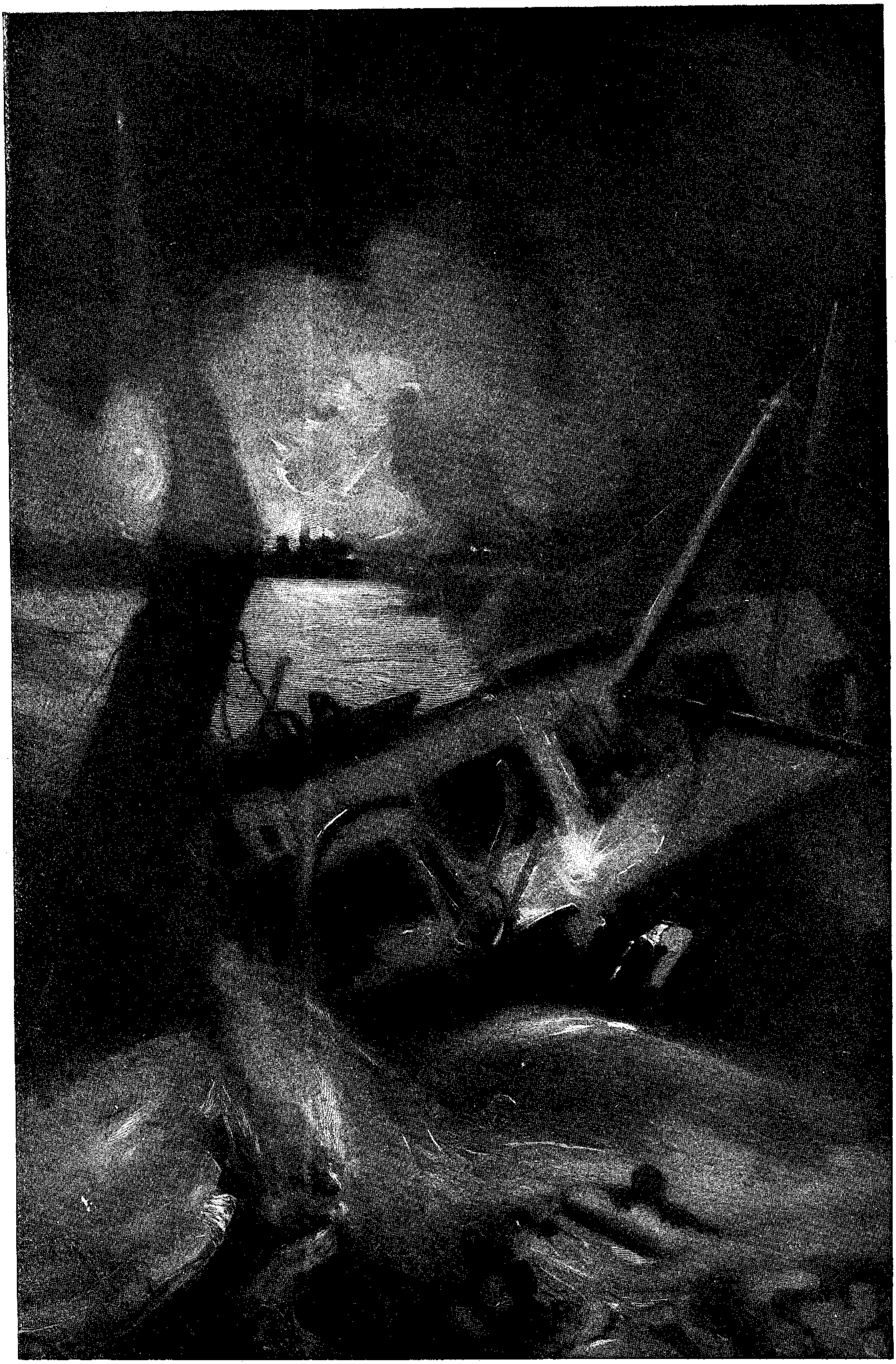
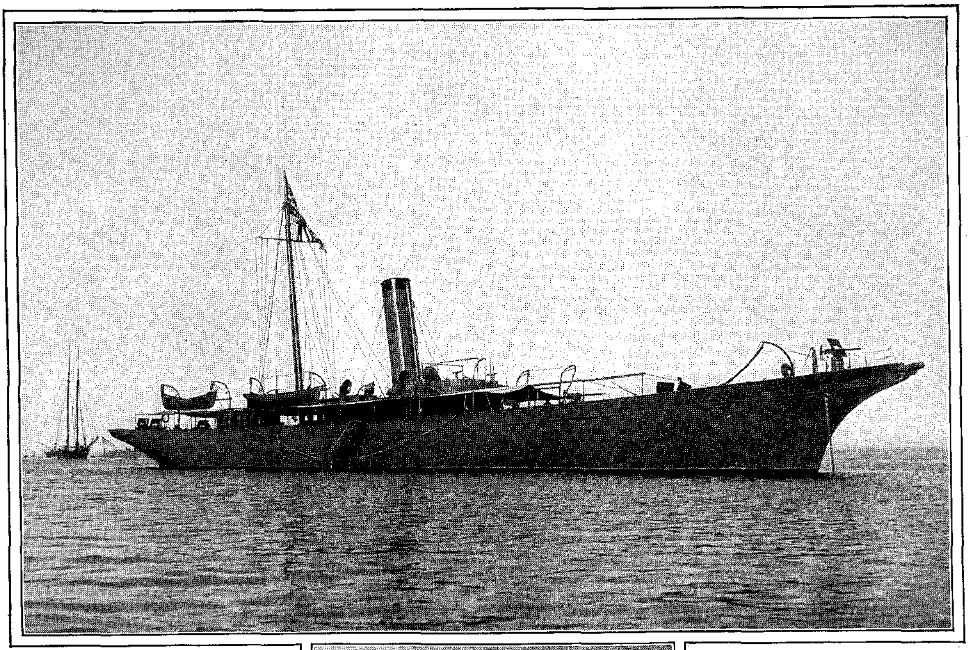


DRAWN BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

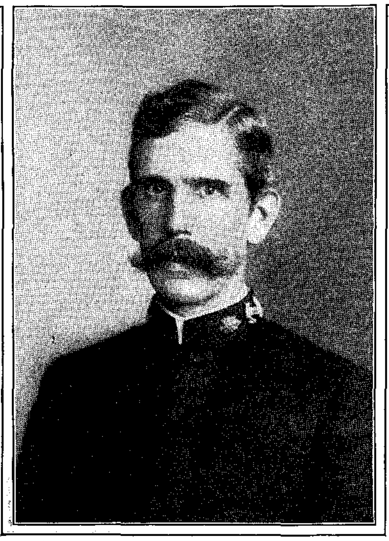
THE SINKING OF THE MERRIMAC

of the present critical condition of affairs," her commanding officer was advised under date of March 12, "the Oregon should leave San Francisco at the earliest possible date, and arrive at Callao [Peru] as soon as practicable. The crew is to be constantly drilled, the passage of the ship not to be delayed thereby." Broken health forced the Department to order Captain Alexander H. McCormick, who then commanded her, before a board of medical survey, and its report of physical condemnation alone caused his detachment. There was no time, even had the Department been so inclined, to send a captain from the East to join the Oregon, nor could one have been found better fitted for the perilous and gallant task before her than Captain Charles E. Clark, who then commanded the Monterey, at San Diego, and who was transferred to the battle-ship. He entered upon his new duty on March 17, and two days later the Oregon began the trip which has no parallel in history.

The passage of the Oregon through the Golden Gate marked the beginning of a season of anxiety for the officers and men on board as well as for the Department. Captain Clark was now to carry out the orders of the Secretary of the Navy, to proceed into a zone in which danger from the elements and the foe was to be feared. Primarily responsible for the voyage, the Department was bound to facilitate it, and, by the transmission of information respecting the enemy, safeguard the ship. The Marietta, Commander Frederick M. Symonds commanding, which was at San José, Guatemala, protecting American interests, was directed to sail at once for Panama, and under date of March 24 she left that Colombian port for Callao, to make arrangements for coaling the Oregon when the latter should arrive. The Marietta reached Callao on March 30, and contracted for coal. On the following day she sailed for Valparaiso, Chili. Her orders to put into this port were based upon the Department's expectation that the Chilian battle-ship, the Captain Prat, would, by purchase, be added to our navy. The negotiations to this end fell through, as failed most of our efforts to buy men-of-war from foreign governments. The call of the Marietta was productive, however, of one important result. It afforded the Chilian authorities an opportunity to show to the United States the courtesies of their good will. On the day the Marietta reached Valparaiso the Oregon left Callao. While at the Peruvian port, minor repairs had been made to the machinery of the battle-ship, and she sailed with one boiler still in the hands of workmen. Captain Clark had cabled that he could make Montevideo, Uruguay, and perhaps Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, and the Department gave him orders to this effect. He was advised that the Spanish torpedo-boat Temerario was at Montevideo, and that the Marietta had been directed to proceed to Sandy Point, Patagonia, to arrange for coal and to accompany him to Key West. Those who recall the apprehension excited by the Spanish torpedo-boats just prior to the war will understand the Department's anxiety for the Oregon. There was the possibility that the commander of the Temerario might be sufficiently enterprising to take station in one of the numerous inlets of the Straits of Magellan, and discharge a torpedo at the American man-of-war as she passed. Captain Clark was not advised that war had been declared until his arrival, April 30, at Rio de Janeiro, but he took precautions against torpedo attacks, screening, when in company with the Marietta, all the lights, which were shown by only the leading vessel, and having gun-crews asleep beside the loaded 8-inch, 6-inch, and smaller rapid-fire guns. Nearing the Straits of Magellan, the Oregon and the Marietta, still separated, plunged through a tempestuous sea. Tons of water swept the deck of the battle-ship, and the little Marietta was tossed and pitched and finally compelled to run into Tuesday Bay. In the Straits, and before arrival at Sandy Point, the Oregon encountered a violent gale. So dense became the rain and the fog that it was impossible to distinguish the frowning shores. The situation of the Oregon was very dangerous. Captain Clark let go his anchors on a rocky shelf, and, with the wind howling and the waves thundering upon the islets and reefs, the gallant ship rode out the storm. At daylight, April 17, the battle-ship got under way, and, steaming at fifteen and one-half knots, hastened to Sandy Point. Captain Clark desired to reach his destination



THE CONVERTED CRUISER GLOUCESTER IN WAR PAINT

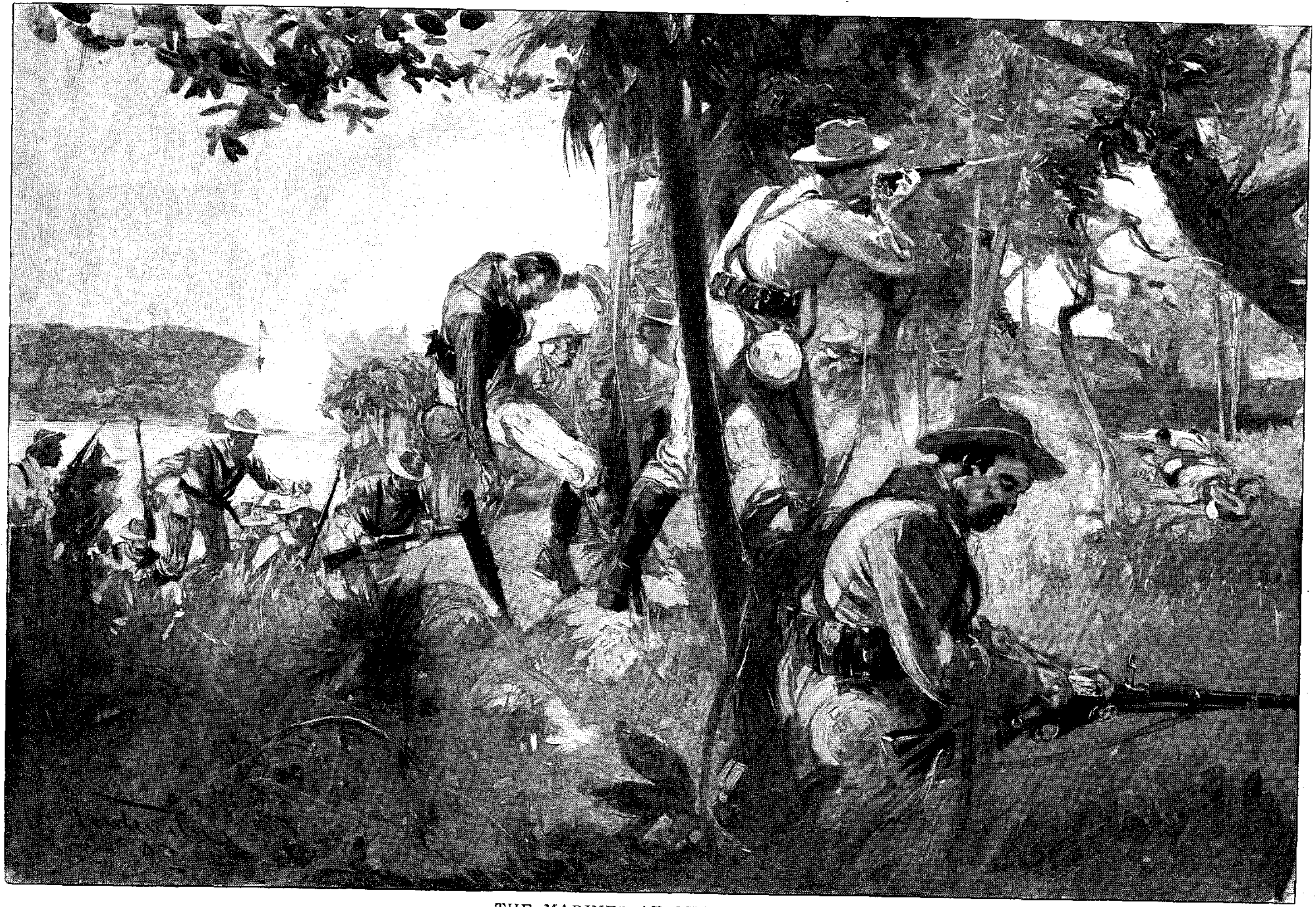


COMMANDER RICHARD WAINWRIGHT

before nightfall, so as to deprive the Temerario or any other hostile vessel from the additional advantage of darkness in making a torpedo attack. Tortuous and narrow, the Straits of Magellan afford numerous opportunities for the operations of a torpedo-boat.

The Marietta, which joined the Oregon at Sandy Point, had arranged for coal in advance of her arrival. The fuel was soon pouring in almost a continuous stream into the bunkers of the two ships. To enable earlier departure, men of the Oregon left their hammocks in the netting while they shoveled and carried coal. Equally zealous was the crew of the Marietta. The spirit on board the gunboat was also shown at Para, Brazil, where two officers, not on duty, seized wheelbarrows and voluntarily aided in coaling, thus encouraging the men, who, though nearly worn out by labor already performed, were full of enthusiasm.

It was impossible for the Department to communicate telegraphically with the Oregon and Marietta at Sandy Point. After the voyage was completed we learned that the two ships safely passed out of the Straits on the evening of April 21. The low rate of speed of the Marietta and the head winds and seas experienced north of Rio de la Plata retarded the Oregon during the voyage to Rio de Janeiro. The officers of the ship, the engineers among whom voluntarily doubled their watches when high speed was required, and the men, who, suffering from heat-exhaustion, yet crawled back to the engine-rooms, chafed under this enforced delay. But the Marietta was needed to aid in repelling any possible torpedo attack, and man could not control the wind and the sea. The Department's concern for the Oregon was intensified by the departure of Cervera's squadron from Cape Verde Islands, and of the Temerario from Montevideo for Rio de

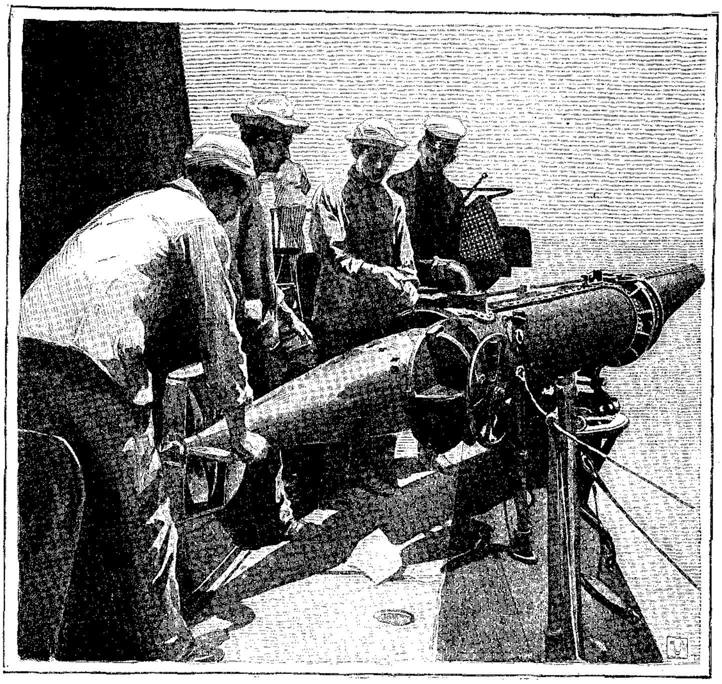


THE MARINES AT GUANTANAMO
Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.

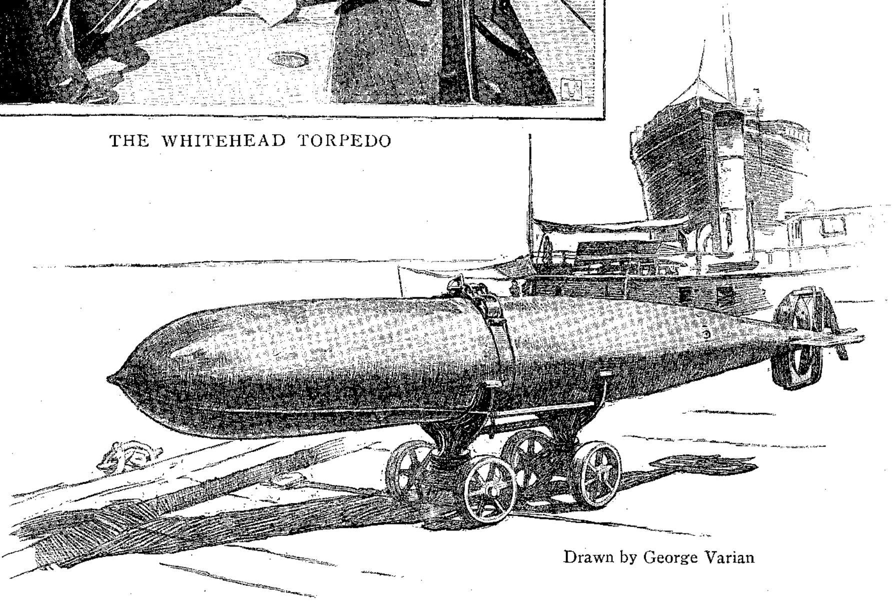
Janeiro. There were indications that the Spanish ships were converging for the purpose of sinking our battle-ship. Many plans were considered by the Naval War Board and the Department to assure the safety of the Oregon. Ignorant of the actual condition of the Spanish division, it was feared that if she fell in with it she would be overpowered. But confidence also prevailed that before destruction she would inflict serious damage upon her opponents. Captain Clark, in a letter to Captain Alfred T. Mahan, stated that in the event of battle he had determined to pursue the tactics of the last of the Horatii. He proposed to turn tail after sighting the enemy's fleet and to make a running fight. It would be to the advantage of the Oregon to delay as long as possible the employment of the broadside batteries of the hostile ships. Though three of the latter were sister ships, Captain Clark believed they had different rates of speed, and in a battle such as he projected they would be drawn out into a line, and one might be placed *hors du combat* before the others came to her assistance. By this move he hoped to prevent concentration of the Spanish fire, which, in all likelihood, would kill or drive the men from the rapid-firing guns, and leave the battle-ship dependent for defense upon her turret guns—a disadvantage which to an enterprising foe would be an opportunity for torpedo-boat attack. Against the heavy stern fire of the Oregon, consisting of two 13 and four 8 inch besides smaller guns, each Spanish cruiser could not oppose a bow fire of more than one 11 or 9.8 inch gun and guns of lesser caliber. Had the Oregon met Cervera's fleet, the latter, in view of its condition, would very likely have suffered defeat and perhaps annihilation. Certainly her officers and men were determined to do and dare any peril. *Possunt quia posse videntur*. The tactics determined upon by Captain Clark were observed at Santiago de Cuba, with this difference—that the Oregon, co-operating with the other American men-of-war, was the pursuer, and the Spanish squadron was the chase.

The friendliness toward the United States of Brazil, which sold to this country two men-of-war under construction for her navy in England, was further shown by the courtesies she extended to the Oregon and the Marietta during their stay at Rio de Janeiro. The Department had been in negotiation for the Nictheroy, an auxiliary cruiser which, during the revolution in Brazil of 1894, had been purchased by that Government from a private firm in the United States. The Nictheroy, as was the case with some other purchases made by us in our sharp stress for ships, was rather a bad bargain, but was at once overhauled and is now, under the name of the Buffalo, a useful and effective man-of-war. The purchase served, however, the good purpose of increasing the friendliness of Brazil, which had herself not made an over good bargain in buying this vessel five years before. Captain Clark was told that the Department left it to his discretion as to avoiding the Spanish fleet and making his run to the United States, and that the Marietta and Nictheroy were subject to his orders. Frequent breakdowns of the machinery of the Nictheroy delayed the division, and Captain Clark, feeling that the Oregon was needed to reinforce Rear-Admiral Sampson, and that in any event he would have to abandon his consorts if he met the enemy, directed Commander Symonds to proceed with his own ship and the auxiliary cruiser to the United States. When the Oregon put into Bahia, the Department instructed her commander to make no further stops at Brazilian ports, but to proceed to the West Indies, and reiterated its caution to avoid if possible the Spanish squadron, the whereabouts of which was still unknown.

On May 12, the day the Department learned of the appearance of Cervera near Martinique, and two days after the departure of the Oregon from Bahia, the question of the safety of this battle-ship was submitted to and considered by the Naval War Board. The time for despatching assistance had, however, passed. To send it, it would have been necessary for the Department to advise Captain Clark at Bahia to pursue a certain route, and to designate a point on it at which he could be met by reinforcements. This action was not taken because, despite every effort to maintain secrecy, it was probable that information of the movement would leak out, and, besides, the Department was confident that the Oregon would take care



THE WHITEHEAD TORPEDO



Drawn by George Varian

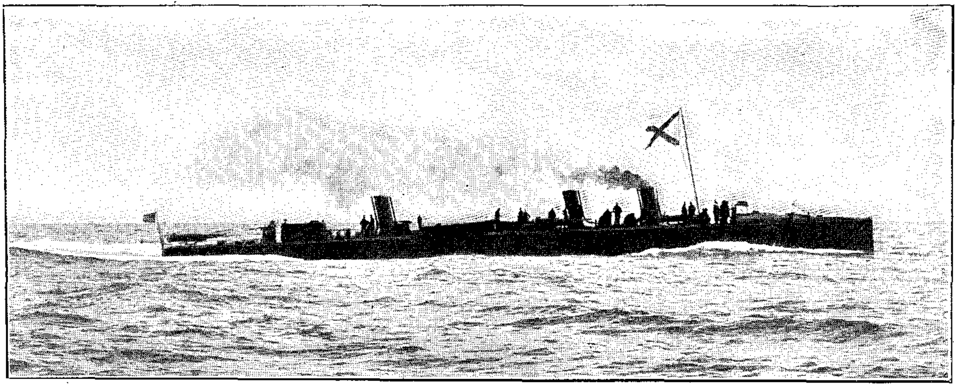
of herself. To the Secretary the War Board reported:

> The Board discussed fully the question of the advisability of despatching assistance to the Oregon, in view of the possibility of that vessel being waylaid by the Cape de Verde squadron. After fully considering the matter, it was concluded that, under conditions as they now exist, it was inexpedient to detail either the Flying Squadron or vessels from Admiral Sampson's fleet to assist her, as the danger of her meeting the Spanish squadron was now thought to be less than formerly, and it was undesirable to disturb Admiral Sampson's operations around Porto Rico or to leave the northern coast without its chief defense.

Sixty hours after the Spanish squadron left Curaçao, its destination unknown, the Oregon arrived at the Barbadoes, six hundred miles away. Captain Clark learned here of the sighting of the Spanish fleet on May 12 off Martinique, one hundred miles distant. He coaled as rapidly as possible, British neutrality permitting him to receive sufficient fuel to reach an American port, and on the evening of May 18 circled the island and made to the northward on his way to Key West. On May 24 the country and the Department learned with relief that the battleship was off Jupiter Inlet, Florida, and a few hours later she dropped anchor at Key West. The Oregon had completed in sixty-eight days a voyage of fourteen thousand miles, and at its close needed only coal to join the fighting fleet. The Marietta, which had been authorized to leave the Nictheroy, and ordered to proceed alone to Hampton Roads, reached Key West on June 4. Like the Oregon, whose fame she shares, she was fit for immediate service—a remarkable record in view of the type of ship, the distance steamed—twelve thousand miles—and the character of the weather encountered. The congratulations sent by the Department to the commanding officers of both vessels were heartfelt. The addition of the Oregon to Rear-Admiral Sampson's command gave it great superiority over Cervera and assured his destruction. The Spanish captains contend that the United States need not have felt a moment's concern about Captain Clark's ship. "It was about this time, namely, May 18," wrote Captain Concas y Palau, Cervera's chief of staff, "that the Oregon cast anchor at Barbadoes. The United States Government was under the impression that it might be the object of the maneuvers of our squadron to go in search of that ship, which we, however, supposed to be in the Pacific. This illustrates how the commander-in-chief of our squadron was supplied with information."

It does not detract from the credit due and which has been universally given to the officers and the men of the Oregon to say that the voyages of the monitors from San Francisco to Manila were even more arduous and certainly as worthy of commendation. A vessel even of the Oregon class had never made a sea cruise such as she was called upon to make, and some were skeptical, before the battle-ship started, as to her ability to plow in safety through the seas raised by the storms of the southern zones. The Department had, however, entertained no apprehension on this score, and performance settled all doubt. Then, too, the subsequent voyage of the Oregon from New York to Manila demonstrated beyond all question that she and her sister ships, under careful officers, can navigate the ocean without more than ordinary danger. The monitors, however, were nothing but coast defense ships, and had not been constructed for oversea operations. The experience of Rear-Admiral Sampson with the monitors attached to the North Atlantic Fleet had proved that vessels of this class are not good sea boats. Small coal supply restricted their range of operations. They were slow, rolled heavily in a seaway, and were almost suffocating between decks, where officers and men had to seek refuge even in a moderate blow.

There was probability that Spain, taking advantage of the comparatively insignificant strength of Admiral Dewey's squadron, might order some of her armored ships, the completion of which was hastened, to the East to reassert her sovereignty over the Philippine Archipelago. The official notes of Spain show that we were not wrong in this assumption. "Very serious situation in the Philippines," the Spanish Minister of War cabled to the Governor-General of Cuba on June 3, "compels us to send there ships and



PHOTOGRAPH BY ENRIQUE MULLER

THE TORPEDO BOAT WINSLOW

reinforcement of troops as early as possible. To be able to cope with hostile squadron at Manila it will be indispensable to send an equally strong fleet there."

Before this message was sent, the Department, through its agents in Spain, had heard and transmitted to Admiral Dewey rumors of a possible Spanish expedition to operate about the Philippine Islands, and on May 20 it advised him of reports that the battle-ship Pelayo, armored cruiser Carlos V., protected cruiser Alfonso XII., and some transports carrying troops, were *en route* to the Orient. Other reports gave the east coast of the United States as their destination. Dewey was warned not to place too much credence in these rumors, as at the time our sources of intelligence in Spain were liable to error. If one, however, considers that the expedition under Admiral Camara, which started for the Philippines but was stopped at Suez, comprised both ships and troops, the rumors first mentioned will be found to have been very nearly correct.

The success of Dewey at Manila entailed upon the Department the further responsibility of providing him with an adequate force to retain his position in the Far East. The reports of the despatch of a Spanish relief force were regarded as having some foundation. For Spain to leave the United States in undisputed possession of the Philippines would be prejudicial to the Spanish case in future peace negotiations. The crusier Charleston, which had been hastily completed and commissioned, on May 5 was ordered to Manila in company with the City of Pekin, conveying troops to that point. *En route*, Captain Henry Glass, commanding, captured the island of Guam without resistance, the Governor not having been informed of the declaration of war and at first believing that the guns fired by the Charleston were a salute to the flag of Spain.

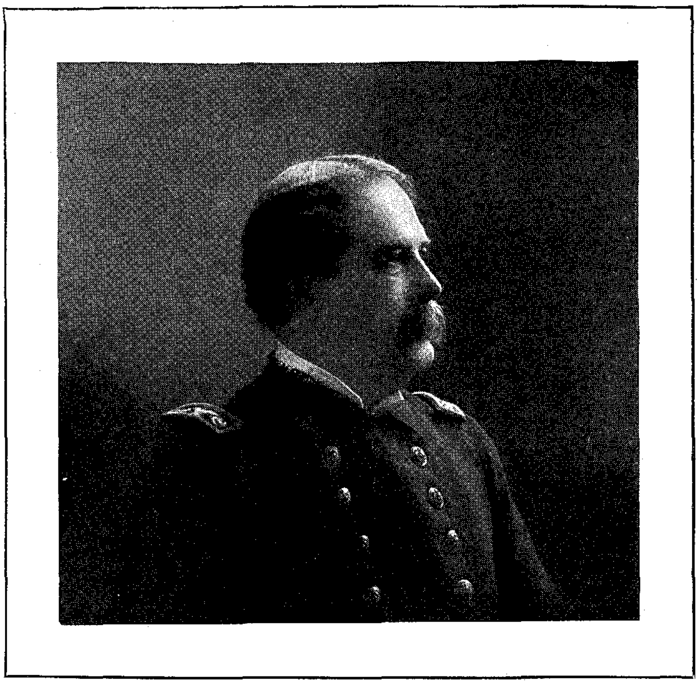
Dewey had enough protected and unprotected cruisers and gunboats, but these in a battle with efficient armored ships would run great risk. With Cervera's squadron intact, and containing the possibilities of incalculable mischief, and with the probability that Spain would, after all, attach to it the armorclads then in Peninsular waters, any reduction of Sampson's strength would have been unwise, and was not seriously considered. But reinforcements for Dewey were essential, and the Department decided to send to him the monitors Monterey and Monadnock.

There was historical precedent for the despatch of the monitors on a long cruise. To silence critics who condemned the type because of alleged unseaworthiness, the Department, after the Civil War, sent the Monadnock, of Civil War construction, from the Atlantic coast to San Francisco to be of aid in case of any necessity for the defense of the west coast, and the Miantonomoh to Europe to impress the governments of that continent with the formidable character of the new type of vessels developed in our country. Yet, in spite of the performance of these ships, the Department could not but regard the voyage of the Monterey and the Monadnock to the Philippines, made under the very different circumstances of the stress of war, as an experiment. Again there entered the element of great risk, but the emergency justified it.

The Monterey was the first to leave San Francisco. Commanded by Commander E. H. C. Leutze, with officers and men enthusiastic at the prospect of active service, she started on June 7, in company with the collier Brutus. A moderate sea washed the coal from her deck, and she put into San Diego, whence she sailed on June 11. Two weeks later the Monadnock, Captain W. H. Whiting, with troops on both sides of the Golden Gate wigwagging good-by and good-luck messages, steamed for Honolulu. Accompanying her under instructions to supply coal or to tow was the collier Nero.

Thirteen days were occupied by the Monterey in making Honolulu. The Monadnock covered the distance in better time, arriving on July 3, ten days after leaving San Francisco. Both vessels made repairs and received supplies at the Hawaiian capital. On July 1 the Monterey started for Manila, and the Monadnock followed on July 13. The experience of one ship was the experience of both. Partly in tow, partly under their own steam, machinery requiring constant attention, the towing bridle chafing, and repairs necessary, they labored toward Manila.

"The trip through the tropics," Captain Whiting states in his official report,



REAR-ADMIRAL CHARLES EDGAR CLARK

Commander of the Oregon during its famous voyage from the Pacific.

"was very trying on officers and men. The temperature of the sea water has been 85 to 87 degrees, the temperature of the air 75 to 95 degrees, and with the engines and boilers in use there was no chance for the heat to radiate. Hence the temperatures in the ship have been very high—fire-room from 110 degrees to 130 degrees, engine-room 118 to 140 degrees, dynamo-room 105 to 130 degrees, crew space 86 to 99 degrees, lower wardroom 89 to 100 degrees, cabin stateroom 95 to 99 degrees. Men have been overcome in the coal bunkers, fire-room, and evaporating-room with heat exhaustion, and the health of the ship's company has been affected by living in such high temperatures."

These hardships were common to both vessels, although little notice of them has been taken, and were much more prolonged and therefore severe than those on board of ships which had more glory. On the Monterey, and the same must have been substantially true of the Monadnock, the hatches were off only once in fifty days, and on that occasion the deck was so hot that it was necessary to play the hose on it to keep the pitch from boiling out. The monitor ran at times submerged under water. In spite, however, of all difficulties, no effort was left unmade to hasten the progress of the voyage. The Monterey chose to make Manila by San Bernardino Straits, and when she passed through, in the early hours of August 2, the Spanish colors were hoisted in salute from a near-by lighthouse. The Spaniards apparently believed a relief force for themselves had come. At the time the Monadnock left San Francisco it was thought Camara might get his squadron to the East before her arrival. She was therefore directed to follow a prescribed course, along which she would join Dewey's squadron if it were compelled to withdraw temporarily from Manila. This course the Monadnock followed, but, of course, failed to sight any of Dewey's ships until she cast anchor in the harbor of Manila on August 16, four days after the signature of the peace protocol in Washington and three days after the fall of Manila. The Monterey had reached Manila on August 4. With the arrival of these two ships closed the most hazardous voyages of the war.

Thus, while all the ships fought well, a few were called upon to render conspicuous service, and they responded nobly. So it was with the men. There were everywhere in the service the desire and anxiety to be in the forefront, where danger was and where the flag needed support. It was pretty much an even level of courage, although above it rose some special instances of gallantry—special rather in the opportunities than in the men. There were, for instance, the deeds of Hobson, of Blue, of Wainwright, of Bernadou, of Ward and Buck, of the navy, and of Newcomb of the revenue cutter service. Among the enlisted men were those who dared death with Hobson, who fought under Wainwright, who served with Bernadou, who bravely repulsed the Spaniards at Guantanamo, and who participated in the cable-cutting expeditions.

When Cervera's squadron was definitely located at Santiago, the Department and Rear-Admiral Sampson considered the means that should be adopted to prevent its departure. The channel ranged from 350 to 450 feet in width at the entrance of the harbor, and it was decided to bottle up Cervera by sinking a vessel at the narrowest point. Sampson instructed Schley to use the collier Sterling to effect this purpose. Before Schley could execute the instructions, Sampson arrived and took command. While on his way to Santiago, this commander-in-chief directed Naval Constructor Richmond Pearson Hobson to devise a method for sinking a ship so as to prevent the egress of the Spanish men-of-war. Hobson considered many plans, including the feigning of a chase of a collier by the fleet, with a view to deceiving the Spaniards until the obstruction had arrived at the point selected and had sunk. Sampson determined that it would be wiser to send in a ship just before dawn and when the tide was flood. This tide was desired so that if the anchor gear were destroyed the ship would drift and sink before moved by the ebb tide to a wider part of the channel. Thursday, June 2, and half-past three in the morning, were the day and hour selected for the maneuver. Immediately upon arrival at Santiago steps were taken to carry the plan into execution. Ten electric torpedoes, each containing a charge of eighty-eight pounds of gunpowder, were attached to the port side of the collier Merrimac, which was designated for the sacrifice. To facilitate the sinking of the vessel, it was arranged to drop anchors forward and aft, cargo ports and all interior doors and hatchways were opened, and sea connections prepared so as to be readily opened. Twenty-three hundred tons of coal lay in the hold of the Merrimac, but, even if time had permitted its removal, it was believed that it would aid in holding the vessel in the channel.

Rear-Admiral Sampson determined that as Hobson had prepared the plan, he was the person best fitted to execute it. Commodore J. M. Miller was therefore relieved of the command of the Merrimac—a hardship for that brave officer, but one which the chances of war imposed. A call for volunteers was made. Only six or seven men were needed—one to steer, one to assist in exploding the torpedoes, one at each anchor to cut the rope holding it, one in the boiler-room, and one to operate the engines. Rear-Admiral Sampson assured Hobson that there would be no difficulty in obtaining men. Indeed, when the signal was hoisted, the majority of the crew of every ship asked permission to go. Personal appeals were made to Hobson and to Sampson. Patriotism blunted the fear of shell and bullets, and glory-winning service of the country was the factor actuating the men who applied for the privilege of going to what appeared to be certain death. Sampson refused to permit a greater number on board the Merrimac than necessary for the conduct of the maneuver, and as finally designated they were:

George Charette, gunner's mate, first class; Daniel Montague, chief master-at-arms; J. E. Murphy, coxswain; George F. Phillips, machinist, first class; Francis Kelly, water-tender; Randolph Clausen, coxswain, and Osborn Deignan, coxswain. Deignan, Phillips, and Kelly were among the crew of the collier when under Commander Miller. The commanding officer recommended Deignan to Hobson. Assistant Engineer Robert K. Crank, who aided in the preparations and was on the vessel on the first attempt to make the harbor entrance, urged the selection of Phillips and Kelly. Captain Robley D. Evans named Murphy as the representative of the Iowa. Charette had served with Hobson when the latter was a midshipman, and, remembering his conduct, the Constructor allowed him to go. Montague was chief master-at-arms of the New York and was indorsed by the officers of the flagship. Clausen's selection at the last moment gave rise to the report that to make sure of going he had secreted himself on board the Merrimac, which was not the case. He was at her wheel when Hobson, in need of a seventh man, informed him to his delight that he should remain on the vessel.

Having completed arrangements early on the morning of June 2, the Merrimac, her crew stripped to underclothes, wearing life-jackets and carrying revolvers in belts around their waists, started for the scene of her destruction. Before out of reach she was directed by Rear-Admiral Sampson to return, as dawn was breaking. The reaction from the strain was fearful, and one man, Boatswain Mullen, of the Merrimac, was, in spite of his earnest protest, relieved, and in his stead Murphy designated as above stated.

There was a slight chance of escape by Hobson and his companions, and Rear-Admiral Sampson directed the steam-launch of the New York, under Naval Cadet Joseph Wright Powell, to follow the collier and wait near the harbor entrance, prepared to dash in to the rescue should the men succeed in getting away alive. This duty was most hazardous, but, as in the case of the Merrimac, every member of the crew of the launch volunteered for it.

On the morning of June 3 the plan was put into execution. With the full moon streaming down upon the Merrimac, she moved toward the site of her grave. Deignan was at the wheel, Phillips and Kelly were in the engine and boiler rooms, and Charette, Clausen, Montague, and Murphy were at their stations. Coolly directing the course of the ship was Hobson, stripped, like his men, of all clothing save shirt and drawers, and wearing a life-preserver and revolver-belt. Five hundred yards from the mouth of the harbor the Spanish batteries opened fire, and shell hurtled through the air, shrieking and exploding in and about the ship. Hobson gave the signal to stop just before reaching the point where the Merrimac was to be sunk, and the men below obeyed the order. Sea-valves were opened, anchors let go, and orders given to explode the torpedoes. But the enemy's fire had broken the torpedo connections and shattered the electric generating cells, and but two torpedoes were discharged. In the meantime the steering-gear was shot away, and the wreck drifted helplessly away from the position where it had been intended it should sink.

The Merrimac was subjected to the fire of all the guns of the fortifications, and a submarine mine exploded beneath her hull. The Spaniards believed that our fleet was attempting to force the harbor. Lying at full length upon the deck, Hobson and his men waited for a projectile to explode among them and send all into eternity. The ship was drifting toward the wider section of the channel, and here she lurched heavily and sank. The men were washed miraculously alive into the water, and hurled about in the mass of débris. Toward a catamaran they swam, and to it they clung, keeping only their heads above the water. A Spanish launch appearing, Hobson called, and, covered by the rifles of her guard, he and his men were taken on her. Admiral Cervera was on board; to him the Merrimac's crew surrendered, and his humanity and kindness were as great as their heroism, which appealed at once to his admiration.

Hobson gallantly executed the mission intrusted to him. Although it failed, failure in no wise detracted from the magnificent courage displayed by the men engaged in the maneuver. In his report of it to the Department, Sampson said, "A more brave and daring thing has not been done since Cushing blew up the Albemarle." Learning with gratitude that the crew of the Merrimac survived, negotiations were begun to effect an exchange, and they resulted successfully a few days before the capitulation of Santiago.

While Sampson was satisfied on June 3 that he was blockading the entire Spanish squadron in Santiago, the report from the Eagle and Resolute that they had sighted four powerful hostile vessels, although not much weight was attached to it, made necessary positive knowledge as to whether all of Cervera's armored ships were actually within the Cuban harbor.

Rear-Admiral Sampson was notified of the Department's anxiety in this connection, and he directed Lieutenant-Commander Daniel Delehanty, commanding the U. S. S. Suwanee, to ascertain through the insurgents how many Spanish ships lay in the bay. Believing that an officer could obtain more satisfactory information than a Cuban, Lieutenant-Commander Delehanty, with Sampson's approval, directed Lieutenant Victor Blue to make a reconnaissance of the harbor. Clad in the uniform of his rank, Blue landed, and, in company with a Cuban officer, made for the hills in the rear of Santiago. The two officers passed on one occasion within six hundred yards of a Spanish camp without detection. Blue was taken to the headquarters of an insurgent Cuban battalion, and there a conference was held as to the route to be followed. Small parties of Spaniards were patrolling the country in all directions within a zone of fifteen miles from the city, and it was necessary to exercise the utmost caution. A decision was finally reached, and, with three soldiers leading the way, Blue and the Cuban officer resumed the journey. The party traveled along the main road leading to Santiago for a distance of one and a half miles, when they entered the woods. Leading their mules through a swampy jungle and sinking knee deep in mud, they doggedly tramped. Fearing that in the dark, night having fallen, a Spanish detachment might be met, it was decided to halt, and until daylight they remained sheltered in the home of a Cuban sympathizer. When morning came, they moved along the road recommended by the host of the night. Other sympathizers gave good advice as to the route to be pursued in order to avoid Spaniards. The party finally reached the top of a hill and dismounted. Beneath it was encamped a force of Spanish soldiers, and beyond, upon the bay, lay two armored cruisers and two destroyers. The scouts gently stole toward the city, and half a mile from the first position ascended another hill. Here was sighted the third armored cruiser. But the fourth remained to be located. Another point of vantage was sought, and from it Lieutenant Blue beheld the sought-for vessel.

Having obtained the information, the party started on its return journey, and arrived without molestation at Acerraderos. The Suwanee's mail-boat carried Blue to his ship, and Rear-Admiral Sampson notified the Department of the result of the reconnaissance.

Accurate information is, of course, essential to the successful conduct of war. Prior to and in the early stages of the struggle with Spain, the Department received from various sources a mass of reports regarding the disposition and condition of the Spanish ships. There was danger that hired spies would sell themselves to the Spanish Government and supply us with misleading information. The President and Secretary of the Navy determined to send two officers to Europe to report upon the movements of Cervera and those of Camara. To the first duty was assigned Ensign Henry Herbert Ward and to the latter Ensign William Henry Buck. Each, in civilian garb, was on board a foreign yacht hired for the purpose, the officers and men of which had no knowledge of the business or character of their voyaging sightseer, except that they were to take him wherever his pleasure inclined him to go. As these officers took their lives in their hands, necessarily the greatest secrecy in regard to their mission was imposed. Ward first went to Cadiz, Spain, where he stayed forty-eight hours, but failed to find any trace of Cervera or of the vessels of his division, though he identified the ships of Camara's squadron, and, safely reaching Gibraltar, cabled the information to Washington. This information was confirmatorily valuable, for only the day before its receipt the Department had notified Dewey that the Spanish fleet was *en route* to the Philippines. From Gibraltar Ward went to St. Thomas. At the Madeiras he learned that the Canary Islands were defended by only three torpedo-boats, and this information was immediately sent to the Department. Spanish agents at St. Thomas became suspicious of the young "Englishman," Ward and Buck being regarded as of this nationality, and upon Ward's departure for San Juan they cabled the fact of his coming to the Spanish authorities. Four officials of the port boarded the steamer when she reached San Juan and cross-questioned the suspected passenger. Displaying remarkable *sang-froid*, Ward was guarded in his replies, and finally declared that he would not respond further unless in the presence of the British Consul. The examination was resumed when the British official boarded the steamer. So convincing was the American officer that he was finally advised that he would not be molested, but was not to be permitted ashore. Not content with his narrow escape, and desiring information in addition to that which he could get in the harbor, Ward protested to the British Consul at being confined to the ship, and through the intercession of that officer, who little knew whose cause he was advocating, the prohibition to land was removed. In company with the Consul and a Spanish naval officer he landed and called upon the naval commandant, of whom he requested relief from the espionage of the Spaniards. This request was granted, and Ward strolled along the water front and through a portion of the Spanish barracks. After his visit to San Juan he visited neutral ports investigating rumors that the Spaniards were gathering supplies in preparation for further operations. These were found to be groundless.

In the meantime Buck was devoting his attention to Camara. Learning positively that the Spanish Admiral had sailed from Cadiz on a westerly course, Buck proceeded to Port Saïd, where he ascertained that the Spanish ships had passed through the Canal. Informed that Camara would probably return, Buck remained at Port Saïd, and when the hostile ships re-entered the Mediterranean he promptly cabled the news to the Department. The departure of Camara from Port Saïd and his course were also communicated to Washington, and Buck then took passage in a steamer for Algiers, keeping in sight of the Spanish ships until the vessel he had boarded turned into its port of destination. From Algiers Buck returned to the United States, there being no further need of his presence in the Mediterranean.

Whoever tells the story of the battle of Santiago must refer to the gallantry of the officers and men of the Gloucester. This pleasure yacht, comparatively frail as a lady's fan, purchased from J. Pierpont Morgan and put to the perils of a man-of-war, braved for a time, almost alone, the guns of the whole Spanish squadron and the shore batteries, and by her accurate and deadly fire disabled and, with the assistance of our armorclads, sank two Spanish torpedo-boat destroyers, each of which was her superior in construction and fighting strength. A shot from a one-pounder gun would have rendered the Gloucester helpless, but, while aware of this possibility, yet giving no heed to it, Lieutenant-Commander Richard Wainwright carried the vessel to the point where she could inflict the greatest damage upon her foes. At the hour when Cervera's ships appeared, the men of the Gloucester, as with those of other vessels of the squadron, were drawn up for Sunday inspection. While on the berth-deck, Wainwright heard the welcome news that the Spaniards were coming out. Hastening to the bridge, he ordered the helm put over, and to Chief Engineer George W. McElroy the signal was given by Lieutenant Harry McL. Huse, executive of the vessel, "Full steam ahead."

The praise that is due Milligan, of the Oregon, for keeping his engines in efficient condition is due also to McElroy for his work in connection with the machinery of the Gloucester. Wainwright ordered forced draught, and the blowers were soon whirring, and steam began to rise in the boilers of the gunboat. Her guns vomiting projectiles, the Infanta Maria Teresa turned to the west, and after her came the remaining Spanish armored cruisers. Almost irresistible was the temptation to participate in the combat with the armored cruisers, but Wainwright conceived it to be his duty to wait for the destroyers, and, with a patience difficult to exercise while part of the quarry was at hand and shells were splashing and raining about his little boat, he remained near the Indiana. Suddenly from the mouth of the harbor shot the Pluton and Furor, the dreaded vipers of the Spanish squadron. "Gunboats close in," signaled Captain Taylor, of the Indiana. Simultaneously with the hoisting of this signal, the Gloucester, under full head of steam, dashed toward the enemy. Bombardment of the coasts had developed splendid gunners among her officers and men. While waiting for the destroyers, Lieutenant Thomas C. Wood, commanding the after division, made up of three 3-pounders, had deliberately discharged a few shells at the armored cruisers, but the distance was too great for rapid fire. Closing in on the destroyers, however, all the guns of the Gloucester that could bear were brought into action. Nearer and nearer approached these game little fighters—on one side orderly procedure, coolness, and precision, on the other confusion, uncontrollable excitement, and death. About the time the Teresa and Oquendo sought refuge upon the beach, the Pluton slowed down ; a few minutes and she was upon the rocks. Wainwright now concentrated his fire, which had been divided between the two destroyers, upon the Furor, which had turned toward the Gloucester. For a moment it seemed that the Spaniard intended to come to closer quarters with her doughty antagonist. But the Furor was too badly damaged for offense. She turned in a circle, and, seeing her condition, Wainwright sent to her two of his officers—Lieutenants Wood and George H. Norman, who had materially assisted in giving her her deathblow, to rescue any of her survivors. Some ten or twelve men were removed from the carnage and wreck, but before any effort could be made to save the ship, she sank slowly by the stern, an explosion occurred, her bow shot out of the water, and she went down. Assistant Engineer André M. Proctor, who served as Wainwright's aide, was sent to the Pluton, and rescued some of her men not killed by the fire suffered by that ship. Without waiting to pick up all his boats, Wainwright steamed around a near-by point, over which smoke was rising. Here he found the Teresa and Oquendo aground. He resumed his merciful work of rescue, Acting Ensign John Edson and Lieutenant Norman in charge of the boats. Facing death through the explosion of magazines and shell, the men engaged in relief pluckily moved in the danger zone. Seaman Braun and Keller, of Ensign Edson's boat, swam through the heavy surf with a line from the Teresa, which they secured ashore, and under this line the cutter was hauled, carrying eight or ten Spaniards on each trip. Four hundred and eight men, a number of whom were wounded, were saved in this way, among them Admiral Cervera, his chief of staff, and other officers. Lieutenant Wood was also engaged in equally praiseworthy work, rescuing survivors of the Oquendo. The very apt and telling sentiment applied to the men of the Iowa by Captain Evans in his official report is equally true of the men of the Gloucester and other American vessels engaged on July 3. "So long as the enemy showed his flag," Captain Evans stated, "they fought like American seamen; but when the flag came down, they were as gentle and tender as American women."

The daring of American sailors was exemplified in the action at Cardenas on May 11, 1898. Commander J. F. Merry, commanding the U. S. S. Machias, had learned that there were three small gunboats in this harbor, and when the Wilmington, Commander C. C. Todd, and the Winslow, Lieutenant J. B. Bernadou, arrived off Cardenas, he unfolded a plan of attack. Accompanied by the Winslow and the Hudson, the latter a revenue cutter commanded by Lieutenant Frank H. Newcomb, the Wilmington steamed into the Bay. Shoal water prevented the Wilmington from approaching nearer to the wharves than two thousand yards, and from this distance it was impossible to distinguish the hostile gunboats. The Winslow was directed to steam farther in, in order to locate the enemy's ships. The Hudson, not better protected than the torpedo-boat, followed. When 1,200 yards from the wharves, the Winslow received the fire of a gunboat and the shore battery. The Spaniards displayed remarkable accuracy of aim. "The Winslow at once began firing," Lieutenant Bernadou stated in his report, "and maintained fire until the end of the action with these ships. She was soon riddled, the steering engine and forward boiler disabled; one compartment set on fire." Though wounded in the thigh at the commencement of the engagement, Bernadou retained command. Steam and hand steering-gear destroyed, it was impossible to guide the vessel, but, with one engine still uninjured, Bernadou tried to zigzag his ship out of range. He gained about three hundred yards in this way. Signal was made to the Hudson for assistance, and that revenue cutter gallantly approached. With shells whistling and exploding about her, she caught a line from the torpedo-boat and towed her out of the harbor. Ensign Worth Bagley, of the Winslow, was killed, and two men were mortally wounded by a shell. These were the first casualties in Cuban waters. Bagley was a fine young North Carolinian, and for him and the brave men who died with him the whole country was at once full of pride and of mourning.

At Manzanillo, also, American officers and men displayed noteworthy conduct. Four Spanish gunboats were reported within the harbor, and on June 29 Rear-Admiral Sampson directed Lieutenant Lucien Young, commanding the Hist, to proceed off that port to attack the enemy's ships. Like the Gloucester, the Hist was a small yacht without protection of any kind, and having a battery of only a few three-pounders. Meeting the Hornet, also a converted yacht, Lieutenant James M. Helm commanding, and the tug Wompatuck, Lieutenant Carl W. Jungen, Young proceeded with them into the harbor, his own vessel in the lead, the Wompatuck and the Hornet following. Insufficient water prevented the Wompatuck from keeping her position in the column, and the Hist and Hornet went on, firing at a gunboat which had been sighted. No decisive results followed, though the gunboat was struck repeatedly.

The Hist and Hornet, with the Wompatuck, now turned into another channel and proceeded toward Manzanillo. When not far from the city, Lieutenant Young sighted nine armed vessels arranged so as to form a crescent and supported by batteries and troops. Undeterred by this vastly superior force, Young continued his course toward the enemy. As Dewey had done at Manila, he steamed along the Spanish front, delivering and receiving a heavy fire. The Hist was struck eleven times. One projectile cut the main steam-pipe of the Hornet, which disabled her, so that the Wompatuck was sent to tow her out of action. The Wompatuck had also been struck, one projectile passing through her just above the water-line. Informed that the Wompatuck was able to take care of the Hornet, the Hist turned her guns upon a large Spanish pontoon, which was equipped with 6-inch smooth-bore guns. This was soon set on fire and destroyed. A gunboat was sunk and a sloop loaded with soldiers which had poured a musketry fire upon the Hist was also destroyed. A torpedo-boat and several gunboats which held the right of the Spanish line were damaged. The American force slowly withdrew, and the Spaniards made no attempt to follow. The casualties on the American side were three men of the Hornet scalded.

The action last described occurred on June 30. The Scorpion, Lieutenant-Commander Adolph Marix, reached Manzanillo the next day. Accompanied by the tug Osceola, Lieutenant J. L. Purcell, the Scorpion dashed into the harbor and opened fire, but it was found impossible to destroy the gunboats, and the vessels retired. Reinforced by the Wilmington, Commander Todd, and the Helena, Commander W. T. Swinburne, the American ships determined to make a fresh attack. Three channels lead into the harbor. Through the southern steamed the Hist, Hornet, and Wompatuck; the Scorpion and Osceola used the middle channel, and the gunboats Wilmington and Helena the northern channel. Keeping as much as possible out of range of shore batteries, the American ships concentrated their fire upon the gunboats, which soon were totally destroyed. When night fell on the 17th of July, there was not a Spanish ship in Manzanillo which could aid in the defense of the port. Weakened by these losses, feeble resistance to our occupation of the city was anticipated, and Rear-Admiral Sampson directed the Newark, Captain C. F. Goodrich, and the Resolute, Commander Joseph B. Eaton, which had on board a battalion of five hundred marines commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Robert W. Huntington, to effect the reduction of the place. The Newark and Resolute were supported by the Hist, Suwanee, Osceola, and Alvarado, the last commanded by Lieutenant Victor Blue. A demand was made for the surrender of the city on August 12, which was rejected, and a bombardment of the shore batteries was begun. Earlier in the day, Captain Goodrich, through Lieutenant Young, had advised the Cubans of his purpose to attack the city, and in accordance with his suggestion the insurgents assaulted the rear of the Spanish position. Flags of truce were flying over the hostile batteries and blockhouses the following morning, and the captain of the port communicated to Captain Goodrich a despatch from the Secretary of the Navy announcing the signature of the protocol of peace.

In order to isolate telegraphically Cuba and Porto Rico from Spain, the Department arranged, before war was declared, to cut the cables landing in those islands. Insurrection in Cuba and frequent destruction of telegraphic lines as one of its accompaniments had forced the Spaniards, in order to maintain communication, to lay a number of cables on the south side of the island. Four cables connected Santiago de Cuba and Jamaica, one led from Guantanamo to Santo Domingo, and one connected Havana and Key West. Immediately after the commencement of hostilities consideration was given to a proposal to declare telegraph cables neutral, but it was finally decided to destroy all save that connecting Havana and Key West. The immunity of this last line was due, not to unselfishness, but to the expectation that by means of it we would be able to learn much of value. Our action was justified by events. Over this cable signal officers of our army at Key West learned of the arrival of Cervera at Santiago de Cuba. The Marblehead, Captain Bowman H. McCalla, who was later to distinguish himself at Guantanamo, and the Nashville, Commander W. Maynard, cut two cables on May 11 at Cienfuegos; the St. Louis, Captain Caspar F. Goodrich, and Wompatuck, Lieutenant Carl W. Jungen, cut a cable at Santiago on May 18, a few hours before the Spanish division entered that harbor; the St. Louis and Wompatuck unsuccessfully attempted to destroy the Guantanamo cable on May 19, but later this task was accomplished by the St. Louis, Captain Goodrich, and Marblehead; while the Wilmington, Helena, Manning, and Hist cut a cable running between Manzanillo and Cienfuegos. All these operations were conducted skillfully and gallantly, and in some cases under a murderous fire.

The honor of engaging in the first naval battle of the war with Spain belongs to the converted yacht Eagle, Lieutenant W. H. H. Southerland commanding. The Eagle enjoyed no protection, and her battery comprised only four 6-pounder rapid-firing guns and two machine guns. She was assigned to duty with the division under Commander B. H. McCalla, which was stationed off Cienfuegos immediately after the outbreak of war. On April 29 the Eagle lay about 1,500 yards from the mouth of the harbor. Anticipating an easy prey, the Spanish torpedo gunboat Galicia, mounting two 4.72-inch breech-loading rifles, four 6-pounder rapid-fire guns, and two torpedo-tubes, with another small gunboat, left the harbor and started for the saucy American ship. A third gunboat, which remained in the harbor, joined her sister ships in a heavy fire. In spite of the odds against him, Lieutenant Southerland made no effort to escape, but boldly returned the fire with his 6-pounders, the range at first being 4,000 yards. When the range had decreased to 2,200 yards, the Galicia and her consort turned and retreated into the harbor. Southerland received the commendation of his commanding officer, Captain McCalla, for conspicuous valor.

No description of the gallant work of officers and men during the war would be complete without a reference to the conduct of the marines landed at Guantanamo. Under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Robert W. Huntington, the battalion, 647 strong, established itself in the position best suited for defense and the protection of ships coaling in the bay. On the day after the landing, Spanish soldiers, concealed in the thick underbrush, opened fire, and continued their attack until June 14, when Huntington determined upon offensive operations. From Cubans it had been learned that the Spaniards had their headquarters about six miles away at Cuzco, which was the site of the only fresh-water well in the neighborhood. Concerting with Lieutenant-Colonel Tomas, commanding the Cuban contingent, Company C, First Lieutenant Lewis C. Lucas, and Company D, Captain William F. Spicer, both under Captain George F. Elliott, attacked the enemy. In spite of the intense heat, the mountainous and tropical character of the country through which the march was made, and the fire of the Spaniards hid in the dense growth, the marines and Cubans forced their way and captured Cuzco. The assailants numbered 275, while the enemy was 500 strong. In this engagement the marines sustained but one casualty—an enlisted man wounded. The Cubans lost two killed and four wounded. The Spaniards suffered heavily, having 60 killed, 150 wounded, and 18 taken prisoners. And these casualties were not the most serious part of their defeat, for they lost their camp and supplies and the well was destroyed. As the direct consequence, no further hostilities were directed against the marine camp or the ships in the bay, whereas prior to the capture of Cuzco the marines had suffered severely from Spanish attack, losing five men (one of them Assistant Surgeon John Blair Gibbs) killed and twenty-two wounded.

Thus the Navy, Marine Corps, and Revenue Marine service were represented in gallant deeds. President McKinley, on the recommendation of the Secretary of the Navy made in keeping with the Secretary's pledge at the outbreak of the war, promoted officers who had rendered conspicuous service. All these promotions were at last confirmed by the Senate, with the exception of the cases, referred to in a former chapter, of Sampson and Schley. The commanding officers, executive officers, and chief engineers of the ships engaged at the battles of Manila and Santiago were all in this way advanced on the list at the same time. Then, that the Department might provide for all cases worthy of promotion, a board of retired rear-admirals—Sicard, Matthews, and Norton—was appointed after the close of the war, which carefully examined every record submitted. It recommended advancement, which was made and confirmed. Not all officers were satisfied, but the Board was disinterested and painstaking. The law makes "extraordinary heroism" and "eminent and conspicuous conduct in battle" the grounds of promotion, and, while there were numberless instances of heroism and of gallant conduct in battle, it was not in many cases possible for the Board to lift them out of the common range of faithful and ordinary discharge of duty into the extraordinary range contemplated by the law. If in any case a point was strained, it was in favor of the officer. Indeed, not without some force was the rejoinder of some of the disappointed officers that promotion had been recommended to participants in the battles of the war who did not come more than themselves within the strict letter of the statute; and there may have been some errors of over-liberality, but, if so, they were on the generous side.

Hobson was advanced ten numbers and given the rank of captain. His men were not only given higher ratings, but also medals of honor and gratuities of one hundred dollars each. The other officers hereinbefore named, both in the Navy and in the Marine Corps, received advances in number on the report of the Board above referred to, as did many others who, though not in the battle of Manila or Santiago, yet displayed "extraordinary heroism" or "eminent and conspicuous conduct in battle" elsewhere. Lieutenant F. H. Newcomb, of the Revenue Marine service, commanding the revenue cutter Hudson, was given a gold medal by act of Congress.

These advancements in numbers worked unmerited hardship upon many officers who had no chance to achieve distinction and yet were equally patriotic and competent with those who achieved it. For such it was especially galling that after the war they found themselves in actually lower relative place on the navy list than before the war, reduced in rank and delayed in receipt of the increased pay that comes with regular rise in grade. In other words, the promotions made were at the expense, not of the Government, but of the unfortunate officers overridden. After repeated appeals by the Secretary of the Navy to Congress, an act was at last passed practically providing that, when an officer had been or should be promoted for gallant conduct, those previously above him should not lose their respective numbers, but if, for instance, No. 10 is promoted to No. 5, he becomes an additional number and the original No. 5 goes up the list together with him. Thus every loss in rank suffered by any officer as above stated was made good.

I have entitled this chapter "Some of the Gallant Deeds of the War," because it is simply impossible to enumerate them all. To do so it would be almost necessary to name every officer and man. It is the fortune of great events that only those who are in the most conspicuous exposures have their praises sung; and yet not only the courage and spirit, but the merit of duty done and peril faced, may be just as great in those who are below the pinnacles. Who shall say that the fireman sweating at the furnace in the bowels of the ship, or the commander taking his almost submerged and heat-stifled monitor day after day and week after week across the Pacific, is not as deserving as the chief who is in command when a booming victory is won?

The Postmistress of Knockagar

By Seumas MacManus

Author of "Through the Turf Smoke," "In Chimney Corners," etc.

OF course, in formal compliance with the regulations, Nancy—our postmistress was Nancy, Nancy Kelly—had a slot in the window, ostensibly for the purpose of posting the letters. But scarcely a soul at the Bocht had the hardihood—"the bare-faced imperence," Nancy styled it—to make use of this convenience. Under cover of night, or taking mean advantage of Nancy's temporary absence (perhaps she had run over to Jamie Mor's to ask the time on their clock, or down to Toal-a-Gallagher's to learn if the designs of Frank Mulrinny had transpired—the outline of a quart-bottle in his coat-pocket having been seen by all the world as he went off in the direction of Dhrimore, where he courted, on the evening before), unprincipled people *had* dropped letters in the slot in the window. But these people invariably lived to regret the insult offered to an unoffending woman. Nancy held over such a letter, till, by linking bits and scraps of circumstantial evidence and by calling in experts upon handwriting, she ran the rascal to earth, and got from him a voluntary confession and abject apology—when, however, both were too late to bespeak any mitigation of her contemptuous and scathing denunciation.

"There's a doore to me house, built big enough to let in both the letther an' the letther-carrier; an' if I'm good enough to send off their letthers to the other en' of the wurrl' an' further, I'm surely fit to have the letther handed into me hand." Thus Nancy expounded the ethics of letter-posting. "There's no plague in my house. An' I'm sartint there's none can cast up to me that I ever queskened them what was inside of their letther." This last statement was strictly true. Nancy never did ask any one concerning the contents of his letter; yet, strange to say, there were few brave enough to hand Nancy Kelly a letter and meet her eye unflinchingly, and then turn and walk out without volunteering information which Nancy would "sooner put her fut in the fire than ax."

When one who knew his business went to Nancy's post-office with a letter, he first swapped salutations with Nancy, and then accepted the proffered chair and gave and got the news of their respective parts of the parish before remarking that he was thinking of posting a letter. If Nancy then nodded approbation—as almost always she graciously did—Denis (say) then produced the letter, and, turning it round and over, informed her that it was to be sent to Iowa in the States, to Tibuik, to young Jimmy. Nancy, by repeated nods of her head, signified that she noted all this and would remember it. Denis then handed it to her, inquiring how much the damage would be to bring it to Iowa. And he went on to tell about Jimmy's affairs, in particular how he stood pecuniarily.

"It was Molly Magroarty, Nelly's daughter, that wrote the letther. (She's a purty han' at the pen, in throth, for her age.) I axed her to let Jimmy know that Long John Meehan's park, at our own me'rin, is to be soul'—for poor John, God help him! isn't prosperin' lately—an' to tell him that if he had twinty poun' or so to spare, he could do worse nor put it into Long John's park. That's all." Denis made sure to thank Nancy and express his sense of gratitude for the obligation she put him under, before he took his leave. There was not any use trying to equivocate concerning the contents of a letter, for Nancy could read any man "like a ha'penny book," as she said herself, though he were as deep as a tailor's thimble. If a reckless one dared, once in a while, to risk an untruth, Nancy just lifted her gray eye and fixed it on him, and made him wince as if she had been sticking a pin in his heart.

Jimmy the Post brought out the mails, often a whole dozen, and sometimes as many as sixteen and even eighteen letters, to Nancy's office from Donegal once a week. No one had the impertinence to go seeking for a letter on arrival day—and, indeed, if they did, their journey would be deservedly fruitless. The right of one day's grace wherein Nancy might scrutinize the superscription and postmarks and speculate upon the probable contents of letters was a prerogative which not even the most punctilious would dream of denying the postmistress. Charlie the Nadger once, seeking his letter, walked in as Jimmy the Post walked out; Nancy withered him up with one look and dismissed him with the contemptuous query: "A letther? Musha, who do ye think would send the lakes i' you a letther?" And by way of admonition to Charlie and all the precipitate in her district, she (very properly, as I think) delivered his letter to him fourteen days after its arrival. It contained his passage money. And Charlie thanked God that he was soon to be beyond Nancy's jurisdiction.

When Nancy did graciously bestow a letter on an inquirer, common politeness, of course, not to mention Nancy's eye, required that the letter should then and there be opened and its contents discussed. Pathrick Martin, of Augherly, though, was an unprincipled man, and when he got the letter from Annie from Cincinnati which, as he anticipated, contained confidences about Annie's trials with her Dutch husband who drank, he slipped the missive into his pocket with an assumption of unconsciousness that, in an honorable cause, had done him credit; and then he made a bold attempt to retire under cover of an irregular fire of remarks upon indifferent subjects. And as, despite Nancy's dry, monosyllabic replies, he still continued to edge towards the door, she brought her cold gray eye to bear upon him with such deadly precision that Pathrick, in another moment, awoke to the full extent of his meanness, dropped into a providential chair, and remembered the letter with suspicious suddenness; he drew it out and implored Nancy to do him the particular favor of reading it for him.

Dan Mac a-Nirn made a sweetheart for himself when he was hired up the Pettigo way. She was both wise and well-to-do; and so, when Dan returned home, he thought to correspond with her with matrimonial intentions. Under protest, Nancy Kelly despatched two of poor Dan's love-missives and delivered to him two replies. But she put down her foot when Dan came along with a third—an epistle upon which he had had John the Tailor working for three nights, and had fed him with whisky all the time to give John the necessary inspiration, and which had been called by the proud author "a triumph iv jaynius." She got Dan seated in the corner and stood over him with arms akimbo. "I'll tell ye what it is, Dan Mac a-Nirn," she said, "ye're only makin' a *plaisham* iv me an' me post-office. I'll neither take nor give any more blatherskiten' letthers. If every other fool in the country begun takin' afther you every time they're in a coortin' way, my six poun' a year would be hard-earned money. Go away about yer business now; an' go home, an' put that letther in yer fist behind the fire; an' if ye want a wife (though, in troth, when ye have yer mother an' yer sisther to look afther, ye're marrid enough)—but if ye *must* have a wife, look about in yer neighborhood an' ye'll get wan be waggin' yer finger; there's Hughie Shan's daughter Mar'get—why don't ye take her? or Shusan Doherty iv the Roadside? Away with ye, now; an' take good advice when it's given ye for nothing." Dan, poor fellow! sighed and went home; and married Hughie Shan's daughter Mar'get sooner than want; and a girl at Pettigo, probably for long and long, walked away heartless from her post-office—and doesn't know to this day that 'twas the tyranny of Nancy Kelly, and not the fickleness of Dan, that has left her pining.

To open and read all newspapers without the necessity of the addressee's presence was a prerogative assumed by Nancy naturally. When the paper (always an American one) contained minute and graphic details of the latest spicy tragedy, Nancy detained the copy till she had treated all her cronies to the feast. And if the account was of the last great prize-fight, Nancy kindly extended the courtesy of the paper to Toal-a-Gallagher the shoemaker, who was particularly interested in those things. Micky Meehan sent home "The Rocky Mountain Lightning Streak" to his father with a regularity that was particularly gratifying to Nancy. Nancy did not usually detain the "Lightning Streak" more than two or three days after its arrival. On one week it contained an unconcluded article upon George Washington which so whetted Teddy Meehan's appetite for the remainder that he brushed his coat and put it and a clean collar on, and, taking his stick in his fist, traveled twice on the following week all the way in from Tullyfinn to inquire if the subsequent issue of the paper had arrived. On the second occasion, though Teddy observed with the corner of his eye that Nancy's whole soul was engrossed in an article in no other than the "Lightning Streak," she replied to him hurriedly that it had not come, and buried herself in the paper again. Teddy sat him down for a while, torn by an inward conflict. His anxiety for the paper, however, got the better of his discretion, and, forcing sudden resolution, he said, "But Nancy, *a chara*, isn't that it ye're readin'?" Nancy lowered the paper and, turning, looked at him for a minute with an outraged look. "Teddy Meehan," she said; then, severely, "let me tell ye—what ye don't seem to know—that it's the heighth of ill-breedin' of ye to take an' look over any wan's shouldher when they're readin'." As Teddy, all abashed, gathered himself away, she added, by way of parting consolation, "Small wonder ye're ashamed iv yerself." She watched after him sternly till he had slunk away around the bend, and then, with a pained and injured look on her countenance, resumed perusal of "The Lightning Streak."

But the thorn in Nancy Kelly's side was Barney Meehan, the priest's boy. Partly as the result of his office, but chiefly, I suppose, because it was born with him, Barney was a domineering fellow who could tolerate no tyranny except his own. Barney was the only man in the parish who dared, in broad daylight and with the full knowledge that an incensed postmistress's eye was upon him, walk forward with exasperating nonchalance to Nancy Kelly's and drop his letters, one by one, into the slot! And when he felt in a wantonly aggravating mood, he heaped insult on insult by calling in the slot after the letters, "There's two iv them letthers for Belfast an' wan for Letther-kenny. See that ye send them off quickly, Nancy Kelly, if ye plaise"—the last sentence, being interpreted, signifying, "I dar' an' defy ye to delay them, Nancy." Ere matters had got very embittered between the postmistress and the priest's boy, she had occasionally ventured to question him regarding Father Dan's correspondence. "Barney," in her smoothest tones, "that letther I give ye for his reverence the other day was from furrin parts, an' still it wasn't an Ameriky stamp was on it?" "That letther," Barney said gravely, "was from the Imp'ror iv the Yalla Say, wantin' to know how ducks sould here be the pair, bekase that he was goin' to send his youngest son to Timbuctoo for to dail in that commodity." This uncalled-for insult on Barney's part put Nancy on her dignity for months, till at length the arrival of a letter with the Rome postmark aroused her curiosity so that she deigned to stoop to Barney for intelligence. "That," Barney coolly informed her, "was a letter from no less nor our Holy Father himself, the Pope (may God bliss him an' prosper his pratie-garden), informin' Father Dan that the En' of the Wurrl' starts Chewsday (Tuesday) come eight days in the County Wacklow, an' that we may expect it to work around here within three weeks at the farthest." Nancy Kelly never after that demeaned herself by questioning Barney on such subjects; and it is to be hoped, for Barney's sake, that he realized his punishment as palpably as he should.

Barney Meehan, too, had often the cool impudence to walk in on the heels of Jimmy the Post, and stand by till he got his portion of the mails; and if, by awkward mismanagement, Nancy allowed him to get a glimpse of the directions on other letters, he made it his business to send word to the fortunate parties "there was a letther lyin' at Nancy's for them," and so had them in upon the postmistress before she had had time to examine those letters with the leisure which she wished. He lost no opportunity of aggravating Nancy; once she handed him no less than four letters, yet Barney, repressing all traces of excitement, merely remarked that he thought "this day might houl' up, an' be a gran' hay day, if the win' didn't work back at twelve," slipping the letters into his long blue coat with as much seeming carelessness as if he was inured to the receipt of extraordinary mails.

The fact was, Barney, who was used to dominate, could not bring his neck to bend beneath any woman's nod; but, on the contrary, considered that Nancy Kelly, far from exacting, should bring him homage. It was Greek and Greek. Nancy had the advantage in good staying powers; Barney in tact. Where Nancy gave verbal expression to her feelings of bitter animosity, Barney merely acted his under the armor of a Lord Chesterfield politeness; and this aggravated Nancy more than if he had slapped her in the face. He was a very Machiavel, was Barney, for long enough.

Only, at length, Nancy got him to betray the man that lurked behind the skilled politician. There was a son of Johnnie Brodbin's who went to the States; and, having a taste for dabbling in water-colors, used to decorate the envelopes of his letters to Father Dan with a many-colored eagle bearing in its beak a scroll (also elaborately variegated with colors), on which the address was elegantly penned. Altogether this decorative envelope was a work of art, to us. But Barney was often and often puzzled to know why the envelope was disfigured with dirt before it reached his hand. The problem was unexpectedly solved one day that he walked in and found Nancy's youngest sitting squat upon the floor, and amusing itself with a recently arrived one, to keep the baby quiet and out of mischief whilst Nancy went to the well. Barney forgot his Lord Chesterfield that day. Nancy retailed to the neighbors how Barney Meehan ferociously snatched the letter out of the innocent child's hand as if he would like to stick it to the heart; and how, towards herself, he behaved like "an onnatural, oncultivated bear." And after that the strained relations that had hitherto existed attained a tension that was too acute to last. And, daily, thenceforward, Nancy Kelly was getting more and more provoking. She met Barney's complaints with unkind jests or cruel sneers. He threatened her with all the terrors of the Church, of which, as Priest's Boy, he was a humble representative, and vowed to bring down upon her head the vengeance of Father Dan. But, to Barney's utter consternation, she, with reckless temerity, snapped her fingers—snapped her fingers!—and said, "That for both ye an' Father Dan!" The grass did not grow under Barney's heels whilst he went home to Father Dan with this bit of intelligence. Father Dan helped himself generously from his snuff-box when Barney had unburthened, and he said, "Barney, Nancy Kelly's past prayin' for, I see." "But," said Barney, in alarm, "aren't ye goin' to punish her as she desarves?" "Indeed, and I am that, Barney. Take a snuff. I mean to leave her to the torments of her own conscience." Barney quitted Father Dan in a towering wrath; for he knew right well Nancy Kelly had not got a conscience. "If ivery varago in the parish takes to snappin' their fingers at both iv us, it 'ill be yer desarts," he angrily impressed on the priest.

Barney next threatened to invoked upon Nancy the powers of "The Postmaster General." But Nancy brazenly laughed this threat to scorn; Barney did not know that gentleman's address; and, besides, even if he did, if Barney Meehan had the impidence to dhrop a letter containing barefaced insinuations about herself, she would light the fire with said letter, and then she would "just like to see him" dare to darken her door with his forbiddin' countenance after.

Barney was checkmated. He tried to stir up sedition against Nancy, talked treason, all around. Finally, when he thought he had the country rife for it, he went to Ned Carrabin's wake of Glen Coagh to raise the standard of rebellion. With the exception of half a dozen of those old wiseacres, let-well-enough-alone creatures, who exist in every parish, Barney here found that he had the country with him. Accordingly, it was agreed that six men selected, with Barney Meehan as spokesman, should wait upon Nancy Kelly after Mass on Sunday, and respectfully and firmly state their grievances and demand redress. In case of the nonsuccess of the embassy, or in case that—as many were pessimistic enough to conjecture—the ambassadors were repelled with assault, insult, and contumely, it was not exactly clear to them what would be the subsequent procedure; but the people were given the distinct impression that something awful would follow, possibly even (it was hinted) John the Tailor, who constituted himself Barney's lieutenant on the occasion, would himself order in a large and varied assortment of postage-stamps. and deprive Nancy Kelly of every vestige of her trade. Barney was elated; he had not dreamt there was so much genuine and admirable spirit in the parish; and he gave John the Tailor and his fellow-conspirators to understand that they were the stuff heroes were made of.

Poor Barney had not allowed for the pot-valor which he should have known always sets in at social gatherings. Next morning, heroes, alack! were literally tripping over each other to see who would be first to divulge the conspiracy to Nancy. John the Tailor, who Barney thought should have flourished in the days of chivalry and borne a lance in brave but hopeless causes, *was* first. And when Barney himself, in the timid mood that will possess the greatest and most daring of men on the verge of a great crisis, called on Nancy that day for his letter, his breath was taken away when Nancy, looking him full in the eye, said, with that awful calm that precedes a tornado, "Barney Meehan, I'm toul' ye wor at Ned Blake's wake las' night?" Barney could only gasp. Nancy waited long enough to let her dire meaning sink into his soul. Then she said, speaking with deep and deliberate emphasis, "Barney, ye're a swindlin' imposthor an' an interferin' blaguard!"—and she still followed him with her terrible eye, as he, dumfounded, slunk out of the door.

On the Sunday after, Barney, finding his nerves fairly well-strung again, descended upon the boys when they had gathered, before Mass, outside the chapel gate. He teemed upon them the bitter vials of his wrath, and denounced them as "crawlers," rolling the word with diabolic relish on his tongue—"Yez is cr-r-rawlers," he said, "cr-r-rawlers, an' yez 'ill niver be anything but cr-r-rawlers! An' you, John the Tailor"—the pinch-faced John winced—"you're the pr-r-rince iv cr-r-rawlers!"

But, storm at the people as he might, and cow them as he might—and did—he had to confess to himself in the anguish of his heart that he feared—*feared*—to meet Nancy Kelly's cruel eye and return her defiant glance.

Poor Barney's spirit was broken.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Boston: A Guide-Book. By Edward M. Bacon. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 198 pages.

In extremely compact form and with an arrangement which is original and convenient, Mr. Bacon has put together here a great amount of useful information about Boston and its suburbs. The book contains everything that might be found in the ordinary guide-books, and in addition many personal, historical, and antiquarian facts. A noticeable feature is the collection of colored maps, while the numerous diagrams in the book are convenient and clear.

City Temple Sermons By R. J. Campbell, M.A. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8¼ in. 286 pages. $1, net.

Every now and then there appears upon the scene a new preacher of real power whose methods are so different from those of past preachers as to cause the thoughtful observer to reconsider the popular conceptions of the secret of pulpit success. Such a preacher is Mr. Campbell, the successor of Dr. Parker, of the City Temple of London. He is as different from his predecessor as the still, small voice was from the whirlwind which preceded it. In the pulpit he is extremely quiet. He is said hardly to raise his voice above a conversational pitch. His gestures are few and simple. He possesses none of that power of passion which enabled Mr. Beecher to sweep a congregation off its feet in spite of itself. His sermons do not scintillate with sparks, as did those of his own predecessor. They are not opalescent with hidden colors as were the best sermons of Phillips Brooks. In short, they are in no sense what could be called great sermons. And yet great audiences listen to them and go away satisfied; and large circles of readers will find interest because they will find life in them in their printed form. For Mr. Campbell possesses a vital spiritual experience, and his sermons are a revelation of the life which is hidden with God and so possess a power to impart that life to others. They are simple and sincere expressions of a real religious life. As such they are well worth reading at home by those who fail to get in other ways the religious ministry which they need; and well worth the attentive reading of ministers, who will study theology, philosophy, poetry, and rhetoric in vain if they do not also study the nature of religion and the art of giving to religion a simple and sympathetic expression. For theology, philosophy, poetry, and rhetoric are only tools, and tools are absolutely useless without the *power* to use them. The power of the preacher is religion. How much religion can do if it is simple and genuine, although perhaps we should rather say *provided* its tools are simple, this volume of sermons illustrates.

Crises of the Christ (The). By G. Campbell Morgan, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5¾×9 in. 477 pages. $2, net.

This is to us a disappointing volume. Its conception is excellent; it aims to treat seven critical epochs in the life of Christ—the birth, the baptism, the temptation, the transfiguration, the crucifixion, the resurrection, and the ascension. And Dr. Morgan has abilities which peculiarly fit him to treat these experiences in a practical and spiritual manner. His insight into the spiritual meaning of Scripture and his application of it to human experience amount almost, if not quite, to genius. But of that genius this volume affords little indication. His method is not interpretative, but exegetical and theological. And in exegesis and theology Dr. Morgan is not strong. He revels in the wondrous, the miraculous, the supernatural. He lays on the merely marvelous a stress which the New Testament never lays on it. The miraculous birth "must be received, or else the whole superstructure of Christianity totters and falls." It is perilous, it is unspiritual, and it is not consonant with the spirit of the Gospels themselves to make the whole superstructure of Christianity depend upon a historic fact referred to in only two of the Gospel narratives, and never by Christ himself. The ascension of Christ is the ascension of his physical body into heaven—"He in bodily form has passed into heaven"—so that in his case, apparently, flesh and blood have inherited the kingdom of God. The author invents portents and wonders, or, perhaps we should say, surmises them. "Men have to learn, to study, to go through processes of training to obtain what He possessed without these processes." "I strenuously hold that He was perfect in physical form and proportion." He was perfect as a carpenter at his father's bench. "Every piece of work that Jesus did in physical strength, under the control of spiritual intelligence, was perfect work." To make his meaning clear the author compares Jesus as a worker in wood with "Stradivarius, the great, and may it not be said, the only maker of the violin." All this is extra-Scriptural; may be true; may be false; is certainly fanciful and certainly not important. Practical bearing on spiritual experience it has none. Dr. G. Campbell Morgan is a great preacher; but he is not a great exegete nor a great theologian.

Interference of Patricia (The). By Lilian Bell. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 156 pages. $1.50.

This is a not very probable tale in which the daughter of a supposed Denver corruptionist thwarts all his plans, gives honest men their own, and rewards herself by marrying a titled Englishman, hated by her father chiefly because he wears a watch-bracelet.

John Adams and Daniel Webster as Schoolmasters. By Elizabeth Porter Gould. Illustrated. The Palma Co., Boston. 5½×7½ in. 95 pages. $1.

In this slight but readable book, Miss Gould tells in an interesting way about the experience, as school teachers, of John Adams and Daniel Webster. There is not a little personal information about the two men which will be entirely new to most readers. It is interesting to note on almost every page the contrast between educational conditions fifty and one hundred years ago and the conditions of modern school-houses and teaching.

Miracles and Supernatural Religion. By James Morris Whiton, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×6½ in. 144 pages. 75c., net.

In the view of the author, while God's agency in nature may be *recognized* at one time more than another, God is always equally in Nature, controlling and directing it. A miracle therefore is not an interference with Nature; it is not an exceptional control; it is simply an incident which causes men to perceive that direction and control which is never absent. The supernatural therefore is not extraordinary or episodical. It is simply the spiritual. This conception, as our author points out, is as old as Genesis, which sees in the rainbow a witness to God's perpetual presence in the succession of the seasons. "The presence of God in his world was thus to be evinced by his regular sustentation of its natural order, rather than by irregular occurrences, such as the deluge, in seeming contravention of it." The Outlook hardly needs to add that this general view is, in our judgment, sustained alike by a sound science and a reverent theology. We might take exception to some of Dr. Whiton's interpretations of specific miracles; but the general principle that they are in harmony with the laws and forces of Nature—laws and forces which we can use, and which we may therefore well believe that God can use in ways beyond our understanding—appears to us in the light of modern thought to be indisputable. The book will be useful to persons who are more familiar with modern science than with modern theology, and are therefore perplexed how to harmonize their scientific and their religious thinking.

Novels, Poems, and Memories of Charles Kingsley. (Library Edition.) **Westward Ho!** In 2 vols. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 463 pages.

We have already spoken of the satisfactory qualities of this edition. Our only criticism is the excess to which the fad of ragged (deckled) edges has been carried. "Westward Ho!" will always remain Kingsley's greatest romance and one of the greatest historical novels in the English language.

On Special Assignment. By Samuel Travers Clover. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 307 pages. $1, net.

Partnership in Magic (A). By Charles Battell Loomis. Illustrated. The Lowthrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 270 pages. $1, net.

A fantastic mingling of the magic and the real. The fun is contagious and will amuse the boys, for whom the story is written.

Railway Legislation in the United States. By Balthasar Henry Meyer, Ph.D. (The Citizen's Library.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 329 pages. $1.25, net.

This compact and colorless summary of American railway legislation and adjudication is followed by a strong and spirited argument for the passage of the Cullom bill to give the inter-State Commerce Commission power to say what rates are reasonable. Its present power to declare existing rates unreasonable, the author rightly contends, is a mockery of real authority, as the roads may change the condemned rate ever so little, and other months or years of deliberation may ensue before another change is ordered. Mr. Meyer's volume is exceptionally valuable for reference purposes.

Reply to Harnack on the Essence of Christianity: Lectures Delivered in the Summer of 1901 before Students of all Faculties in the University of Greifswald. By Herman Cremer, D.D., LL.D. Translated from the Third German Edition by Bernhard Pick, Ph.D., D.D. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5×8 in. 268 pages. $1, net.

Harnack's book on "What is Christianity?" naturally called forth expressions of disapproval from those theologians who conceive of Christianity as primarily a law to be obeyed rather than a motive for a new life. This book is one of these expressions of disapproval. Its argument is vitiated by its beginning from the false dilemma that either Jesus was "only a man, nothing else," and therefore in no respect in his own person a translation of God into human terms, or else that he was "an irregular appearance," a superhuman being transported temporarily to earth, a "God-Man." This dilemma depends upon the presupposition that there is an antagonism between the human and divine—a presupposition that is purely gratuitous. We agree, however, with the author in his opinion that the picture of Christ given in the epistle is quite as authentic and direct as that given in the synoptic gospels; but this opinion is not inconsistent with the results of the higher criticism, as the author seems to think it is.

Rise and Progress of the Standard Oil Company (The). By Gilbert Holland Montague. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 143 pages. $1, net.

A compact and well-written defense of the Standard Oil Company. The author justifies railroads in the policy of discriminating between different places, different industries, and different individuals, and finds little that is morally abhorrent in the contracts between the railroads and the oil combination which so stirred National indignation when their existence was disclosed. Nevertheless, he is too much of a scientist to attempt to deny any of the salient facts in the history of his client, and his account of these facts forms a valuable supplement—and in the main a confirmation—of the narratives of Hudson, Lloyd, and Miss Tarbell. The latter half of the volume, giving the history of the Standard Oil Company since 1879, is particularly instructive. In discussing present freight rates the author most frankly sets forth the advantages procured by the combination despite the inter-State commerce law, and even presents the argument which justified the inter-State Commerce Commission in ordering the railroads to ship oil in barrels at the same rate as in tank-cars. The saving to the railroad from the use of tank-cars, he admits, is not entirely clear, for while the railroad does not have to take charge of the loading and unloading, it must ship the tank-cars back empty, while cars loaded with barrels can be returned loaded with other freight. For the use of its tank-cars the Standard Oil Company receives from the railroads seventy-five cents a hundred miles. The Commission's order that the roads should not charge for the weight of the barrel, but ship oil at the same net rate whether in barrels or tank-cars, appears to have been openly disregarded by the roads.

Studies in the Evolution of Industrial Society. By Richard T. Ely, Ph.D., LL.D. (The Citizen's Library.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 497 pages. $1.25, net.

Reserved for later notice.

The Finances and Administration of Providence, 1630–1901. By Howard Kemble Stokes. The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore. 6×9½ in. 464 pages.

Many valuable books on the history of Rhode Island have appeared within the last two years, but none nearly so instructive to the general student of history as this volume of Dr. Stokes. It is singular how few good municipal histories we have. Whenever one appears the intensive study of the history of a single community generally proves more illuminating than more labored studies of the history of the commonwealth or the Nation. The history of Providence is particularly valuable, as the city has been a center of political life since the very beginning of our national development, and the reader is able to see as under a microscope the local workings of most of the great economic movements which have affected American civic life. The main interest in the book is economic, and most of its pages are taken up with questions of taxation and finance, but the whole field of civil administration is covered. Important sidelights are thrown upon the question of popular education, which is always inadequately treated in national and commonwealth histories. It is interesting to note the movement for free higher education, which gave the public school system its great development at the middle of the last century, was especially championed by Thomas Dorr, the radical Democrat famous for his part in Dorr's rebellion.

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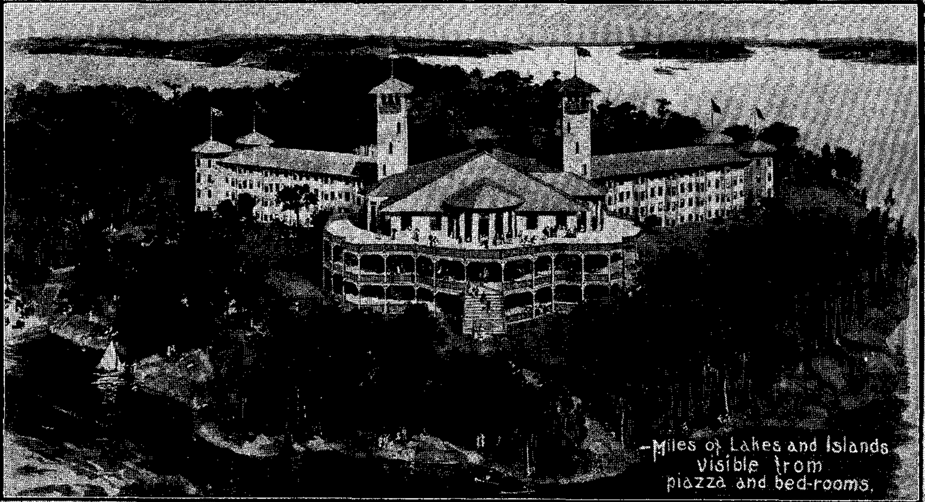

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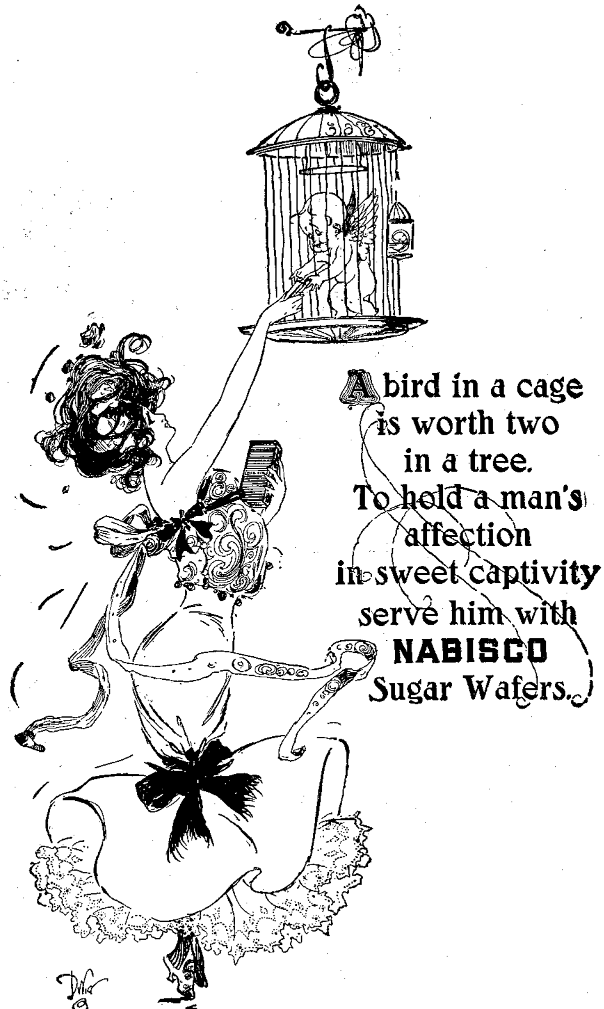
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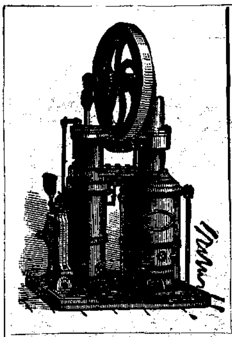

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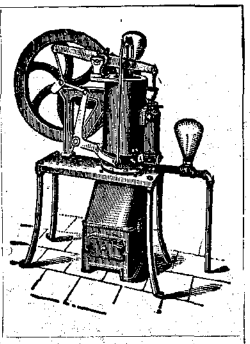

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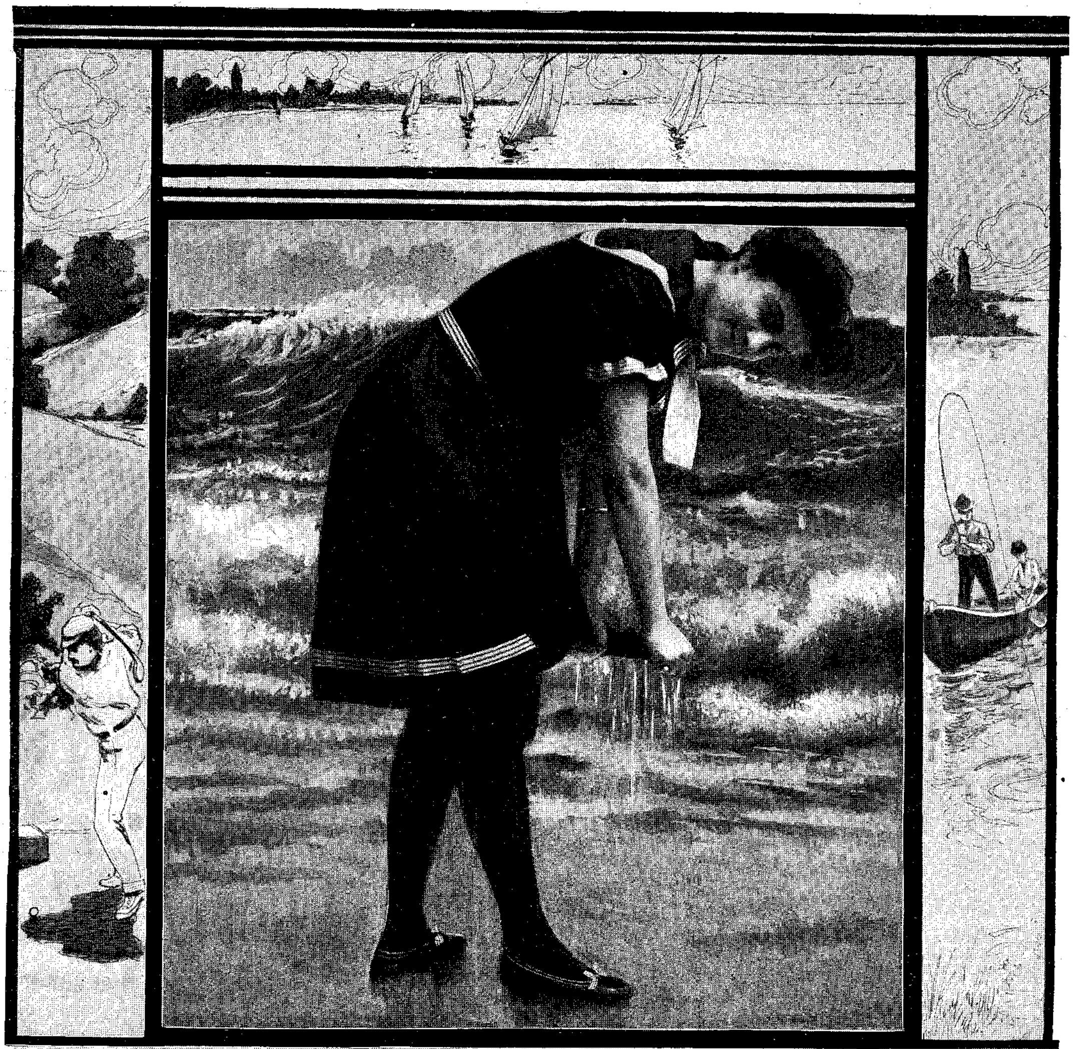

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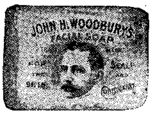

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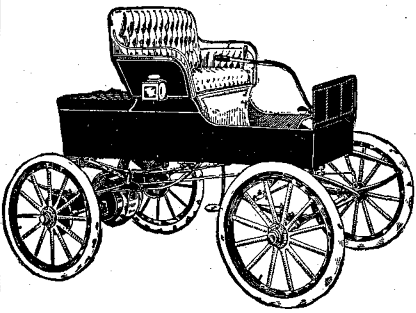

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